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NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

The World's Best Selling Rock Weekly

SPECIALS NITE OUT

A competition for you Rudy P.20 Album P.45

BYE BYE PENETRATION

On-the-spot split report & interview P.11

King Rat surfaces. Pic: Adrian Boot

THE BOB GELDOF INTERVIEW

NME CHARTS

Week ending October 20, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks	Highest
1	(4)	Video Killed The Radio Star	Buggles (Island)	3	1
2	(1)	Message In A Bottle	Police (A & M)	5	1
3	(3)	Don't Stop Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson (Epic)	5	3
4	(6)	What Ever You Want	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	4
5	(21)	One Day At A Time	Lena Martell (Pye)	2	5
6	(2)	Dreaming	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	2
7	(18)	Every Day Hurts	Sad Cafe (RCA)	3	7
8	(9)	Since You've Been Gone	Rainbow (Polydor)	4	8
9	(5)	Live On Stage (EP)	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	5
10	(8)	If I Said You Had A Beautiful . . .	Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	8	2
11	(13)	Queen Of Hearts	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	3	11
12	(19)	Chosen Few	Dooleys (GTO)	2	12
13	(16)	You Can Do It	Al Hudson (MCA)	4	13
14	(7)	Cars	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	7	1
15	(—)	When You're In Love	Dr Hook (Capitol)	1	15
16	(11)	Love's Gotta Hold On Me	Dollar (Carrere)	7	5
17	(22)	OK Fred	Erroll Dunkley (Scope)	2	17
18	(—)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	18
19	(10)	Sail On	Commodores (Motown)	6	5
20	(—)	Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	20
21	(17)	Time For Action	Secret Affair (I Spy)	6	15
22	(26)	The Devil Went Down	Charles Daniels Band (Epic)	3	22
23	(12)	Cruel To Be Kind	Nick Lowe (Radar)	6	11
24	(23)	Back Of My Hand	Jags (Island)	3	23
25	(15)	The Prince	Madness (2 Tone)	5	15
26	(—)	Star	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	26
27	(14)	Strut Your Funky Stuff	Frantique (Philadelphia)	8	7
28	(—)	My Forbidden Lover	Chic (Atlantic)	1	28
29	(28)	Street Life	Crusaders (MCA)	9	4
30	(—)	Luton Airport	Cats UK (WEA)	1	30

UP AND COMING:
Rise — Herb Alpert (A&M);
On My Radio — Selecter (Two Tone);
Making Plans For Nigel — XTC (Virgin);
Point Of View — Matumbi (Matumbi);
Heartaches Tonight — Eagles (Asylum);
Let Me Know — Gloria Gaynor (Polydor).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 15, 1974

1	Gee Baby	Peter Shelley (Magnet)
2	Annie's Song	John Denver (RCA)
3	Sad Sweet Dreamer	Sweet Sensation (Pye)
4	Everything I Own	Ken Boothe (Trojan)
5	Rock Me Gently	Andy Kim (Captitol)
6	I Get A Kick Out Of You	Gary Shearston (Charisma)
7	Reggae Tune	Andy Fairweather-Low (A&M)
8	Long Tall Glasses	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
9	Farewell	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
10	Kung Fu Fighting	Carl Douglas (Pye)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 15, 1969

1	I'll Never Fall In Love Again	Bobbie Gentry (Capitol)
2	I'm Gonna Make You Mine	Lou Christie (Buddah)
3	He Ain't Heavy — He's My Brother	Hollies (Parlophone)
4	Sugar Sugar	Archies (RCA)
5	Je T'Aime Moi Non Plus	Jane Birkin & Serge Gainsbourg (Major Minor)
6	A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash (CBS)
7	Space Oddity	David Bowie (Philips)
8	Lay Lady Lay	Bob Dylan (CBS)
9	Oh Well	Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
10	Nobody's Child	Karen Young (Major Minor)

15 YEARS AGO

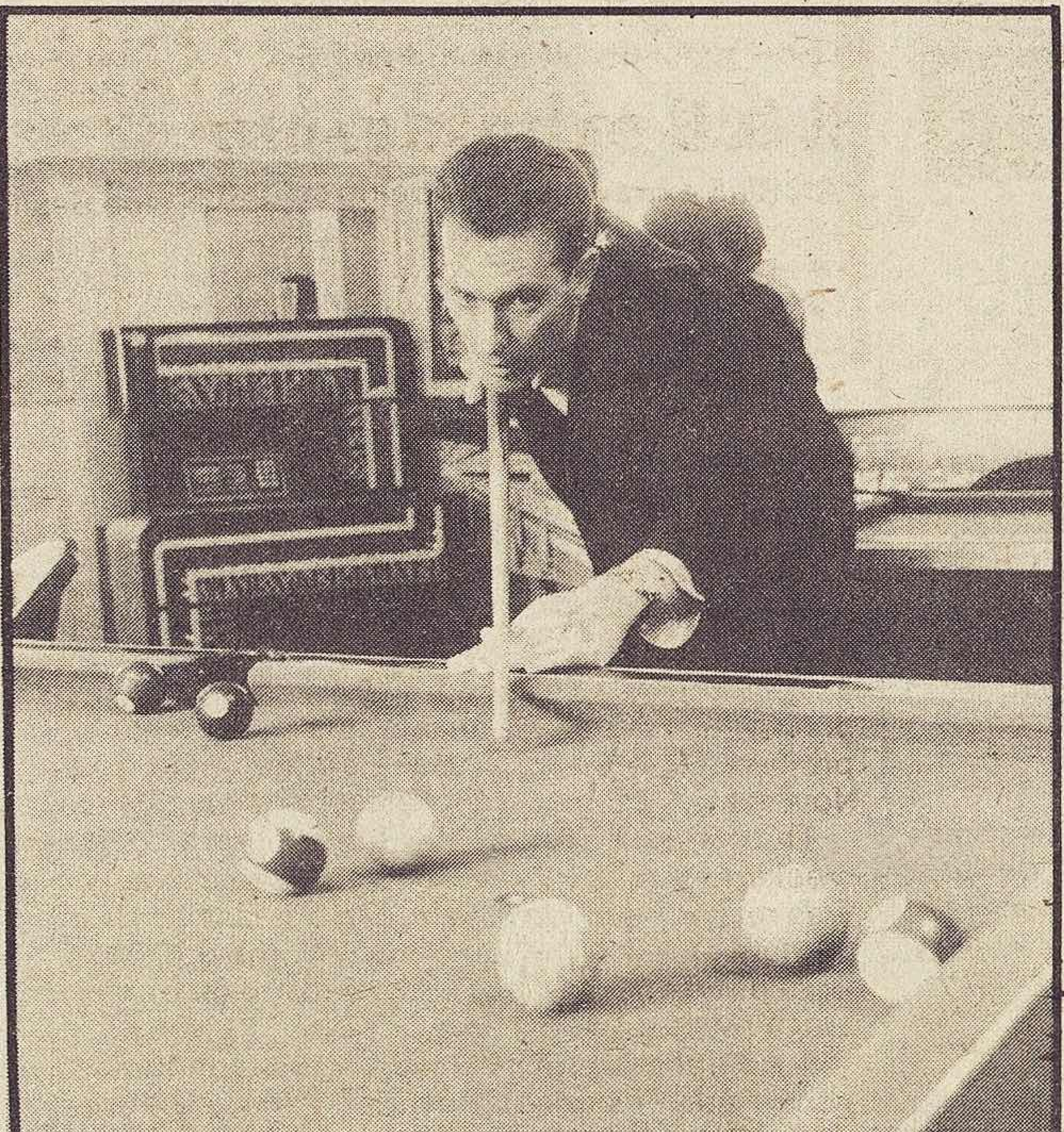
Week ending October 15, 1964

1	Oh Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison (London)
2	Always Something There To Remind Me	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
3	Twelfth Of Never	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	The Wedding	Julie Rogers (Mercury)
5	Walk Away	Matt Monro (Parlophone)
6	Where Did Our Love Go	Supremes (Stateside)
7	When You Walk In The Room	Searchers (Pye)
8	We're Through	Hollies (Parlophone)
9	I'm Into Something Good	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	How Soon	Henry Mancini (RCA)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks	Highest
1	(9)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	2	1
2	(7)	The Raven	The Stranglers (United Artists)	2	2
3	(6)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	3
4	(25)	The Long Run	Eagles (Asylum)	3	4
5	(1)	Pleasure Principal	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	6	1
6	(5)	Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	20	1
7	(8)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	4	7
8	(3)	Oceans Of Fantasy	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	5	2
9	(11)	Outlandos D'amour	Police (A&M)	23	7
10	(4)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	6	4
11	(2)	Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	1
12	(17)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	8	2
13	(18)	Unleashd In The East	Judas Priest (CBS)	2	13
14	(13)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	19	2
15	(20)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp (A & M)	21	2
16	(10)	Slow Train Coming	Bob Dylan (CBS)	8	2
17	(21)	Down To Earth	Rainbow (Polydor)	9	7
18	(14)	Midnight Magic	Commodores (Motown)	7	11
19	(15)	Greatest Hits	10cc (Mercury)	2	15
20	(23)	Voulez Vous	Abba (Epic)	24	1
21	(24)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	53	1
22	(12)	The Adventures Of The Hersham Boys	Sham 69 (Polydor)	3	8
23	(16)	Street Life	Crusaders (MCA)	13	5
24	(—)	I'm The Man	Joe Jackson (A&M)	1	24
25	(22)	Replicas	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	18	1
26	(—)	Quadrophenia	Soundtrack (Polydor)	1	26
27	(19)	Night Owl	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	19	10
28	(—)	Love Hunter	Whitesnake (United Artists)	1	28
29	(—)	Lena's Music Album	Lena Martell (Pye)	1	29
30	(29)	Survival	Bob Marley (Island)	2	29

UP AND COMING:
Another Kind of Blues — U.K. Subs (Gem);
Entertainment — Gang of Four (EMI);
The Crack — Ruts (Virgin);
Live and Learn — Elkie Brooks (A&M);
Facades — Sad Cafe (RAC);
Joe's Garage — Frank Zappa (CBS).



Neol Davis of The Selecter shoots for the top pocket — and hits in the debut appearance of NME's new Independents Chart. Pic: Chris Horler.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(2)	Sail On	Commodores
2	(1)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson
3	(4)	Rise	Herb Alpert
4	(3)	Sad Eyes	Robert John
5	(6)	Pop Muzik	M
6	(5)	My Sharona	The Knack
7	(9)	Dim All The Lights	Donna Summer
8	(7)	I'll Never Love This Way Again	Dionne Warwick
9	(12)	Heartache Tonight	Eagles
10	(14)	You Decorated My Life	Kenny Rogers
11	(10)	Heaven Must Have Sent You	Bonnie Pointer
12	(13)	Cruel To Be Kind	Nick Lowe
13	(24)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
14	(18)	Good Girls Don't	Knack
15	(16)	Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'	Journey
16	(17)	Where Were You	Logo
17	(8)	Lonesome Loser	Little River Band
18	(27)	Still	Commodores
19	(22)	Dirty White Boy	Foreigner
20	(15)	Spooky	Atlanta Rhythm Section
21	(11)	Don't Bring Me Down	Electric Light Orchestra
22	(—)	Babe	Sticks
23	(29)	I Know A Heartache	Jennifer Warnes
24	(30)	Please Don't Go	KC & The Sunshine Band
25	(19)	A Bad Case Of Loving You	Robert Palmer
26	(—)	Hold On	Ian Gomm
27	(21)	The Boss	Diana Ross
28	(—)	This Night Won't Last Forever	Michael Jackson
29	(20)	Driver's Seat	Sniff 'n' Tears
30	(23)	Get It Right Next Time	Gerry Rafferty

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(—)	The Long Run	Eagles
2	(1)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin
3	(3)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
4	(2)	Get The Knack	The Knack
5	(6)	Headgames	Foreigner
6	(4)	Midnight Magic	Commodores
7	(22)	Corner Stone	Styx
8	(9)	Dream Police	Cheap Trick
9	(8)	Candy O	The Cars
10	(10)	Volcano	Jimmy Buffett
11	(5)	Slow Train Coming	Bob Dylan
12	(7)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp
13	(12)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer
14	(15)	Eve	Alan Parsons
15	(11)	First Under The Wire	Little River Band
16	(17)	Identify Yourself	O'Jays
17	(14)	Rust Never Sleeps	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
18	(24)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
19	(13)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire
20	(29)	Stormwatch	Jethro Tull
21	(18)	Dionne	Dionne Warwick
22	(—)	Arise	Herb Alpert
23	(23)	Evolution	Journey
24	(26)	Highway To Hell	AC/DC
25	(—)	Flirtin' With Disaster	Molly Hachett
26	(16)	Million Mile Reflections	Charlie Daniels Band
27	(19)	Risque	Chic
28	(—)	Comedy Is Not Pretty	Steve Martin
29	(20)	Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra
30	(25)	Stay Free	Ashford and Simpson

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

** denotes import*

(1)	Jupiter Beyond	River Drive (Aro)*
(2)	So Much Trouble	Bob Marley (Island)
(3)	You Can't Get Over	Stephanie Mills (RCA)*
(4)	How I	Coniac (Electric)
(5)	Safari	Modern Sand Corporation (Sunshine Sand)*
(6)	Don't Drop My Love	Anita Ward (TK)*
(7)	Happy	Red Express (Quick)
(8)	Everybody Get Up	Ren Woods (Columbia)*
(9)	I Don't Wanna Be A Freak	Dynasty (Solo)
(10)	Star	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)

Chart supplied by: Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W1

REGGAE

(1)	Natty Ting A Ling	Prince Jazzba (Studio One)
(2)	OK Fred	Original re-mix John Holt (Studio One)
(3)	No-one Can Stop Us Now	Willie Williams (Studio One)
(4)	Ting A Ling	Heptones (Studio One)
(5)	Now You're Gone	Leroy Sibbles (Wackies)
(6)	Darkness	Joe Skerta (Wackies)
(7)	Reflection In Red	Oku Onuoras (Soft Gong)
(8)	Armageddon Rock	Jackie Mittoo (Stein Jac)
(9)	Armageddon Time	Willie Williams (Studio One)
(10)	Joy And Happiness	Earl Moody (Dione)

Chart supplied by: Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W1

INDIES

(1)	On My Radio	Selecter (Two Tone)
(2)	Flairs And Slippers	Cockney Rejects (Small Wonder)
(3)	Soldier Soldier	Spizz Energi (Rough Trade)
(4)	Back To Nature	Fat Gadget (Mute)
(5)	I Don't Want To Eat	Dangerous Girls (Happy Face)
(6)	There Must Be Thousands	The Quads (Big Bear)
(7)	They're Back Again	Cigarettes (Company)
(8)	Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen	Clive Pig & The Hopeful Chinamen (Waldos)
(9)	UK '79	Crisis (Ardkor)
(10)	Sheep Farming In Barnet	Toyah (Safari)

Chart supplied by: Flyover Records, 15 Queen Carlone Street, Hammersmith W6

LIVE KILLERS HIT UK

THE FIRST dozen dates have now been confirmed for the long-awaited British tour by Queen, their first for nearly three years. Still to be finalised are the band's London concerts — these will be announced within the next two weeks, and are expected to involve a string of appearances at a major venue in mid-December. Meanwhile, details set so far are:

After a couple of Irish dates at Cork City Hall (November 20) and Dublin Simmons Court (22), Queen play Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (24), Manchester Apollo (26 and 27), Glasgow Apollo (30 and December 1), Newcastle City Hall (3 and 4), Liverpool Empire (6 and 7), Bristol Hippodrome (9) and Brighton Centre (10 and 11). Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

The band — whose recently released single 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love' follows their hit album 'Live Killers' — have just purchased the Mountain Studios in Montreux, Switzerland. Since their last UK outing, they have spent much of the time touring around the world, though they played a couple of shows at Wembley in May, 1978.

● Tickets are on sale now for the above gigs, priced £4.75 and £4 (Manchester, Glasgow and Liverpool); £4.50 only (Newcastle); £4.75, £4 and £2.50 (Bristol); and £5, £4 and £3 (Brighton) — all at the respective box-offices. Birmingham tickets (all at £4) are available from November 1 at Birmingham Cyclops Sounds, all Mike Lloyd shops, Coventry Theatre, Oxford New Theatre, Leicester De Montfort Hall and HMV shops in the Midlands, or by post from the venue itself from the same date.

BIGGEST-YET OUTING BY LITTLE BO BITCH

LITTLE BO BITCH set out this week on an extensive headlining tour, so far comprising 31 dates — including three London appearances — but with more still being finalised. The outing marks the release on October 26 of the band's debut album, with their name as its title, on EMI's new Cobra label. Confirmed dates are:

Swansea Circles (tonight, Thursday), Burton 76 Club (Friday), Sheffield University (Saturday), Doncaster Romeo and Juliet (October 22), Upminster New Windmill Hall (24), Hull Wellington Club (25), Dudley J.B.'s (26), Liverpool Metro (27), Ipswich Tracey's (29), Barnstaple North Devon College (November 1), Bradford College (2), Manchester Funhouse (5), London Marquee (6), London University Union (9), Northallerton Sayers Club (10), Redcar Old Kent Club (12), Aberdeen Ruffles (14), Edinburgh Astoria (15), Dundee University (16), Manchester Polytechnic (17), Leeds Polytechnic (20), Shrewsbury Cascade (21), Aberavon Nine Volts (23), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (26), Norwich Cromwells (27), Retford Porterhouse (30), Barnsley Town Hall (December 1), London Marquee (3), Brighton Polytechnic (8), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (14) and Nottingham Boat Club (22). More are expected next week.

HEADS ARE ROLLING

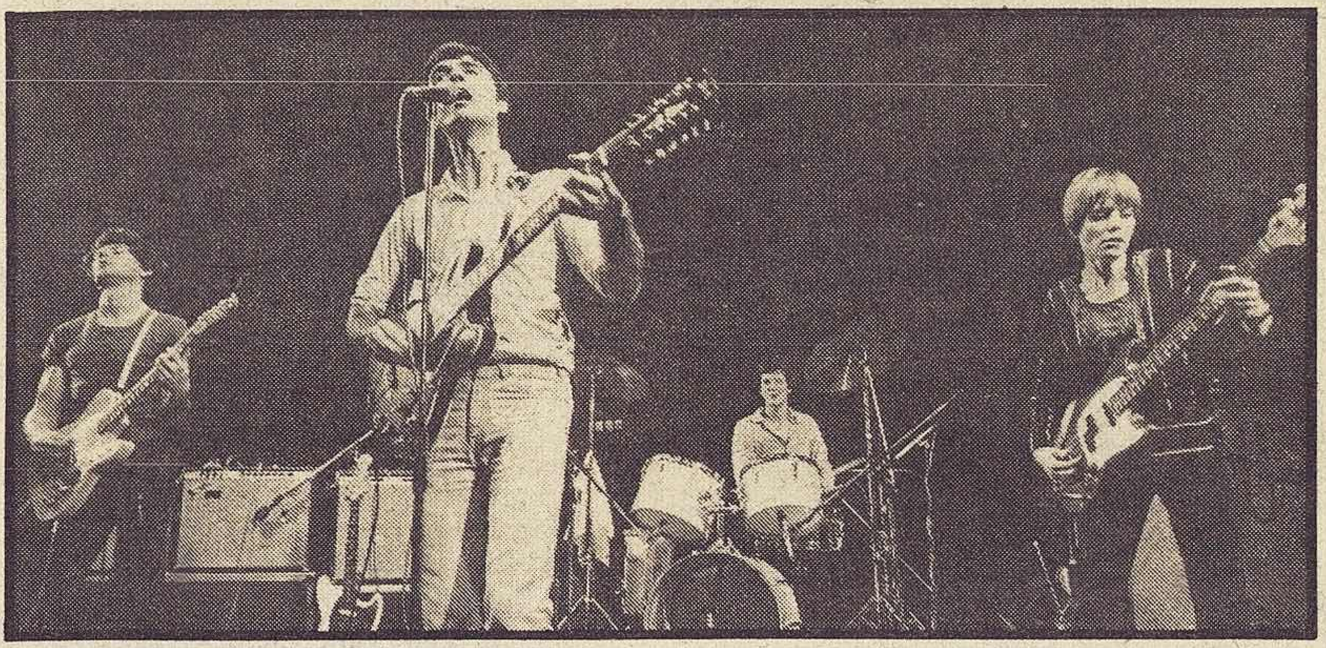
— at a dozen top venues

THE TALKING HEADS were this week signed for a major British tour in December, their first for more than a year — although they were here briefly in the late summer to make a one-off appearance in the Edinburgh Rock Festival on September 1.

The band will be playing a dozen dates around the country, and full details are expected to be announced next week. In fact, NME understands that their itinerary — which includes a show at a leading London venue — has already been finalised.

However, at press-time, approval of the date sheet was still awaited from the Heads' management. Although this is only a formality, the tour will not be announced officially — as a matter of courtesy — until it is received.

A new album by the Heads, together with a single culled from it, will be released to coincide with the tour.



Damned's gigs re-set

THE DAMNED — who last week were forced to scrap previously-announced tour dates, as recording sessions for their new album 'Machine Gun Etiquette' were over-running — have now re-arranted most of their schedule. And in the process, they've managed to retain the original date for London Rainbow — November 30. More gigs are still being lined up, but the others confirmed so far are:

Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 22), Cambridge Corn Exchange (23), Peterborough Wirrana Stadium (24), Cardiff Top Rank (25), Plymouth Fiesta (26), Glasgow Apollo (December 4), Bradford St. George's Hall (5), Derby Kings Hall (6), Coventry Theatre (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (9) and Manchester Apollo (10). Slaughter & The Dogs are special guests, and Victims support.

J.P.'s package

JIMMY PURSEY is to present his 'Pursey's Package' for two nights at London Kensington Nashville on Friday and Saturday, October 26 and 27. It comprises Bob A Lewie, Jimmy Edwards, Long Tall Shorty, Kidz Next Door and The Low Numbers, all of whom are making their bow on the Warner Brothers label with Pursey-produced singles. They are 'Twentieth Century Time' by Jimmy Edwards (out this week), 'What's It All About' by Kidz Next Door and 'Keep In Touch' by The Low Numbers (both out on November 9), and 'Buy You Love' by Long Tall Shorty (November 16), with the debut of newest recruit Bob A Lewie to follow shortly afterwards.

R & B extravaganza

AN R&B extravaganza is being staged at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Saturday, October 27 (tickets £2.50), and the whole evening will be recorded by Radar. Taking part are The Inmates, Lew Lewis Reformer, Little Roosters, Red Beans & Rice and The Bogey Boys. Promoters are Straight Music.

Motels drive in

RED HOT Los Angeles five-piece The Motels — who made their British debut at London Marquee last Friday, before setting out on a European tour — return here later in the month to play six more dates, including another London show. Gigs confirmed this week are at London Victoria The Venue (October 25), Liverpool Eric's (26), Sheffield University (27), Manchester Polytechnic (28), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (29) and Newcastle University (30). As reported, their first album for Capitol — titled simply 'Motels' — comes out this weekend, hot on the heels of their single 'Closets And Bullets'. Brakes, who have just released their debut single 'For Why You Kicka My Donkey' on the Magnet label, support The Motels on these six dates.

BLONDIE SHOWS IN LATE DECEMBER?

BLONDIE may now be performing in Britain rather sooner than was anticipated. As reported, they were expected to play a series of dates here in the New Year, and there was talk of them flying in during December to set up their tour. But NME understands that this preparatory visit has now been scrapped, and that plans are under way for the band to play a string of concerts (probably three) at London's Hammersmith Odeon immediately after Christmas. No official confirmation could be obtained this week, but details are believed to be close to finalisation — though it's not known if they would undertake any provincial gigs at that time.

● THE DRONES, the Manchester band who've just been signed by Quarry Management (of Status Quo and Penetration fame), support Sham 69 on their short tour opening tonight (Thursday). They've just completed work on a new single, and Quarry are negotiating a record deal for them.

● THE FLYS will not, after all, appear in The Ruts' gig at London Camden Electric Ballroom tomorrow (Friday) — even though they are filling the support spot on the rest of the tour. Reason is that they're being lined up for two London headlining gigs of their own next month, details to be announced shortly.

● THE UNDERTONES are being joined on the final leg of their current tour — from Aberystwyth University (this Saturday) to London Rainbow (October 30) — by Ten Pole Tudor and his band. Ten Pole himself appears in the Sex Pistols' film 'Rock'n'Roll Swindle', and sings 'Rock Around The Clock' on the B-side of their latest single.

● THE BUZZCOCKS have added two last-minute dates to their current UK tour — at Bangor University (tonight, Thursday) and Loughborough University (this Saturday).

PENETRATION SPLIT: Page 11

● ELVIS COSTELLO makes a brief cameo appearance in a film called 'Americathon', which is already on view in the States — where it's been slated by the critics! It's set 200 years in the future, when the world's oil supplies have run out. It's not clear why Costello should perform a two-minute unrecorded song midst all that gloom!

● JOHN COOPER CLARKE is being lined up for a British tour, starting next month and running into December, supported by Manchester band Chris Sievey & The Freshies.

● THE MERTON PARKAS pulled out of their gig at London Chelsea College last Saturday, 30 minutes before it was due to start. They say the authorities would not let in hundreds of the general public gathered outside, and were admitting NUS card holders only — a situation which the band were not prepared to accept. By way of compensation, they are now planning a free London gig in mid-November.

MORE VENUES HIT BY SQUEEZE!

THE SQUEEZE tour, already drastically re-shaped and curtailed, was cut still further this week — and their projected concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 9 is among the latest batch of gigs to be axed.

The band were originally due to open a 28-date tour last weekend but, due to recording sessions over-running, this was re-arranged (as reported in our last issue) into an 18-date schedule opening on November 6. But it now transpires that they won't be ready to go on the road for a further week.

The "final and official" date sheet, announced this week, shows that — besides Hammersmith — Oxford (November 6), Wakefield (7), Loughborough (8), Dunstable (10), Birmingham (11) and Bristol (12) have also been scrubbed out. The only gigs remaining are the 11, listed in last week's NME, running from Exeter University (November 13) to Manchester Apollo (23).

Squeeze say they are doing their utmost to slot in a major London venue in late November, before they leave for tours of Europe and America. They apologise for all the confusion, and promise to compensate on their next UK tour. Their new album — the cause of all the trouble — is planned for release in January, when they will be busy touring Australia.

MUSIC BY POST

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NEWS ROUND-UP

● **BEN E. KING** returns to Britain to headline a concert, club and cabaret tour in the late autumn. Dates are still being finalised, but the first confirmed is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on November 30. Support act on concert appearances is Jimmy James & The Vagabonds.

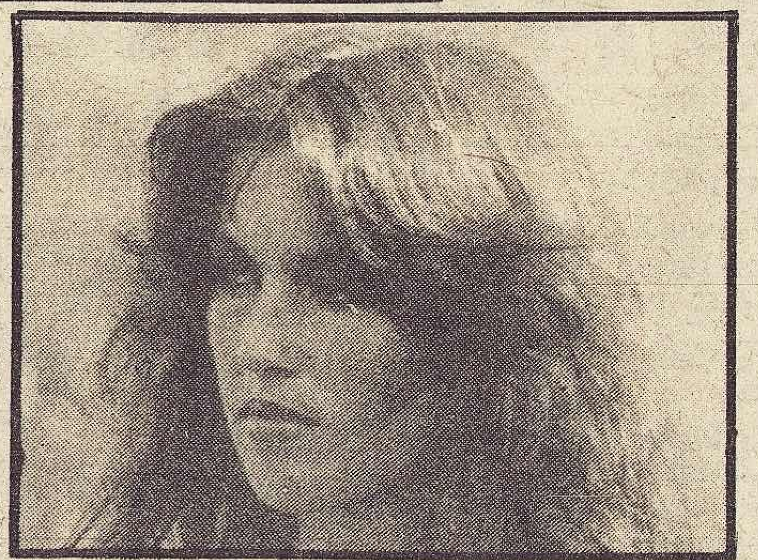
● **SHIRLEY BASSEY** is in concert at Manchester Apollo (November 2 and 3), Brighton Centre (7, 8 and 9), London Wembley Conference Centre (12-16 inclusive) and Birmingham Odeon (19, 20 and 21). The November 14 show at Wembley is a special Royal Gala Performance.

● **THE PASSENGERS** join the After The Fire tour as special guests from this weekend, their first date being at Aberdeen University tomorrow (Friday). And to coincide, Epic Records — with whom they recently signed — are rushing out their single 'Two Lovers'.

● **ANDY WILLIAMS,** already set for three nights at London Dominion Theatre (November 29-December 1), also plays a UNICEF benefit at Windsor Blazers (November 23), Glasgow Apollo (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Halifax Civic Theatre (27), Brighton Centre (28), Manchester Apollo (December 2) and Birmingham Odeon (3).

● **MODERN ENGLISH** play Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (October 23), Peterborough Focus (27), London Leicester-Sq. Notre Dame Hall (29) and Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (November 3), in support of the re-issue of their first single for Limp Records — it's a double A-sider comprising 'Silent World' and 'Drowning Man', and is distributed by Pinnacle.

● **WHITESNAKE** have added a second concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 29, the concert there the previous night having now sold out. They have a three-track single issued by Liberty-United on October 26, on which the main title is 'Long Way From Home' from the current LP — and the other two titles are 'Trouble' (from their previous album) and a live version of 'Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City'.



● **PAULINE GILLAN,** younger sister of Ian Gillan, is the co-founder of a new band called Jynx — along with Paul Dean, former leader of heavy rock outfit Jerusalem. They share vocals and all songwriting. They are currently recording a single, and start work shortly on a debut album, with live work to follow in the New Year.

● **RANDY CALIFORNIA,** currently touring as special guest with Gillan, makes a headline appearance at London Victoria The Venue on Saturday, October 27. And a late Venue booking is for this Sunday (21), when Prince Hammer and Creation Rebel appear.

● **COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL** are to support Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel in their one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon this Saturday (20). The band's debut album 'The Original Sin' was recently released by Virgin.

● **THE MO-DETTES** and The Delta Five, who both have singles coming out shortly on Rough Trade, co-headline at the Notre Dame Hall in London's Leicester Square next Monday (22), supported by Dr Mix & The Remix. Tickets are £1.75 (doors only).

● **SLADE** have added another London date to their previously reported autumn tour — it's at Camden Music Machine this Saturday, October 20.

● **TOURS** — the Dorset band newly signed by Virgin, who release their single 'Tourist Information' next month — play Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (this Saturday), London School of Economics (October 24), London Islington Hope & Anchor (25), London Southbank Poly (26), Winchester Tower Arts Centre (November 2), Birmingham University (3), Kirklevington Country Club (8), Leicester University (9), Portsmouth Poly (15), Stafford North Staffs Poly (23), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (24) and London Marquee (27).

● **MOTORHEAD** have invited Saxon to be special guest on their upcoming 24-date Bomber Tour, opening in Bracknell on November 10.

● **CIMARONS** have decided to return home to Jamaica for good, after their headlining concert at London Rainbow this Saturday (20), and they have no immediate plans for a UK return. But they have signed a new deal with Third World Records, who release their latest single 'Love Has Got The Need' (recorded in Jamaica) this weekend to coincide with the Rainbow gig.

● **PINPOINT,** the three-piece outfit from Fulham, have London gigs at Kensington Nashville (October 29) and the Marquee (November 3 and 17), and they also play Uxbridge Brunel University on November 11. These dates are in support of their debut three-track single 'Richmond', released by Albion Records on October 26.

● **PIERRE MOERLEN'S GONG** play a one-off at Keele University on November 6, as a warm-up to a European tour, which will take in further British dates at the beginning of December (details to follow shortly). Their new album 'Time Is The Key' is released this week by Arista.

● **CLIMAX BLUES BAND** are to headline two nights at London Marquee Club next Thursday and Friday (25-26), and these now become the final dates of their current tour.

● **BACK TO ZERO** have finally found a new drummer, several months after the departure of Andy Moore — he is 18-year-old Nigel Wolff from Dagenham. He makes his live debut with the band at Northampton Paddocks (tomorrow, Friday), London Marquee (Saturday) and Liverpool Eric's (October 22).

Specials package — still more gigs

THE MASSIVE 2-Tone package tour featuring The Specials, Madness and The Selecter — all of whom are pictured *en masse* above, when they met up last week to prepare for the outing — has had still more dates added to its itinerary. They are Nottingham Kimberley Recreation Hall (October 25), a revised date for Blackburn Golden Palms — which was pulled out last week — on October 30, Manchester Apollo instead of Lancaster University on November 1, and Malvern Winter Gardens (November 30).

The Manchester gig is the only seated venue in the entire tour, although we're assured there will be no restrictions on dancing! This brings the schedule up to a total of 39 gigs and, in order to meet the target of 40 dates, one further venue will be announced shortly. As already reported, Madness will be leaving the tour from November 15, and it was learned this week that they'll be replaced on the remaining dates by Dexy's Midnight Runners.

CARAVAN ADD DATES, BUT SINCLAIR IS OUT

CARAVAN have added four more dates to their British tour, reported last week — at Colchester Essex University (November 3), Preston Polytechnic (5), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (15) and Lincoln Drill Hall (22) — but have cancelled their Leeds Grand Theatre gig planned for November 26.

However, their intention to revert to their original line-up for this tour has been foiled, because Richard Sinclair has been unable to free himself from prior commitments. This means that Dek Messecar re-joins the band, though otherwise the personnel remains the same as annnounced.

A second upset involves the new album they were planning to bring out next month. This has now been scrapped and, instead, a live LP — probably recorded at their London Rainbow Show on November 25 — will be issued in the New Year.

● The Enid have also made a few changes to their upcoming tour. Aberdeen University is added on October 26, which means that Edinburgh Heriot Watt University moves back 24 hours (to 27), and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion is added on November 15. Since they were last on the road, David Storey (drums) and Terry Pack (bass) have left the band, and are replaced by original member Robbie Dobson and Martin Russell.

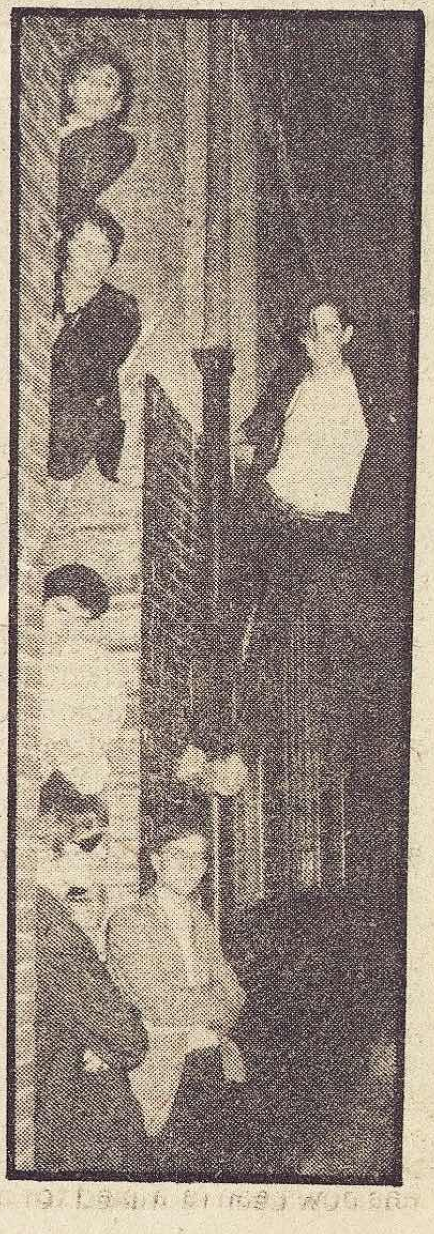
Showaddywaddy touring

SHOWADDYWADDY are set for a month-long concert series, in support of their new Arista single 'A Night At Daddy Gees' (out this weekend) and album 'Crepes and Drapes' (released November 2). Dates are **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (November 10), **Hull** City Hall (11), **Birmingham** Odeon (12), **Southampton** Gaumont (18), **Oxford** New Theatre (19), **Bradford** St George's Hall (24), **Scarborough** Futurist (25), **Stockport** Davenport (26), **Newcastle** City Hall (December 1), **Sheffield** City Hall (2), **Liverpool** Empire (3), **Coventry** Theatre (4), **Preston** Guildhall (7), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (8), **Bristol** Colston Hall (9), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (10) and **Brighton** Dome (11).

GLASGOW ROCKS ON SUNDAYS

SUNDAY ROCK comes to Glasgow with the opening of a new series of shows staged by Regular Music, who will be using both the city's Pavilion Theatre and Tiffany's, depending on the type of act. First confirmed bookings are The Revillos (at the Pavilion this Sunday, 21) the Specials-Madness-Selecter package (Tiffany's on November 11) and Secret Affair (Tiffany's on December 2), though it's hoped to present one gig per week once the season gets under way.

Furs trek round UK



THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS, who've just signed a long-term recording deal with the Epic label, begin a nationwide tour this weekend. More dates have still to be added to their itinerary, including a major London appearance, but those confirmed so far are Winchester King Alfred College (tomorrow, Friday), Southampton University (Saturday), Ipswich Tracey's (October 22), High Wycombe Nags Head (24), Retford Porterhouse (25), Manchester Factory (26), Dudley J.B.'s (27), Loughborough Town Hall (29), Stafford Top Of The World (30), Chesterfield Fusion (November 1), Cheltenham Tythe Barn (2), Bristol Granary (3), Taunton Camelot Club (5), Plymouth Clones (6), Leeds Fan Club (8) and Liverpool Eric's (9). The tour ties in with the release of their debut single for their new label on November 2 — titled 'We Love You', coupled with 'Pulse', it comes in a picture bag.

Gary Moore readies his debut solo tour

GARY MOORE, recently booted out of Thin Lizzy, is now plotting his UK comeback as a solo performer. He's currently working in Los Angeles with a bunch of American musicians, and is about to go into the studio to start work on his next solo album, for which he has written 20 new songs. He plans to start touring Britain at the beginning of next year, though it isn't yet clear if he would bring over his current U.S. sidemen or would form a pick-up band over here. Meanwhile his new single 'Spanish Guitar' — his first solo release since his chart hit 'Parisienne Walkways' — is issued by MCA this weekend, penned by Moore himself.

McCalla's a Sniffer!

NOEL McCALLA, former lead singer with the now-defunct Moon, has joined Sniff 'n' The Tears on their current American tour with Kenny Loggins. He's featured as vocalist and percussionist, and he takes over from Luigi Salvoni, whose departure was announced last week. It's not yet clear if he will remain with the group on a permanent basis, as his own solo career is beginning to flourish — his solo album 'Night Time Emotion' and single 'Night Life On Venus' have just been released by Epic.

Misdemeanors of Ainley

These are THE MISDEMEANORS, formed about four months ago by Charlie Ainley and newly signed to EMI. They have their first single 'She Doesn't Love You Anymore' released on October 26, and during November and December they'll be recording their debut album for New Year release. Meanwhile, Londoners can catch them in action at Canning Town Bridge House (tomorrow, Friday), Fulham Greyhound (this Sunday) and Camden Dingwalls (October 24 and November 7). The line-up is, from left to right, CHARLIE AINLEY (guitar and lead vocals), SAM HARLEY (bass), RON TELEMACQUE (drums), ROBIN BIBI and ROB HENDRY (both guitar).

EDELMAN ONE-OFF

RANDY EDELMAN flies into London next month to headline a one-off concert at the Palladium on Friday, November 16 (while the resident show 'The King And I' is taking a week's holiday). Tickets go on sale next Monday (22) priced £6, £5, £4, £3 and £2.50. And to coincide with his visit, a compilation album titled 'Uptown Tempo — The Best Of Randy Edelman' is released by 20th Century (distributed by RCA) on November 9.

HALEY CLOCKS IN

BILL HALEY & THE COMETS — who are to appear with Boney M and Amii Stewart in the Royal Variety Show at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on November 26 — headline four successive nights at London Victoria The Venue from November 17 to 20 inclusive. And they are also set for London Woolwich Odeon (November 16) and Crawley Civic Centre (21), with three more dates still to be announced (22-24). Haley — currently celebrating the 25th anniversary of the release of his classic 'Rock Around The Clock' — has a new album released by Sonet on November 9, titled 'Everyone Can Rock And Roll', and recorded in Muscle Shoals in June.

HAZEL O'CONNER

The face of 1980?

Meet HAZEL O'CONNER who's being tipped as one of the names to watch for next year — and with good reason, because she's already landed the lead female role in a film called 'Breaking Glass', co-starring with Phil Daniels of 'Quadrophenia' fame. And what's more, Hazel has herself written the entire music score for the movie, which is produced by Tony Visconti.

The picture is loosely based on 'Rock Follies', and tells the story of a girl singer in a group, and her relationship with their manager (Daniels). It goes into production shortly, and there'll be a soundtrack album to coincide with its premiere next summer. Meanwhile, Hazel has signed with Albion Records (distributed by Arista), and has her single 'Ee-I-Adio' issued this weekend — it's taken from her debut album, due out in January.

● Neil Young's film 'Rust Never Sleeps', a blend of surrealism and in-concert sequences, has been picked up by CIC and should be screened here before the end of the year. There will be a sountrack album to coincide — with, confusingly, the same title as his recent studio LP.

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THE BOOMTOWN RATS

● **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**, who've been supporting Gary Numan on tour, have signed a long-term worldwide recording and publishing deal with DinDisc and DinSong. Their current single 'Electricity' was originally on Manchester's Factory Records, but has now been reissued on DinDisc.

● **Bruce Woolley** has his first album 'English Garden' released by Epic on October 26, and he'll be going out on a major UK tour next month — with his band Camera Club — to promote it. Woolley is the composer of Buggles' current chart hit 'Video Killed The Radio Star.'

● **Cozy Powell**, currently drumming with Rainbow, releases his first solo album this weekend — called 'Over The Top' — as well as a single taken from it titled 'Theme 1'. The label is Ariola.

● **Donna Summer's** new double album, released by Casablanca on October 26, is titled 'On The Radio — Greatest Hits Volume 1 & 2'. One of the tracks 'No More Tears' is a 12-minute duet with **Barbra Streisand**, and it's issued as a single this weekend — the seven-inch is on Casablanca, and the 12-inch (because of Streisand's involvement) on CBS.

● **Kevin Godley and Lol Creme's** new album is 'Freeze Frame', released on November 9 by Polydor, which marks a switch from their previous Phonogram outlet. A feature of the LP is that Paul McCartney guests on some of the tracks.

● East London label Sticky Records have signed five-piece band **The Innocents**, comprising four girls and Greg Van Cook. They record their first single next month, and will be gigging extensively in January to coincide with its release.

● **Television Personalities'** infamous single 'Part-Time Punks'/'Where's Bill Grundy Now?', first released on Do It Yourself, is being reissued by Rough Trade as part of their 'Golden Classics Of Our Time' series.

● A new version of David Bowie's 'Boys Keep Swinging' has been rush released by MCA. It's by Edinburgh four-piece **The Associates**, whose original version on their own Double Hip label sold several thousand copies locally. The track has now been re-mixed for national release.

OFF THE RECORD

Madness LP & single

STIFF RECORDS have switched distributors from EMI to CBS, and the first releases to be affected by the change are the new Madness album and single issued this weekend, both titled 'One Step Beyond. . .' The B-side of the single is 'Mistakes', with an extra track called 'Nutty Theme' on the 12-inch version, though neither of these titles is contained on the LP. The album, which includes a re-recorded version of their hit 'The Prince', will sell at £3.99 for the first 10,000 copies before reverting to the regular price of £4.78. These are the first Madness releases on the Stiff label.

● **Nightmare**, the five-piece band who gained notoriety earlier this year over their stage re-enactment of the hanging of Ruth Ellis, have been signed by PVK Records. Their first single, out this week, is a revival of the classic 'Great Balls Of Fire'. They're going on a six-week tour to promote it — complete with vintage hearse and Dracula-type coffin!

● Two hot import singles have been picked up for UK release by Pye-International. They are 'River Drive' by **Jupiter Beyond** (out November 2) and 'Mellow Mellow Right On' by **Lowrell** (November 9).

● The fourth release this year on the Tyger label is 'Dumb' by **The Statistics**, who begin a nationwide tour next month to promote it.

Secret Affair follow-up

● **Secret Affair's** follow-up to 'Time For Action' is the single 'Let Your Heart Dance', one of their most popular stage numbers, issued by I-Spy on October 26. They are currently putting the finishing touches to their first album, for rush release next month.

● Ariola have released 'Feeling Good Being Bad', the debut single from Sweden's **Mary Stavin**, who was Miss World in 1977. We're assured that it's not a gimmick, as she has been singing for more than five years!

Buzzards' potted history

THE BUZZARDS have their first album 'Jellied Eels To Record Deals' issued by Chrysalis on October 29, at the budget price of £3.99. It contains 17 tracks and spans their entire career — from early demo tapes and Small Wonder's '19 & Mad' to their latest single 'We Make A Noise', and it includes six tracks recorded for John Peel's Radio 1 show. The band say they are about to make significant changes in musical direction, and the LP is regarded as a record of their history to date.

● Charisma has signed Los Angeles band **Vivabeat** to a five-year worldwide contract, their first-ever direct U.S. signing. They were formed last year and discovered by Peter Gabriel. Their first single, out this week, is 'Man From China' — to be followed in the New Year by their debut album.

● Surrey based 'future-wave' band **A.D.1984** have their second single (the follow-up to 'The Russians Are Coming') issued by Voyage International on November 2. It's a double A-sider comprising 'Clock Work Generation' and '1984'.

● Following their appearance in the recent Bad Music Festival, **The Instant Automatons** are reissuing their first album 'Radio Silence (The Art Of Human Error)'. And it's free to anyone who sends a C90 cassette and SAE to Deleted Records, Low Farm, Brigg Road, Messingham, Scunthorpe, South Humberside.

● Gem Records this week release the title track from the new GTO film 'Phantasm', performed by **Captain Zorro**. It's a 12-incher, and it comes in yellow blood-stained vinyl! The movie's soundtrack album follows on November 9.

● The **Millie Jackson** and **Isaac Hayes** duo album 'Royal Wrappings' is issued by Polydor on October 26, the same day as a single taken from it titled 'Feels Like The First Time', which is available in both 7" and 12" form.

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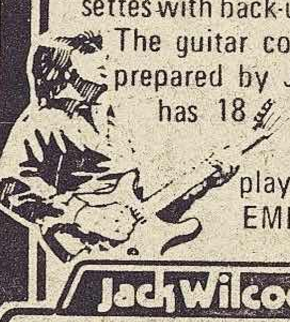

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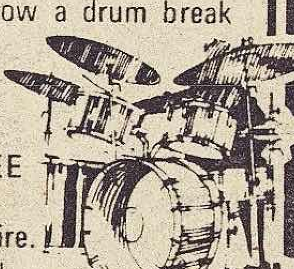

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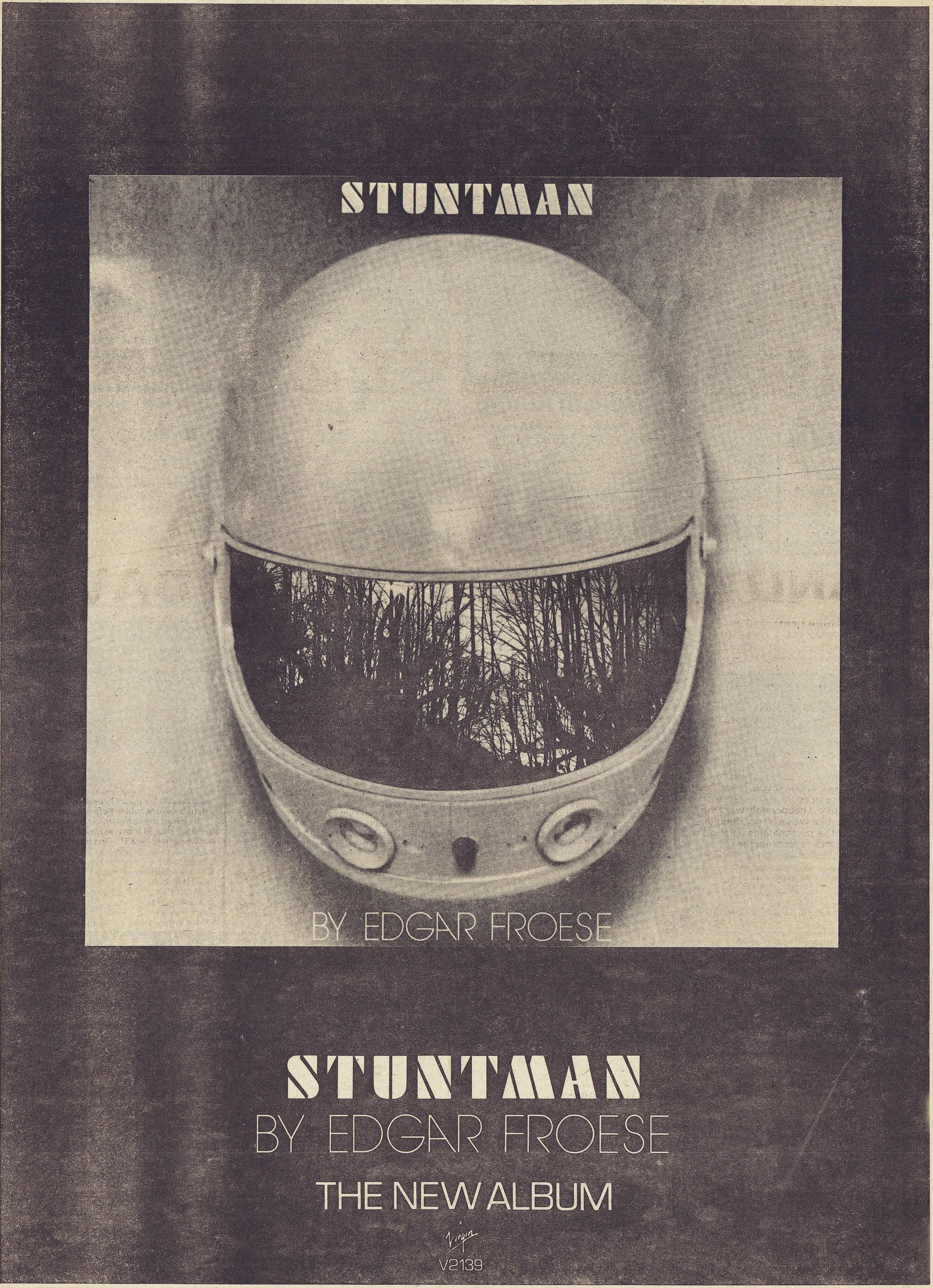
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Andy Partridge looks for a way out. Pic: Chris Horler.

MAKING PLANS FOR ANDY, COLIN, TERRY & DAVE

The Agony of XTC

Diagnosis: NICK KENT

"I FEEL GREAT antagonism towards the press we've all too often received. They always seem to end up never actually talking to you, they just talk to the idea of what they have preconceived XTC to be.

"It's always a case of them simply looking at our supposed 'techniques' as opposed to viewing us as individual personalities within a group framework — which to me is the vital factor in taking on a group of any consequence. Like The Beatles — there you had four distinct personalities working together and it was great in that you could always tell that from the music. I desperately want the press to see that we've all got definite, very distinctive personalities. That we're not just a bunch of smart-arses constantly scrabbling around thinking up clever riffs and 'oh let's throw in a discord here. Let's disorientate the listeners. Let's alienate them with our self-indulgence, ho, ho'."

Andy Partridge, XTC's most loquacious spokesman and self-confessed 'ideas man' for the group is expounding on a subject that has caused him much grief: XTC vs the slings-and-arrows of the rock media. And certainly his expansive and often bemused diatribe against said preconceptions rings true.

"All these adjectives they use — quirky, wacky, jerky, herky-jerky, etc — virtually every two syllable word ending in 'ky' has been used disparagingly to define our sound! Not to mention 'clever-clever'. *Now I want this explained to me!* Will someone *please* give me a reasonable definition of the phrase 'clever-clever'? I mean one 'clever''s OK, but two's a bit 'aaaaghh'. Know what I mean?"

Well Andy, the term is basically used to define a penchant for languishing amid pointless displays of niggling self-indulgence. It's a farly random term, mind you, that can denote a certain cockiness which tends to outstrip the actual talent at hand. At the same time, it's also a term used by dullards whose limited intelligence dictates that anything they can't instantly grasp onto is immediately labelled 'pretentious crap' or viewed merely as the masturbatory art of clever-cleverness. Now do you comprehend?

Partridge understands, certainly, but this fails to assuage his concern.

"This whole 'clever-clever' label has got me very, very worried. I really do think people have got me all wrong . . ."

But before I can attempt to temper his very real sense of doubt and concern, the interviewee sets off on a confessional of sorts regarding XTC's work and its attendant audience.

"Actually . . . yes, I really feel I must put this down in print. The other night, this thought hit me and it really, *really* depressed me in terms that what we'd been doing all along everybody had been criticising purely by usurping other people's angles. And, like, I felt suddenly that instead of having a centre-point for any given XTC track, there was actually really nothing much down the middle. The words, for example, would be placed in the middle purely as embellishments, as sounds that really don't mean anything. And chords would be put in just to disorientate. In fact it was just like we'd been concentrating purely on the 'icing' whilst all the time there was never any cake to spread that icing on."

Obviously Partridge's shield of self-confidence has temporarily been slashed from its moorings, leaving him at the mercy of the belittling snipes of XTC denigrators, to the point where he's actually starting to believe their accusations. But Partridge brusquely counters his Doubting Thomas slant with a more tempered view.

"I really believe that people have this vision of XTC sitting around at rehearsals with some song, saying 'Well kiddies, this is all pretty duff stuff, any ideas about how to sparkle it up? Any clever discords we can toss in? Any weird sound effects?'

"And it's not like that *at all.*"

WHAT THE XTC process of composition and arranging actually *is,* not to mention further Partridge verbal angst, can wait awhile whilst bearings are checked and the context for this article is defined.

An XTC piece with yours truly on the case was initiated primarily because I consider their third album 'Drums And Wires' to be something of a masterpiece which finally captures the group in the ascendant, and also because, as Patridge himself complained earlier, the group have all to often been tackled by the press as an 'idea' and not as distinct personalities. I've long grown tired of articles on the band based around a strict "on-the-road" context, replete with stockpile of witty little vignettes, the scribe at hand often underlining these rib-tickling episodes with the stunning revelation that, well, they may second like Art School Clever-Trevors but in actual fact they're just normal happy-go-lucky chaps from "Bowyers Country" (despite the fact that Swindon, XTC's locale, and Wiltshire's Sausage City itself are some 50 miles apart). Thus I elected from the outset to interview members separately and *off* the road, in Swindon.

'Drums And Wires' displayed a band united and veering well away from the over-embellished likes of its predecessor, the star-crosssed 'Go 2'.

Andy Partridge's feelings on 'Go 2' are that "the personal chemistry of the band was on overload, what with not only myself and Colin (Moulding) composing but also Barry (Andrews). It was a very bad situation with Barry, because his material was a definite departure from previous XTC work. We felt that we simply had not built up a strong enough musical identity for XTC at that juncture. We hadn't yet constructed a platform to jump off. There was no firm XTC stamp of identity. Certainly myself, Colin and Terry felt that to be very much the case anyway."

Up at Virgin Records, the company's A&R supremo Simon Draper echoes Partridge's views on 'Go 2' amongst other 'diplomatically sound' verbiage concerning the group.

"XTC are a group that Virgin as a whole — and that means everyone of any consequence working here — consider to be of great worth, a really exceptional band. From the outset, I felt they were a perfect band for us, appearing as they did on the London club circuit right at the height of the punk/new wave movement, but at the same time possessing a definite — albeit embryonic — sophistication to their music. They had a virtue which I would immodestly claim to be fairly typical of the great Virgin band, which is a definite sense of musical adventurousness. Plus they wrote great pop songs. What more could you ask for?"

What indeed? And yet whilst a teeming mess of new wave bands have lambasted the charts with comparatively rank, tepid fare, the five singles XTC have released have been doomed to commercial oblivion. Confronted with this point, Draper becomes . . . well, as close to candid as one in his position can ever be.

"Apart from the fact that the 'idiosyncratic' element notable in the band has been far too overstated, I feel the band previously tended to almost 'throw away' some great pop hits by tossing in the odd discord here and there, thus making their tracks commercially unpalatable to mass tastes.

"And secondly, the second album 'Go 2', though the critics loved it, was just a little too . . . ummm . . . 'adult' for the fans."

Still, Draper is adamant about maintaining the bond 'twixt group and label. The average sales figure on each album so far numbers just over 30,000, which in the current climate isn't bad at all, whilst the boyish-faced A&R kingpin talks heatedly — if vaguely — of "strong international expectations".

"XTC are — if you like — carrying on the tradition of Virgin acts like Henry Cow and Slapp Happy. Only XTC are far more commercial."

Yet, I remind Draper, both Henry Cow and Slapp Happy were dropped from the company roster back in '76 — coinciding, if not directly, with the new wave spring-clean. Draper redefines XTC's position as akin to Kevin Coyne's secure cubby-hole in the company.

"If I asked the company as a whole what one band we should most retain a hold on, the answer would be XTC. One hundred percent. I mean" — here he points to the gentleman seated to his right, in whose office this interview is being conducted — "you only need to take Al as an example . . ."

Al Clark's name often creeps up in XTC features, but there is one good reason for this: Clark may well be XTC's No.1 fan. As head of PR for Virgin, and thus responsible for handling press on behalf of a large roster of acts, Clark still remains candidly biased towards the XTC cause. His fervour for the group appears insatiable, his commitment as fierce as it is touching. He willingly whiles away hours talking about the band and will even liken XTC's potential to that of The Beatles — with Partridge the Lennonesque figure with the slicing wit and cynical exuberance, and bassist Moulding the young, burgeoning McCartney, more conventionally melodic in his output. So staunch is Clark's fervour for XTC, one genuinely wonders whether the publicist would do the job for free. Certainly the call of duty has drawn him to willingly accompany some inky scribe or another to America, to Australia, to Japan *(Oh, the hardship! — Ed)* . . .

AND NOW to Swindon. Not for the first time, mark you. Clark has made the 60-minute train journey to this shabby, nondescript town many times before. For me though, it's been a fair 13 years or more since was last forced to visit the place in order to meet a particularly hideous aunt of mine. From those childhood days I'd always had bleary memories of the town as a surrogate Cheltenham, although XTC's newest recruit guitarist Dave Gregory, a life-long native, disagrees.

"Cheltenham is a very middle-class

■ *Continued over page*

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November 7 Plymouth Clones
November 8 Bristol Polytechnic
November 9 Stoke North Staffs. Poly
November 10 East Retford Porterhouse
November 13 Nottingham Trent Poly
November 14 Shrewsbury Cascade
November 15 Sheffield Limit Club
November 16 London Marquee
November 17 Barnsley Civic Hall
November 20 Farnborough Tumbledown Dick's
November 23 Birmingham Underworld

■ From previous page

conservative sort of town, whereas Swindon is far more working-class. It's still got the railway culture, for example. But as bastions of apathy, Cheltenham and Swindon certainly share that trait."

Gregory's modest semi-detached house ("Doesn't it remind you of a Men's Club?" enquires Andy Partridge later) is our first port of call — which seemed at the time to be not the most inspired of manoeuvres, what with the genial round-faced Gregory being the band's "new boy" and all. However Gregory was to prove a virtually invaluable source of quasi-objective perspectives and anecdotes about XTC from the very beginning onward.

His close relationship with the crew that most Swindon youths would always refer to somewhat disparagingly as "Partridge's mob" was in fact a cardinal reason for Andy Partridge phoning Gregory up from Boston once it had become clear to all concerned that Barry Andrews was exiting the combine, and virtually offering him the replacement gig.

"The offer came completely out of the blue," remarks Gregory. "I mean I, like most others, reckoned that XTC would recruit another keyboard player."

Gregory himself, slightly older than the rest of the band, started playing earlier. He reckons to have commenced playing the guitar maybe two years ahead of Partridge, although when the pair were in their mid-teens a comradeship was instigated involving endless guitar-playing sessions in bedrooms and local guitar shops. Soon the bedroom thrashouts turned into getting ramshackle youth club bands together, with Gregory getting "the first heavy metal blues band in Swindon together", whilst Partridge was soon to follow with a coalition known as The Stray Blues Band who — according to the former — debuted at Kilroy's Ballroom, the town's only disco, where one half-hour set provided the band performing with a princely £8 to be shared amongst all participants.

"They (Partridge's band) were booed off after two numbers," recalls Gregory. "They literally had to beg to come back and do a third."

Although Gregory and Partridge were mates and burgeoning guitar-heroes of a sort, Gregory readily admits to being "a far more conventional player," going from Eric Clapton in his Bluesbreakers and Cream days and then being flattened totally by seeing Jimi Hendrix do 'Hey Joe' on *Top Of The Pops*, Partridge never took any remotely 'obvious' route when it came to playing guitar.

"He started out being besotted by Sonny Rollins' saxophone playing (Partridge's favourite album of all time is Rollin's classic 'East Broadway Rundown') and his dad's jazz collection. Actually I could never understand his attitude to guitar playing. He went through a stage of learning 'technique' from records but he always somehow took a different way around.

"Like the album 'Trout Mask Replica', he was just totally besotted by that. He copied all the guitar-playing on the album literally note-for-note."

Gregory's reminiscences are particularly vivid in regard to Partridge's pre-XTC combo, The Helium Kids (also known as Star Park). He was particularly impressed by the band's often cacophonous originality.

"It's like they (Helium Kids/XTC) had their 1977 back in 1973. That's probably a rather high-handed statement to make, but the songs Partridge was writing, the vast majority of which have long been discarded — though 'Neon Shuffle' from 'White Music' comes from that era — were two minutes long, very fast and cacophonous. I mean the sound was just diabolical, but they were great, great songs."

Gregory recalls titles like "Oh, 'Saturn Boy' was one and there was this *great* song called 'She Fell In Love With A Detective' also known as 'Private Eye', which was about a guy who hired a private detective to check whether his wife was playing around whilst all the time the private eye himself was the real paramour."

Aside from the often ingenious songs, Partridge, abetted by future XTC colleagues Colin Moulding, Terry Chambers, plus a second guitarist in one Dave Cartner (later sacked due to his refusing to take a day off work in order to do an audition in London) chose, at Partridge's instigation, to don highly gauche 'glam-rock' clothing — ie tights, bouffant hair, make-up, leopard-skin, etc.

"Partridge was very enamoured by The New York Dolls," recalls Gregory. "They were the first group he could truly relate to in terms of *his* song-writing . . . plus their strong image."

Gregory meanwhile was taking a more conventional approach to his semi-pro career as a guitarist.

Whilst The Helium Kids were being formed, a heavy metal combo called Ale House was the guitarist's means of employment (ironically, both bands were to be featured separately in an abortive *NME* new band section circa 1974). With Gregory writing most of the songs, he claims, "We had a following in Swindon because we were a very obvious HM group in a town where there were hardly any."

Finally came Barry Andrews' exit and Gregory was one-quarter of XTC, a band "I loved. Not because of our friendship but because to me this was the real 'new wave' music done with style, verve and thought. It was very intelligent music — not your average rama-lama-dole-queue drivel — but with a really great sense of humour going for it as well.

"From the outset, it was very frustrating for me because I was seeing them and thinking Jesus Christ this band could be really big. The songs are great, the lyrics — I mean God knows where Andy Partridge found the inspiration to come up with them — plus the slant was really original and exciting. And yet there they were, stuck in this wretchedly apathetic reactionary town. How the hell can they get out — or get people to see them?"

The answer came via one Ian Reid, XTC's manager and the owner of a Swindon club. The deal was simple: Reid would allow London promoters to book bands into *his* club if they allowed XTC to play in the London clubs.

As to his own role in the group: "I see my job in XTC as simply being the anchorman. I leave all the tough stuff to Partridge and tend to work more with Terry (Chambers, the drummer) than Andy. Actually the style of guitar I play — it's mostly rhythm-based — sometimes doesn't lend itself to the classic band sound.

"The XTC sound is really solely Andy Partridge. He can really get out of control, go away over the top — But it works. With me. . . well, I suffer from a lack of confidence. I don't have his front, his extrovertness. More to the point, I don't have his talent.

"When I joined he just said 'Play anything you feel. Go on your instinct'. "Also," Gregory laughs, "he said 'If you play one bum note, always play another one! It's arty as hell! XTC have made a whole career out of playing bum notes'."

A CLASSIC scraping of Partridge badinage — the Swindon wit with fathomless reservoir of canny humour at his disposal.

Yet Andy Partridge's natural effervescence is somewhat lacking when we settle into his sparsely decorated apartment over a shop just off one of Swindon's main streets. A more incongruous figure it would be hard to locate. A blondish Borstal-short crop of hair atop his rounded cranium, his eyes are hidden by a pair of odd Jim McGuinn-like granny glasses that make his face occasionally resemble a grown-up version of Piggy from *Lord Of The Flies*. His torso — neither lean nor plump, more 'ample' I suppose — is clothed in a checkered lumberjack shirt fastened at the neck by a cowboy's bootlace tie. His trousers meanwhile look like typical Oxfam jobs. It's easy to see why Swindon has regarded him with a mixture of disdain and acute suspicion.

Partridge's wit has kept many XTC articles buoyant — with Barry Andrews providing the perfect buffer. So it is, then, that Andrews' departure is first called into discussion.

"The central issue of conflict between us was simply that Barry was a classically trained musician — in fact the first ever rock album he heard was Bowie's 'Pin-ups' — and his whole style of playing was essentially concerned with decorating, embellishing, icing the cake, so to speak. I, on the other hand, always like to strip things down, make them as sparse as possible."

It seemed odd at first to hear Partridge define his personal choice of XTC sound as "stripped down", particularly considering the busy style the band appears to have favoured. Partridge virtually leaps forward to demonstrate the "sparseness" and "lack of self-consciousness" he claims belies the XTC arrangements. "With all arrangements, it's exactly the same. I simply whack out the chords to the song and then try and describe a particular atmosphere I'm after.

"Take 'Life is Good In The Greenhouse' off 'Go 2' for example. It was very much a last-minute idea and we only had the chance to rehearse it once in a cellar. So I said to the band, 'Look it'll take too long to show you the chords, so all we'll do is — right — I'll play and all you do is. . . you're not obliged to play anything but if you do, imagine it's hot and sticky and very humid. I want a very hot, steamy atmosphere. Then I just said 'Go' and we got it all in one take!

"Same with 'Battery Brides'. I just said, 'It's got to sound dull, boring and repetitious. Vaguely like Terry Riley when his work kind of lulls you into a sense of limbo so that you almost want to topple over.

"I can't write music, so describing an atmosphere is all I can do. Same with Colin's songs. And Barry too when he was there." Partridge pauses for a second "Andrews-era XTC!" he laughs. "Sounds almost like Barrett-era Floyd!"

Asked about his original desires on forming a group, Partridge remarks simply: "I wanted to be in a group-group! Y'know, like The Monkees. Or The Beatles. That's always been my idea of groups."

All of a sudden he changed the subject for no explicable reason, choosing to confess another recent personal trauma.

"The other night, I had this really horrible period of totally doubting everything we've done to date, like everything we'd composed and played was utter *shit*! I felt we came from the wrong place, that we were too old for this and too young for that. That we were totally up shit creek, in other words."

I find this confession odd, particularly in the light of 'Drums And Wires'. Partridge continues unassuaged however.

"Actually, the other night I just felt that I never wanted to write another song, because everything I'd done before seemed totally meaningless. It's like I've been hiding things in the past by writing in this stupid sort of code language. I've been singing in a private code that no one can really understand. I really think now that people just haven't been able to break into our songs — and it's totally our fault."

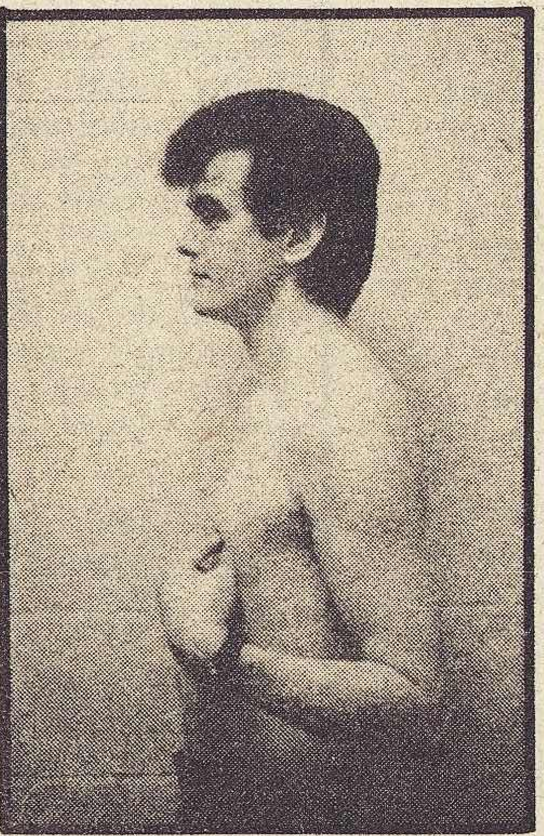
Al Clark immediately points to the clear perspective of certain 'Drums And Wires' reviews.

"Yeah," retorts Partridge, "but that's no point because we've just made it easier for them, the critics. It wasn't them coming to us so much as us coming down to their level. It was purposely made as our simplest album to comprehend.

"No, it's become an obsession, this

■ Continues page 77

XTC (L-R): Chambers, Partridge, Gregory, Moulding — plus (behind) Barry Andrews. Pic: Chris Horler.


Mickey Gallagher forgets to strap on his accordian.

WIRE
A limited edition contains free EP
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OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	THE POLICE — REGGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74
2	NEW ENTRY	FLEETWOOD MAC — TUSK	8.00	5.99
3	3	BLONDIE — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74
4	2	EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	3.75
5	6	THE POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.74
6	24	JOE JACKSON — I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74
7	20	BOB MARLEY — SURVIVAL	5.69	4.44
8	8	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74
9	4	STRANGLERS — THE RAVEN	4.99	3.74
10	5	GARY NUMAN — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75
11	9	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.74
12	7	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
13	15	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
14	16	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
15	10	BONEY M — OCEANS OF FANTASY	5.00	3.75
16	12	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
17	11	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
18	14	JUDAS PRIEST — UNLEASHED IN THE EAST	4.99	3.74
19	17	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
20	25	10cc — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19
21	NEW ENTRY	ELTON JOHN — VICTIM OF LOVE	5.30	4.05
22	22	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
23	30	BARRY MANILOW — ONE VOICE	5.00	3.75
24	13	JETHRO TULL — STORMWATCH	4.99	3.74
25	44	QUADROPHENIA	7.50	5.75
26	NEW ENTRY	STATUS QUO —WHATEVER YOU WANT	5.30	4.05
27	19	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
28	21	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
29	36	ELKIE BROOKS — LIVE AND LEARN	4.99	3.74
30	28	FRANK ZAPPA — JOE'S GARAGE	5.29	4.04
31	23	RY COODER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
32	27	COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
33	31	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
34	40	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74
35	32	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
36	33	RANDY CRAWFORD — RAW SILK	5.00	3.75
37	46	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
38	NEW ENTRY	SPYRO-GYRA — FIRST ALBUM	4.69	3.44
39	29	CLIFF RICHARD — ROCK 'N' ROLL JUVENILE	5.29	4.04
40	NEW ENTRY	TONY BANKS — A CURIOUS FEELING	4.65	3.40
41	26	SLITS — CUT	5.69	4.44
42	18	WIRE — 154	5.29	4.04
43	37	TALKING HEADS — FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	3.75
44	48	WHITESNAKE — LOVE HUNTER	4.99	3.74
45	42	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
46	35	BUZZCOCKS — A DIFFERENT KIND OF TENSION	4.99	3.74
47	39	CHEAP TRICK — DREAM POLICE	4.99	3.74
48	NEW ENTRY	GANG OF FOUR — ENTERTAINMENT	5.29	4.04
49	41	J.J. CALE — 5	5.69	4.44
50	43	JOAN ARMATRADING — STEPPIN' OUT	4.99	3.74
51	NEW ENTRY	UK SUBS — ANOTHER KIND OF BLUES	4.49	3.24
52	38	BRAND X — PRODUCT	4.65	3.40
53	45	SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — JOIN HANDS	5.06	3.81
54	51	JOE JACKSON — LOOK SHARP!	4.99	3.74
55	54	LEO SAYER — HERE	4.99	3.74
56	50	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.49
57	49	ALAN PARSONS PROJECT — EVE	5.00	3.75
58	47	THE PIRATES — HAPPY BIRTHDAY ROCK'N'ROLL	4.50	3.25
59	58	SAMMY HAGAR — STREET MACHINE	5.29	4.04
60	60	DARTS — DART ATTACK	5.29	4.04

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THRILLS

'Don't let them win
don't let them drag you
down
SHOUT ABOVE THE NOISE'

PENETRATION will soon be no more. They have made their choice. Enough's enough. "I never wanted to be in Penetration and to be worrying all the time," sighs a weary Pauline, "I wanted it to be fun, not to be always thinking of hit singles and cracking America and writing for the next LP. . ."

It was in their home town of Newcastle on Sunday that Penetration decided to announce publicly that they have splintered, helplessly sucked into a routine they find both oppressive and futile.

The decision concludes three years activity, or what the group will say has lately become 'slogging away with no idea what the target was.'

"We felt a bit guilty doing some of the concerts on the tour," admits Pauline, "and it's been odd doing them knowing that we were going to stop, but for most of them it's just felt great that it was all over, that we'd made the decision which has to be right, which is how it should be, how it used to be.

"If we hadn't decided before this tour that the best thing was for us to finish, then we'd have definitely fought and split up half way through the tour. It would have been ugly."

In the large dressing room before the City Hall show, the atmosphere is restless. "I've never been so nervous before a gig," marvels bassist Robert Blamire. "I just can't keep still," Pauline moans. "I never started out to be a star," and as it went on those were the kind of pressures that were coming down on us. . . to have a hit single, to do another tour, to be a success. I never cared if we sold records or not. What's happened isn't how it was meant to be."

During the last years Penetration's regular singles releases and two albums on Virgin have not been wild successes. But it's not lack of success that is the cause of the break. In a way, it's the opposite. They have built a steady following, enough to tour the country and three-quarter fill halls. "You get tired," explained Pauline about the seemingly never-ending run of gigs," the sparkle goes. It gets to be that whether you like it or not you're going through the motions. It'd be a lot better if you could just do a couple of gigs every so often."

"Wire's album is higher than our's in the charts," Neale's not really bothered but he's making a point, "and they don't do endless tours purely for promotional reasons."

"That's what happened," Pauline resumes, "you begin to work for the record company, not them work for you. You get to lose control. It's business, business, business 'The album cover will be like this. 'We were rushed into doing the second LP. We had to write some songs in the studio, and they say 'here's a set of dates to do', and you don't know nothing about them. I don't want that feeling where I don't know what's going on ever again."

As Penetration moved forward with glossy albums, headlining tours, they moved away from the reasons they started. They found themselves on a five week tour of America, a novelty for them and in that respect fun. But, as Floyd points out, they were there as promotion, as part of Virgin's descent on America. They played in little bars, met lots of weird people and couldn't understand what they were doing there. They came to blows in San Francisco. When they arrived back home, exhausted and confused, they learnt that there was to be a three month tour of America for them at the end of the year. That was more or less the end.

The show that night is a messy celebration, with more encores than songs in the set

■ *continues over*

Penetration Pack It In

Carry On, Nietzche!
(or Nietzche on Carrie!)

JACK Nietzche is in a lot of trouble. The man who started his career as the arranger of Phil Spector's classic early sixties Chrystals' and Ronettes' singles and more recently produced Mink De Ville's two albums and Graham Parker's 'Shooting Up Sparks' and also wrote scores for movies like *Blue Collar, Performance* and *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* is currently facing a five count felony charge.

This charge is a result of an incident that took place at the Los Angeles home of actress Carrie Snodgrass on the night of June 29th last.

According to deputy District Attorney Marissa Batt, Nietzche is alleged to have entered the 33-year-old actress's house through an unlocked door, threatened her with a loaded gun, hit her about the head with a weapon and then, grabbing her by the hair, forced her into the bathroom where he raped her with the barrel of the gun.

Ms Snodgrass, an Oscar nominee for her part in the movie *Diary Of A Mad Housewife* and an ex-girlfriend of Neil Young "suffered a fractured cheekbone, a number of bruises and a cut in her thumb that required eighteen stitches".

The case is the first brought under a new California law that specifically covers "rape by instrumentality", a rape in which a foreign object is used as the means of assault.

Nietzche has pleaded Not Guilty to all the charges and is currently free on five thousand dollars bail.

The trial continues.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Managing Mensi

SOUTH SHIELDS magistrates court was told last week that the activities of Keith Bell, former manager of The Angelic Upstarts, led to the mother of Mensi, the band's singer, being reduced to a nervous wreck.

Mensi's moving from his home territory of the North-East to London was also said to have been a direct result of "the acts of Mr Bell and his gang".

These remarks were made by Jeremy Hargrave, defending Mensi when the singer appeared with former Upstarts' drummer Derek Wade on a joint charge of criminal damage.

Mensi, charged under his full name of Thomas Mensforth, and Wade both admitted that last August 30th in South Shields they broke two car windows worth £100 belonging to Mr Ronald Casey, an associate of Keith Bell's. Each was fined £25 and ordered to pay £50 compensation.

After Casey saw the pair smash the windows with bricks Mensi told the police: "We did it to get even with Keith Bell and his cronies. They have been giving us a lot of harassment recently."

Thomas Mensforth, senior, Mensi's father, told the court that after Bell was replaced as manager he received threatening phone calls and had to change his telephone number. His windows were also smashed and "groups of men drove past his home at all hours shouting abuse".

Jeremy Hargrave said that the Upstarts were formed about two years ago and that, although then did not seek a manager, Keith Bell arrived on the scene and they found their affairs being looked after by him.

This would appear to be at odds with a quote Mensi gave *Monotony Maker* in which he said that the band brought in Bell, a former North East boxing champion and former National Front member, "for security reasons, to stop us getting filled in. He had a hard reputation."

Hargrave further explained to the court that, dissatisfied with Bell's services, the band dispensed with him as their manager last June and have since signed with a London-based management company. "This was not to the liking of Mr Bell," Hargrave continued, "For some considerable time now Mr Mensforth's family have been subjected to a reign of terror."

Bell himself has told the press that Mensi had, in fact, always gone along with his managerial tactics: "It was organised violence, so that the band would be recognised. We did anything for publicity. When the Upstarts were supports at the Newcastle Guildhall, with Punishment Of Luxury, Mensi and Catfish Kenny were in the audience hurling bottles at the other band."

He "enjoyed working with the Upstarts at first, because it was fighting music," said Bell. However: "The band aren't fighters. Mensi used to incite the crowd and then stand behind me."

Bell claimed that rather than having been sacked he quit the band's management following a Wolverhampton gig after which he was hospitalised with a stab wound and sixteen stitches in the head.

HORACE RUMPOLE

THRILLS

ARCHIVE FUN

MOVE OVER Bootsy and tell George Clinton the news, funk pioneer Sylvester 'Sly' Stone returns to the turntables any minute now with a brand new platter entitled 'Back On The Right Track', and a special discomix album of the Family Stone's past classics trumpeted as 'Ten Years Too Soon'.

Among others, 'Dance To The Music', 'Stand', 'Everyday People' and 'I Want To Take You Higher' have been resurrected from the era of Luv'n'Haight and remixed by discomixer John Luogo, who felt that "there is a whole new generation of record buyers who hadn't been introduced to Sly's music, which was most definitely a forerunner to disco."

Thrills takes this opportunity to sock it to ya with a super psychedelic stone soul snap from '68.

SHAUN HUFF

THRILLS

TIME WAS when not a week would pass without some shark declaring: "I've found a new group that's the greatest thing since The Beatles!" To which some wag would reply "How marvy."

So meet the Greatest Thing Since The Beatles for the week ending March 25th, 1967 . . . The Knack. Any similarities between this Knack and America's beaty number one sensation of the same name is purely coincidental — as is the fact that The Knack, The Knack and The Beatles Record for Capitol Records.

No-one knows for certain if The Knack ever caused the slightest stir outside the offices of *Beat — America's Pop Music Newspaper* when they released their prelude to the 'Me' generation, 'I'm Aware' — but we sincerely hope fluffy cravats did everything for them that skinny ties have done for the new Knack.

And as for the name . . . Capitol's official biography claims that "Mike, Larry, Dink and Pug, once having found it, defined it and created it, realised that having the knack was not enough . . . so they became it". Posterity salutes you, Mike, Larry, Dink and Pug ("the silent member of the group") and salutes also the time when a group wasn't a group unless it had a silent member.

TINY TIM

THRILLS

Rock and Roll Swindle?

THE CREDIT company American Express have taken legal exception to Virgin Record's advertising campaign to promote the loathsome new Sex Pistols product 'Rock Around The Clock' using an illustration that patently imitates the copyright design of their product.

American Express are so miffed at Virgin's heinous design for the S.P.'s single cover that they have won a temporary court injunction banning the sale of the single.

Virgin first learnt of the injunction proceedings when Richard 'Crosse and' Branson thrummed through his answering machine late last Saturday. On Monday a testy telex stared the over ripe magnate full in the face. American Express had Virgin on the hop, their company lawyer was unable to produce a satisfactory defence and the case was adjourned. AE testified on three grounds: a) Breach of Copyright: b) Trade Marketing Infringement (which Virgin contested because the name American Express didn't appear in the ad) and c) Trade Libel, or Ingenious falsehood.

The presiding Judge, a Judge Dillon appeared to take the Virgin side throughout. At one time he produced from his pocket a genuine American Express (Gold) card and commented on comparing the original with the parody "I think the right honourable gentleman must agree that the gladiator's head *is* a tad different, what? Hmm? How say you sir?"

Virgin Records themselves are in the invidious position of owning a corporate American Express card which they use to further their nefarious activities on both sides of the globe.

ROCK A FELLA

THRILLS

Dark Star

Okay, spot that deliberate error in that piece on the folding of fanzine distributor Phoenix, did you?

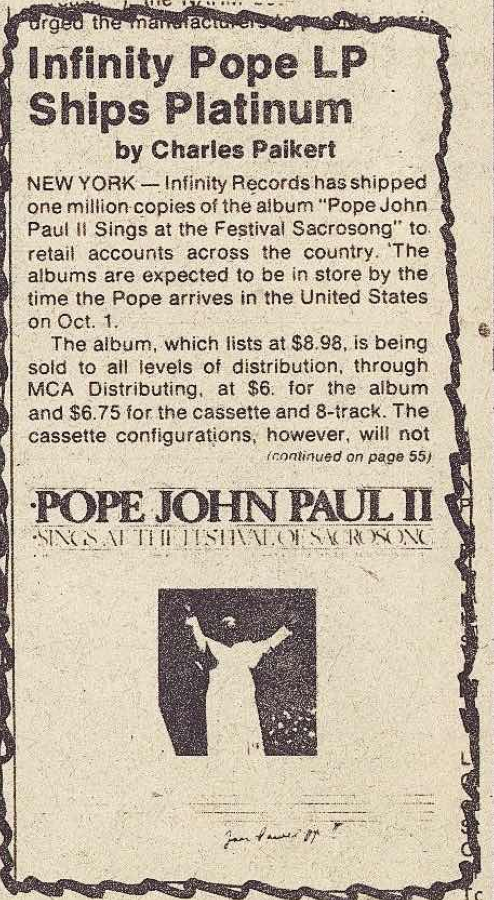
You know, the bit where we said that the stout men of West Coast Keenzine *Dark Star* were trembling at the thought of what would befall them without Phoenix.

Well, as any fool knows Phoenix have not distributed *Dark Star* for over a year.

Actually, editor Nick Ralphs was a bit troubled at our deciding to test you out with his mag as the subject. *Dark Star* is already running late due to Nick's having been involved in a bad car smash and he feared you might believe it had gone to the wall.

Normal service, will be resumed as soon as possible. In other words, November.

From Cashbox Oct 6.


Infinity Pope LP Ships Platinum

by Charles Paikert

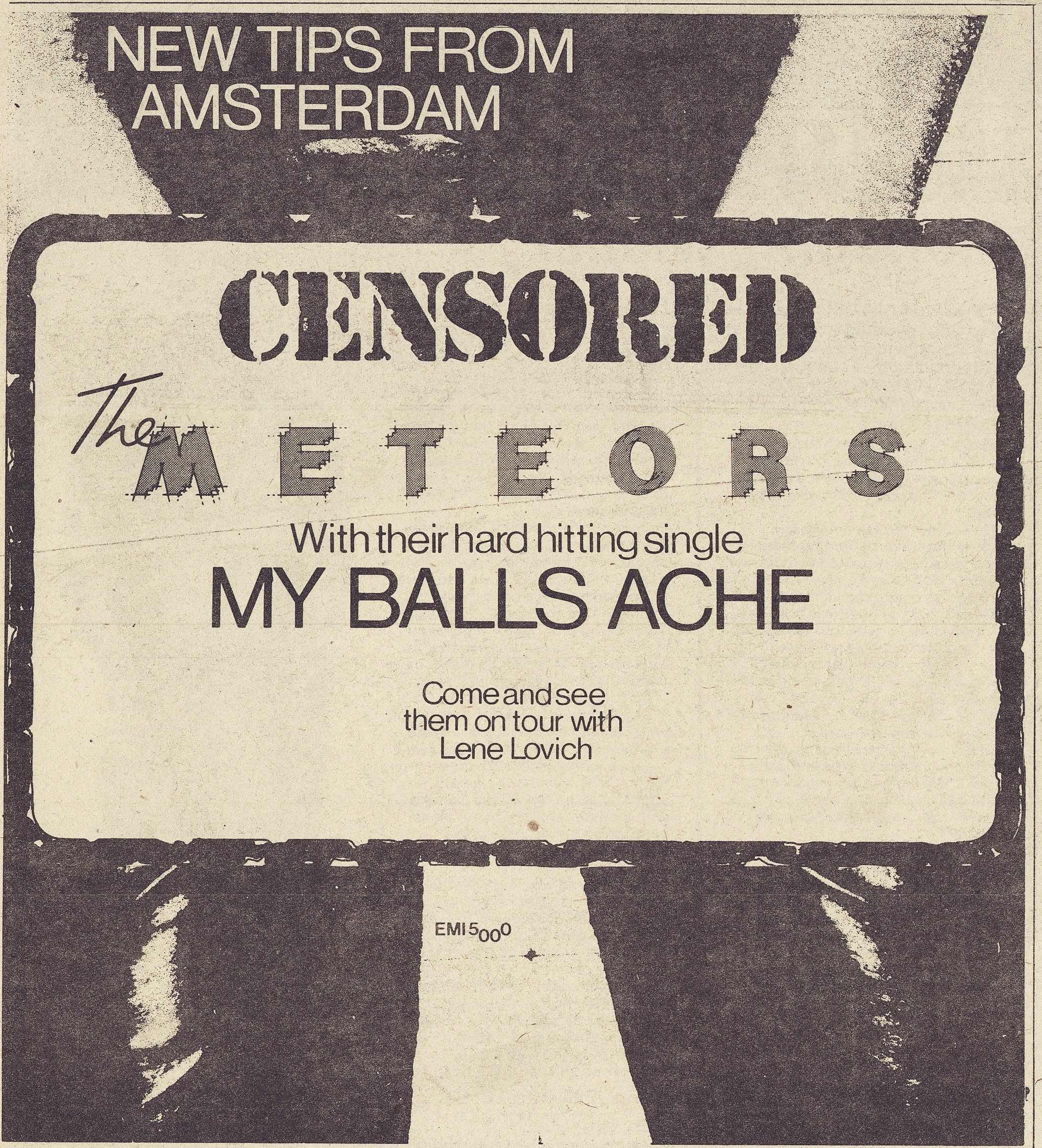
NEW YORK — Infinity Records has shipped one million copies of the album "Pope John Paul II Sings at the Festival Sacrosong" to retail accounts across the country. The albums are expected to be in store by the time the Pope arrives in the United States on Oct. 1.

The album, which lists at $8.98, is being sold to all levels of distribution, through MCA Distributing, at $6. for the album and $6.75 for the cassette and 8-track. The cassette configurations, however, will not

(continued on page 55)

POPE JOHN PAUL II

SINGS AT THE FESTIVAL OF SACROSONG



Penetration

From previous page

proper. Outside Virgins's omnipresent Manor Mobile soaks it up on tape. "They won't get anything from that for a live album," snickers the group.

I get throttled and thrown out of the hall by some moustached hired thug after I pulled him away from mindlessly flailing out at some fourteen year old kids. Penetration had figured they'd at least got that sorted out for the night, having told the bouncers to stay cool, and are further depressed when I tell them what happened later. "This is what we mean, about how you don't know what's going on. We thought the bouncers were well behaved."

Pauline finally gets to telling the audience about the break. She doesn't do it very well.

"I've got something to say. This is the last time that we're going to be playing here. Everything has to change after a while." The words get lost in the night. Few understand.

After the show and a silent wind-down fifty fans filter through into the dressing room for any souvenirs they can whip. They ask if some one is leaving the group. Everyone is a little hesitant in admitting what has happened. Drummer Gary Smallman simply says "If we play here again, it won't be with the same line up."

Floyd squats in a corridor signing autographs. It was he who came forward and said he wanted to leave the group.

"I want to make records in small studios, I'm not bothered about getting in the charts or anything like that. Make records of my own. With Penetration my contribution gets filtered down so that it's not really me. I joined Penetration as a fan but I soon realised that things weren't too good, that everything was getting back just like the old days.

"What really grieved me was making the new LP in Yes's studio or something, and putting money into these hippies' pockets. Recording in 32-track studios isn't supposed to be what its about.

"There's a number of reasons why I got fed up. America was really awful. The band had really become a soft touch for everybody. They were too nice. I hated the horrible horrible image the band had got. So nice!" he cringes in distaste as Robert walks by. As we talk guitarist Fred Purser leaves the hall with his father. He hadn't given away much of an idea of what he'd be doing next. None of the band except maybe Floyd are sure.

The group, bar Purser, move to the hotel where I'm staying and we chat informally in the lounge until the early hours. Each shares a complete and utter disillusionment with the business.

Pauline tells me how when Virgin boss-man Simon Draper heard of the split he suggested that she do some cover versions and go for a hit. She almost splutters into her coffee. "It becomes a career. That's wrong. I told you before that if I didn't feel like doing it anymore I wouldn't. I don't and I'm not."

Penetration may never have been a vital group but their decision to halt is a brave and realistic one. It would have been easy for them to continue; a few other groups could try the same re-evaluation.

"I'm determined not to make the same mistakes," Pauline promises, "I want to do what I want to do and I'm going to do it."

The rest of the group nod in silent agreement.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

GEORGE THOROGOOD
AND THE DESTROYERS
"Better than the Rest"
An album featuring previously unreleased material Released in this country for the first time
includes the single " My Way "
MCA RECORDS
I Great Pulteney St
London WIR 3FW
GEORGE THOROGOOD
AND THE DESTROYERS
"Better than the Rest"

tusk
tusk
The Double Album From
FLEETWOOD MAC
wea
Available on Warner Brothers Records & Tapes K66088

Rock Against Bloodsports

OF INTEREST to all reasonable human beings who abhor the thought of defenceless animals being terrified and torn to pieces by blind, elitist members of the human species is the moving of the previously Southampton-based Rock Against Bloodsports to London.

The organisation exists "to make money for the Hunt Saboteur's Association" and claims it has no affiliation with Rock Against Racism or similar allied bodies.

Rock Against Bloodsports, which has already promoted gigs in Southampton, is promoting a concert on Friday, November 2, at Finsbury Library Hall, 245 St John Street, London EC1. Featured bands will be Bloodshot, Door And A Window, and Total Attack. Admission is a pound and the gig, which runs from 7.30 to 11.00, is licensed.

DORIAN WILLIAMS

THRILLS

Mayall Sets Hollywood Alight

HOLY BUSHFIRES! John Mayall's out on the tiles.

It's tragic but true; the raging inferno — believed to have been sparked by a wayward firecracker — that clean-swept the Hollywood hillscape ten days back has left the veteran disco fusion buff at the mercy of the elements.

A glance at this attendant holiday snap confirmed that all that remains of Johnnie's bijoux residence is a gutted four-wheeler (pictured) and two casserole dishes (not on display).

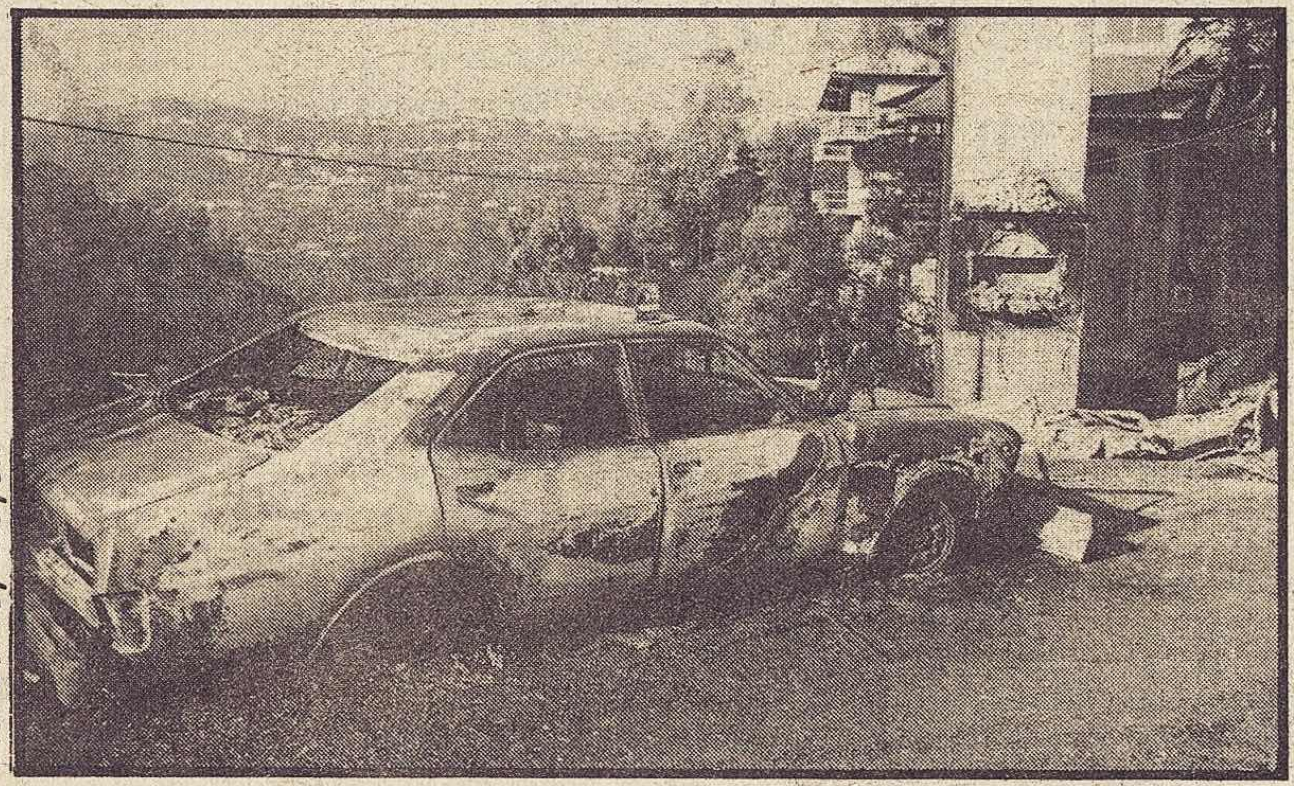
Gone is his priceless axe collection, gone is his near-legendary stockpile of porn spanning back to the 1800s that the bacchanalian bluesman attests is "one of the largest in the world".

But worse still gone is his kneecap, an appendage broken while diving into his pool at one of his more reckless nude bathing parties and which has apparently graced his mantelpiece ever since.

The desolate Mayall, who's parked his bedroll in neighbourly John McVie's duplex, is believed to be alive and limply kicking.

ARTHUR BROWN

THRILLS



Pic: Jeffrey Mayer.

Blackmail Corner

LOOK AT the nice, sharp mod band with the nice sharp modern lampshade. Note how happy they are with life (except for the one behind the lampshade . . .) how willing to smile for the lensman, how jubilant they are to rejoice in the sharp modern name of Zoot Money's Big Roll Band. All this around 1965.

But these men were about to embark on a journey, to travel to hell and back, to voyage down the labyrinths of the human unconscious.

It was a mission which only two of them would survive; the chirpy chap in the dark suit and the Little Boy lost on his left. (Moral: if you want to get ahead in life get at the front of the group photograph . . .)

Now see them *after* they smoked the banana skins in the Summer of Love, 1967.

Look at how their nervous systems have been ravaged by the drug! See how calorie-packed LSD has made Zoot Money (rear) put on pounds and adopt an odd distant air.

Only the Little Boy Lost in his new Granny Takes A Trip kaftan (front) has any sense of purpose about him as, taking inspiration from his fellow members of Dantalian's Chariot, he is given a glimpse into the enormous success for which he will still have to wait another twelve years, bolstered only by his success as a featured star in Jenny Fabian's Groupie.

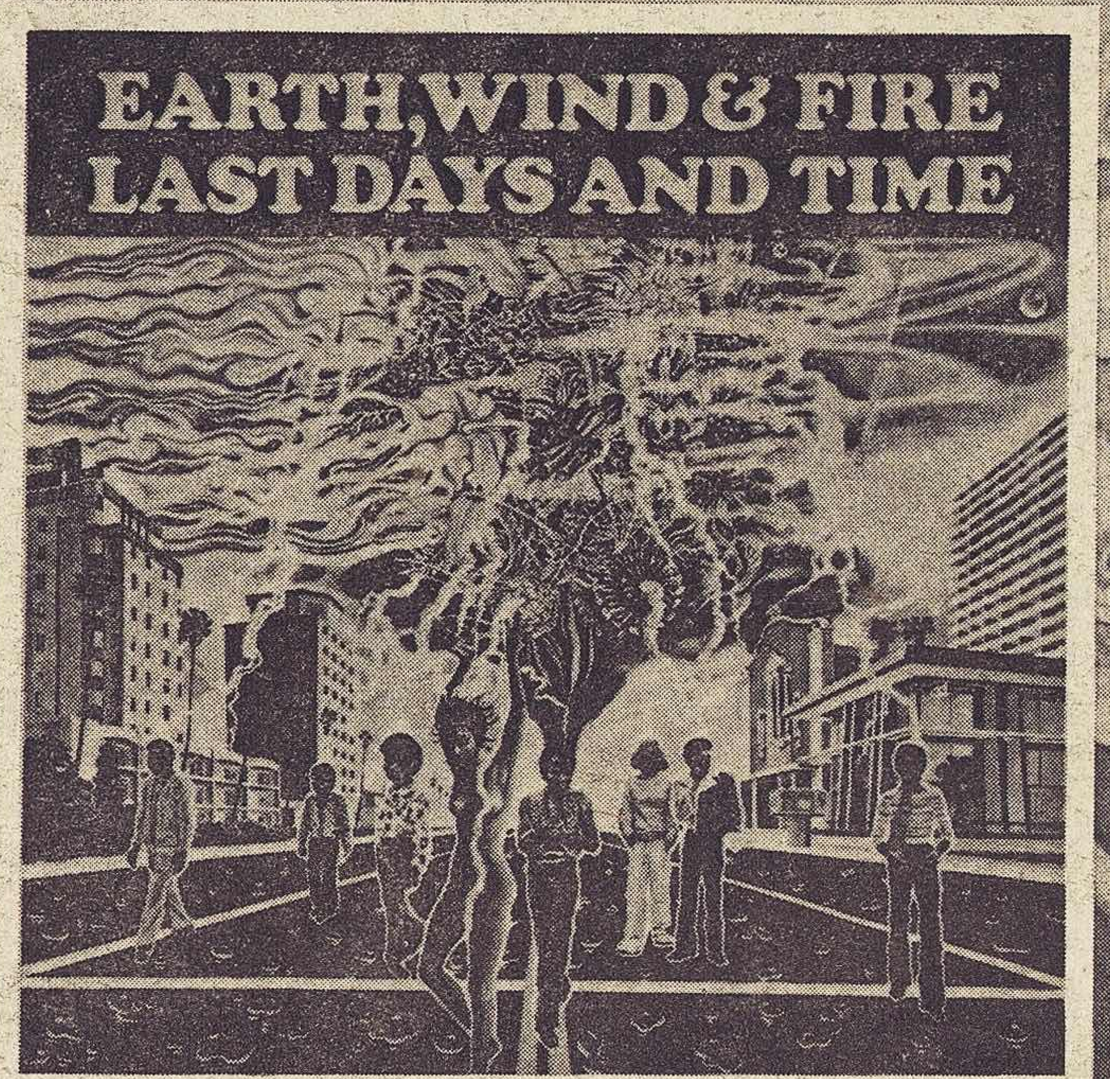
Who is this mystery man and why is Thrills dredging up these ambarrassing memories of his past?

Turn to page 20 for the shocking truth!

EARTH, WIND & FIRE

In the beginning there was 'LAST DAYS AND TIME'

CBS 31761



Their first album re-released and available at only £2·79 R.R.P.

Straight From The Horse's Mouth

'Rockers' star in heavy manners shock

IT appears that certain of the Youth of this yard have left the *Rockers* film impressed by the performance of its protagonist, Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace.

Yer Robbie Shakespear, yer Jakes Miller, yer Gregory Isaacs are all immediately recognizable . . . yet from whence has come Horsey, the film's most rankin' performer and most masterful exponent of Kingston steppin'?

Simple answer, skip! 'Orsey, 'im jus' a *sta-a-aarrr.*

Horsemouth, presumably so called because of his visage's likeness to that of one of our four-legged friends, is one of the *hardest* drummers in Jamaica. If it isn't Sly Dunbar whose moniker is behind a reggae drum-sound then the next most likely name is certainly Horsey's. The current Rasses' album features his stickwork but he's also played with Culture, Tosh, Spear, Greg Isaacs and on half the 45s that come out of Jamaican studios.

Unlike Sly, however, who is renowned for his peaceful, loving nature, Horsemouth is known amongst the Idler's Rest set as a *dangerous* character.

And well he might be. One fine day in Kingston at the beginning of last year photographer Kate Simon and myself ran into Horsemouth. He was on his way from a court appearance at which he'd been granted further bail on a charge of assaulting one of Kingston's finest and on his way to a gig at Trelawney where he would be drumming behind Culture and Spear and The Heptones.

He agreed to give us a lift there and on the way out of Kingston he stopped off at a detached bungalow which, had been rented to *Rockers'* director Theodoros Bafaloukas. Somehow Horsey had managed to take it over and remain living there after Bafaloukas had finished work on the movie.

He told with glee how after shooting had finished he'd gone up to see Bafaloukas at the Sheraton Hotel — where, incidentally, other sources tell that Horsemouth kept half the dreads in town well-victualled on the director's room service number during the making of the film. The drummer decided it was time he was given his full payment.

But, protested Bafaloukas who had perhaps been hoping to pull off something of a colonialist exploitation number, what about the money I was giving you every day after shooting. *That* was your payment.

Nah, Horsey described how he'd leant over the film director, that was expenses. Now he wanted his fee.

During the course of the car journey to Trelawney Horsey stopped off at a roadside rum bar to buy some matches. We remained in the car.

Suddenly there was an aggressive-sounding commotion that made us both look up: Horsey had somehow acquired a vicious-looking machete. With his back rammed up hard against a wall of the bar was an older straight-looking Jamaican. Horsey was tickling his Adam's Apple with the tip of the machete.

The straight-looking Jamaican had insulted Horsey's way of dress.

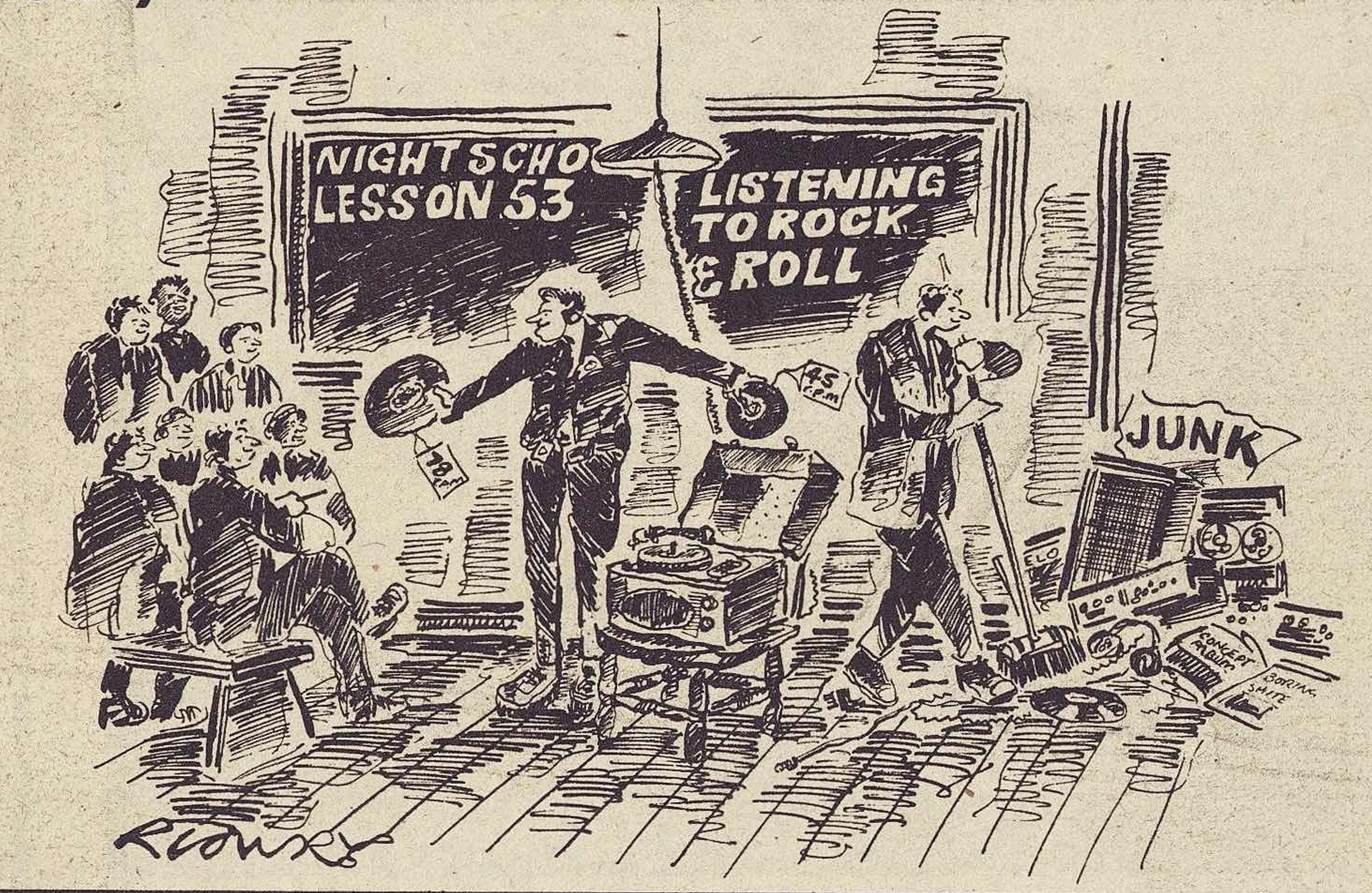
Before, however, you recall the "I a peace-loving Rastaman" speech in *Rockers* and conclude that young Horsemouth is guilty of grand hypocrisy it should be pointed out that it was later whispered in my ear as to just how much the drummer loves putting on a show for his guests . . .

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

Pic: Kate Simon

Lowry



Tories Act Tough

THE NATIONAL Conservative party conference responded with unbridled enthusiasm to the announcement by Home Secretary William Whitelaw that young criminal offenders will soon face an up-dated equivalent of the time-honoured reactionary prescription for society's ills: 'a spell in the army'.

The courts are to be given greater sentencing powers, and two experimental military-style centres are to be set up in Yorkshire and Surrey presumably with the aim of superceding the patently ineffectual Borstal system. Up to 200 young 'thugs' at a time will have their delinquent tendencies square-bashed out of them and a tough, sharp regime of drills, and manual labour is promised.

"These will be no holiday camps and those who attend will not ever want to go back," said Whitelaw. "Much greater emphasis will be put on hard and constructive activities, on tidiness, and on discipline and respect for authority."

He went on to assure the conference that it was nonsense to argue that "society as a whole is somehow responsible for the wrongdoings of every criminal within it," and placed much of the blame instead on the previous Labour government's "determination to destroy society!"

Whether this new move stems from anything more than the rising tide of right wing law and order paranoia remains to be seen — we hope, for your sake, from the outside.

THE BRIGADIER

THRILLS

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All offers relate to list price. Valid until 3rd November.

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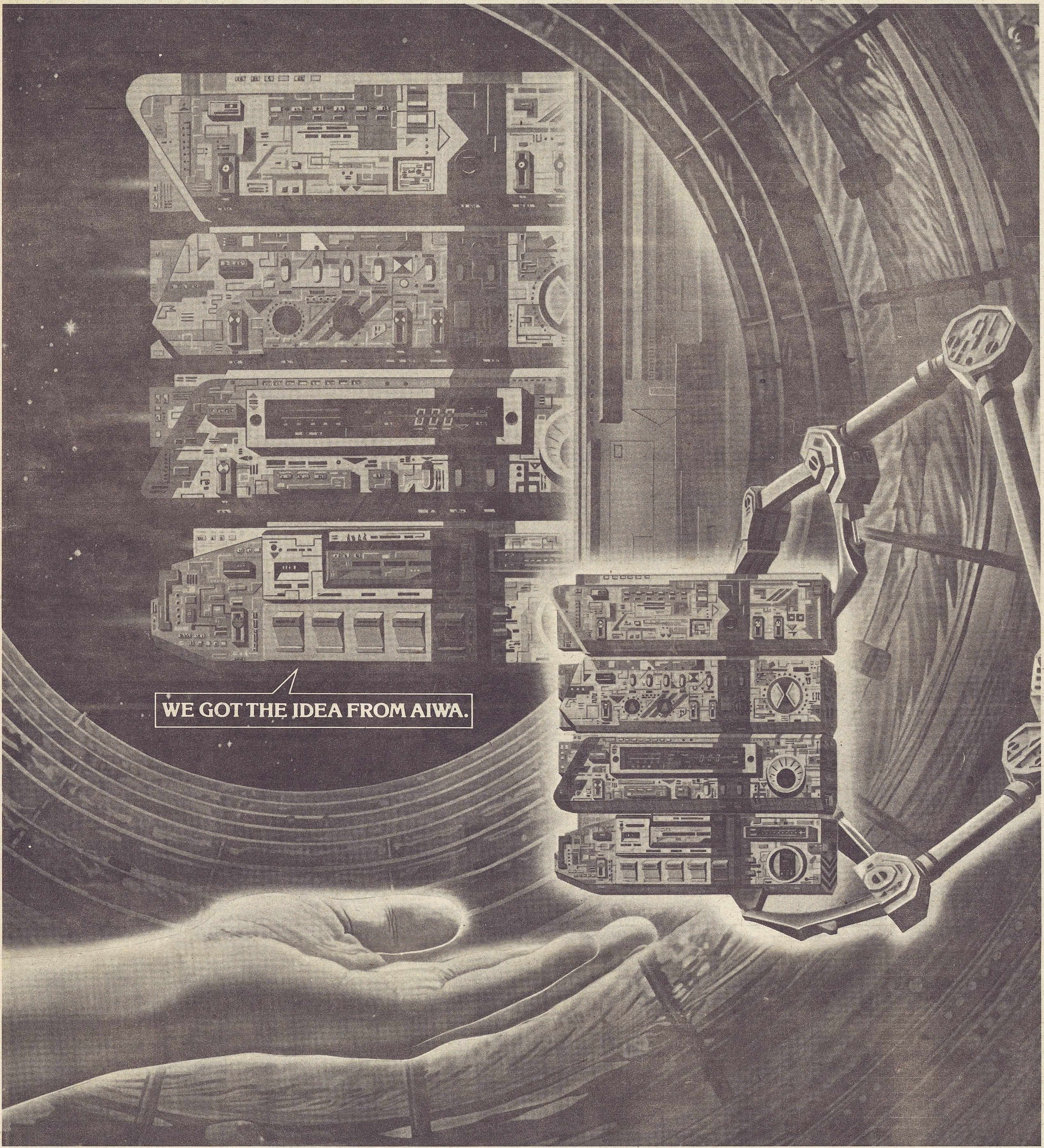
NOW OPEN IN NORWICH at Top Shop/ Top Man.

Voucher 2

Take this Voucher with Voucher 1 which appeared last week to any HMV Shop listed for an extra 50p off the list price of Status Quo's 'Whatever You Want.' Offer valid until 3rd November.

Running into the next decade
SANTANA
Their new album
MARATHON
MARATHON SANTANA
After 10 years of chart albums and headline tours around the world, Santana are still out in front. Their new album "Marathon" bears the unmistakable Santana sound and ten brilliant tracks, including the single 'You Know That I Love You'.
Marathon leads the way
Produced by Keith Olsen in association with Santana and David De Vore.
CBS
Album: 'Marathon' CBS 86098
Cassette: CBS 40-86098



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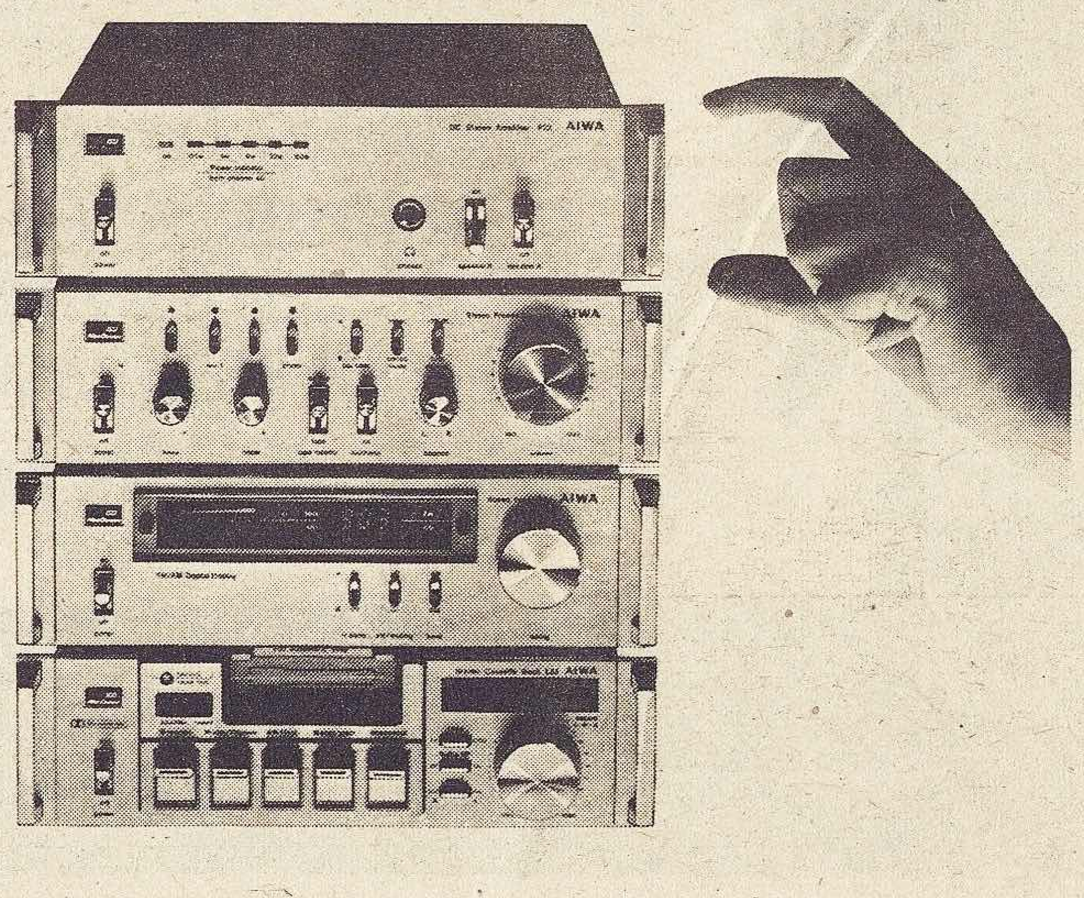

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The Fabulous Furry Gilbert Shelton

GILBERT Shelton in person would come as a surprise to most of his legions of fans. The man who created The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, Fat Freddie's Cat and Wonder Warthog is rather shy and retiring, wears his hair short and dresses in corduroy jackets. There's little outward sign that here lurks the brain and hands responsible for a thousand drug-soaked fantasies, for creating those archetype figures of the Drug Culture.

"We've heard various reports about a Furry Freak Brothers film. Is this now a reality?"

"Yeah. Universal Studios have purchased the film rights to the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers and it's going to be produced by Tom Nolt (?) and the screenplay will be written by B.W.L. Norton (?), as he is known. He'll also be the director. Dave Sheridan, my former partner in the drawing of the Freak Brothers is going to be technical adviser but I'm going to be in Europe till its over with.

"How did the Furry Freak Brothers begin?"

"That was a long time ago when the Freak Brothers started around '68 or '69 and I just did a few now and then. They would be published in various underground papers and, after I'd been doing them for a couple of years, I started my own publishing company, gathered them all together, and published them in a comic book. That one book is almost ten years old now and it's still selling at the same rate that it always was."

"Were the Freak Brothers based on anybody you knew?"

"That would be hard to say. There's probably some real people involved but they probably wouldn't want their names to be known now. But if real people did what the Freak Brothers do, they couldn't have lasted all this long. They would have been dead by now.

I occasionally get letters from people, and pictures, saying: "Is your model for Fat Freddie so and so from Orlando, Florida. I'm sure it is because he lives down the street from me."

When I was publishing the Freak Brothers weekly in the *Los Angeles Free Press* back in 1971 I thought I was going to produce a Freak Brothers movie myself and I advertised a look-a-like contest and also printed letters which I would hand-letter, recopy and type at the bottom of the comic strip. I never really judged it, there was never a conclusion, but there were some remarkable entries.

"What about the cat? How did he come about?"

"The old-time newspaper strips in the States used to have a big strip that would cover most of the page and then a small one that was related at the bottom. There was Mutt & Jeff who sometimes had a related strip called Cicero's Cat, the cat with the human face, like Fat Freddie's Cat. That might have been my inspiration."

"You don't have a cat yourself it was modelled on?"

"No. I knew some, they're dead now. Eaten by dogs. Smashed by cars. Cats don't live forever, especially tom cats that get out and run around. We do have a cat back in San Francisco but it's a little old lady cat."

"Were you surprised at the way the Furry Freak Brothers grew in popularity?"

"I still don't know what there is special about it. Maybe just the bulk of it makes it into an epic. Maybe some people aren't aware that it took longer to draw than it does to read it."

"How do your produce a strip?"

"It can happen any way. In my case I'll hunt for one funny idea and build it. If the idea's in the middle, fine. If it's at the end, fine. You just build around it. You write it backwards a lot of times, building to a funny point at the end. Because it has to come out the proper number of squares — that makes it different than prose. It makes it a little bit like a portrait, where you're bound by special rules. The lines have to come out even."

"The Freak Brothers have always stayed in the same place and time. Do you ever feel you would like to change that?"

"I think about it sometimes but actually I try and keep the ambience ambivalent as possible, just because less is more and ambience is hard to draw.

"But when the Freak Brothers first came out, it reflected the mass culture of the time, but that has now moved on to disco and God knows what else.

"Actually now that decision whether to modernise the Freak Brothers might be up to Rip Off Press. I myself, I'm not sure. I want to see what the movie does to the image of the Freak Brothers because the movie will probably be seen by more people than the books, which sold a million or more. But how many people go see a movie? More than a million."

"Do you ever feel trapped by the characters you've created?"

"I haven't let it get in my way too much but there are other things I would like to do. For the last three years I've been working on a new Wonder Warthog book. I would like to hype that now. One chapter from it will be published here by Hassle Free Press entitled "Philbert Desanex's One Hundredth Thousandth Dream. Philbert Desanex is Wonder Warthog's altered identity. It's a forty-page comic book of one continuous dream.

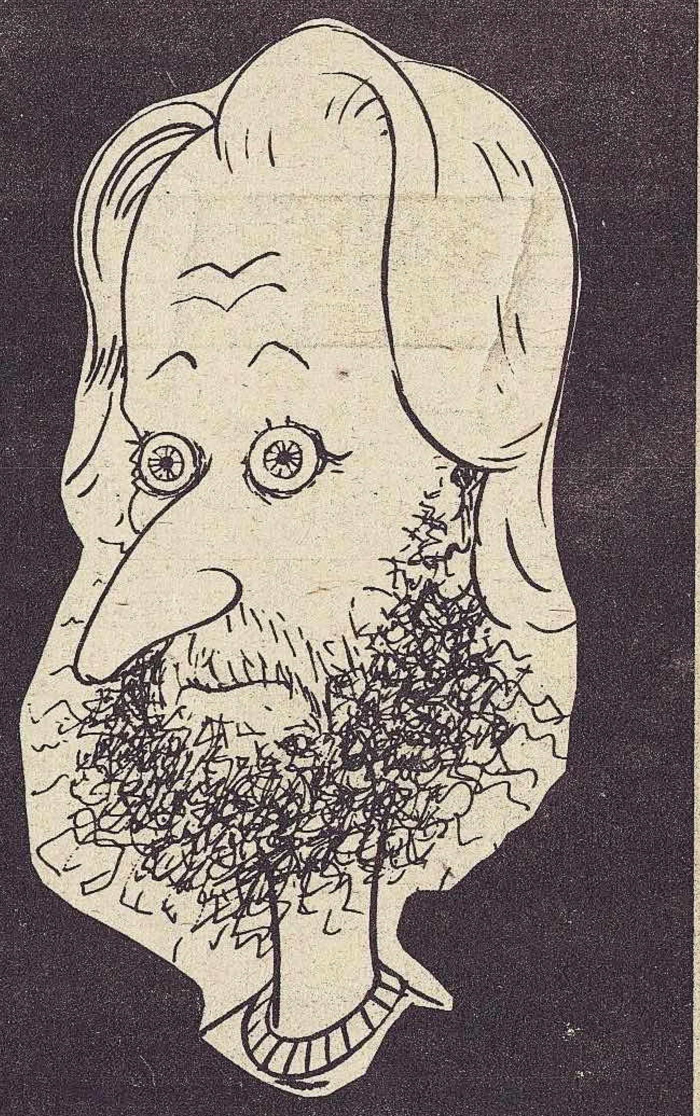
"I'll just keep doing comic strips as far as I know. Occasionally the idea crosses my mind of maybe doing musical comedies, musicals, that sort of thing. Movies are scary. As its done by Hollywood its high pressure, highly professional and too much hard work for me. I like to spread it out over a long period of time. That's my style, coming from Texas, where there's lots of spare time, lots of space, lots of people with nothing to do, sitting around, bored, happy to be extras in a movie for nothing at all, just for the fun of it

"Actually, I don't like to draw much."

DICK TRACY

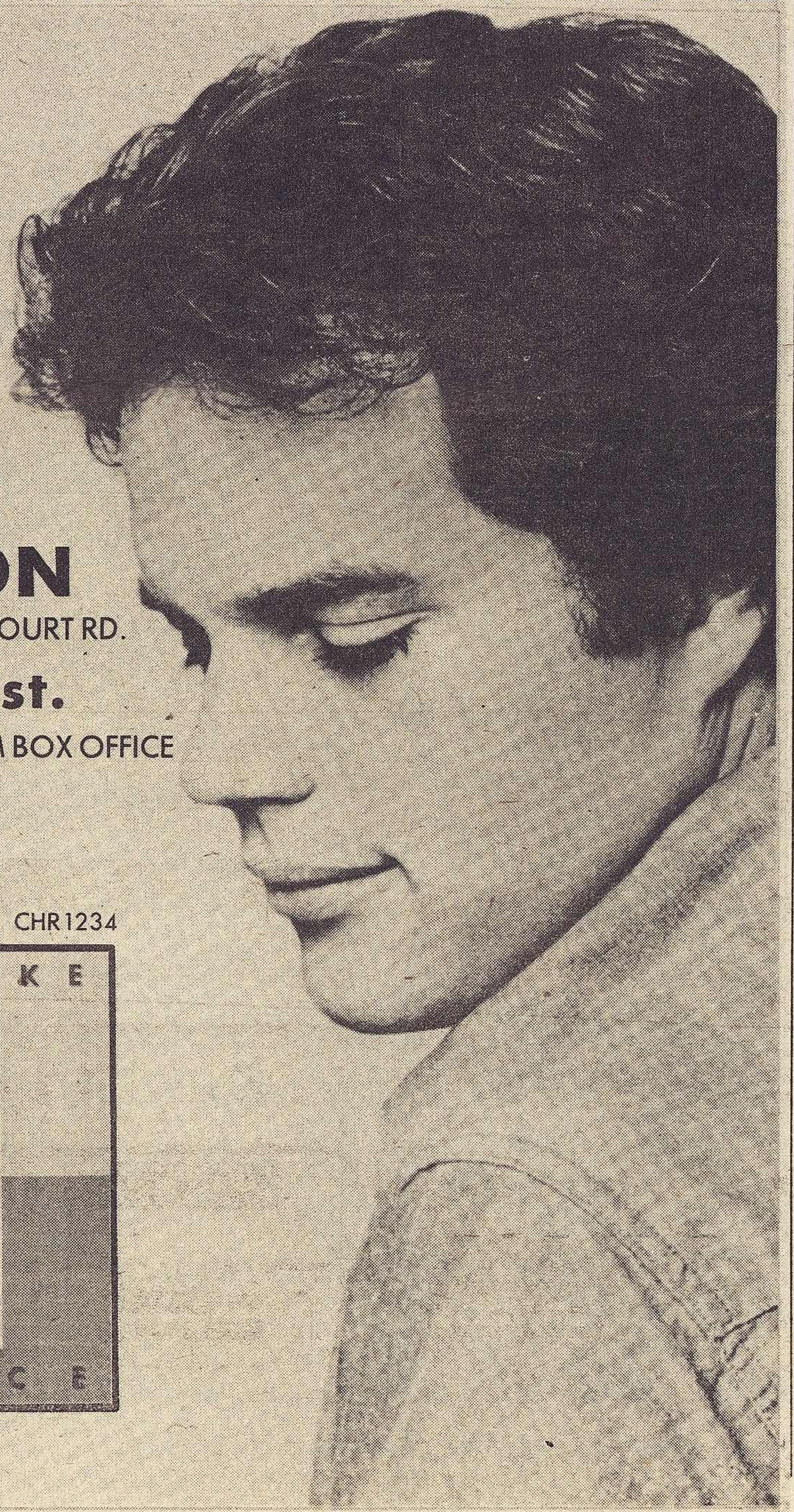
THRILLS

All the Furry Freak Brothers comics and Fat Freddie's Cat cartoons are available from Hassle Free Press. They will soon be publishing Thoroughly Ripped, a full-colour annual of Freak Bros adventures. Price £4.95 plus 15% p&p. Full mail order list available from them at BCM Box 311, London WC1V 6XX.



Shelton: self-portrait

LEO KOTTKE



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Oct 19th – KIRK LEAVINGTON – Country Club
Oct 20th – DERBY – Bishop Lonsdale College
Oct 21st – BRADFORD – Royal Standard
Oct 23rd – SHEFFIELD – Limit Club
Oct 24th – LONDON – Music Machine
Oct 25th – HIGH WYCOMBE – Town Hall
Oct 26th – BURTON ON TRENT – 76 Club
Oct 27th – EAST RETFORD – Porterhouse
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A SPECIALS NIGHT OUT

PLUS!!

25 Specials albums

TIME IS TIGHT, so we'll stop fussing and serve notice that between October 19 and November 29 the Two-Tone tour sets out to rock the nation's rhythm foundation with the superior Specials, the equally superior (don't hargue!) Selecter, their stable-mates Madness, and Dexy's Midnight Runners. And if you ain't gonna be there then Rudie, you can't be no place at all!

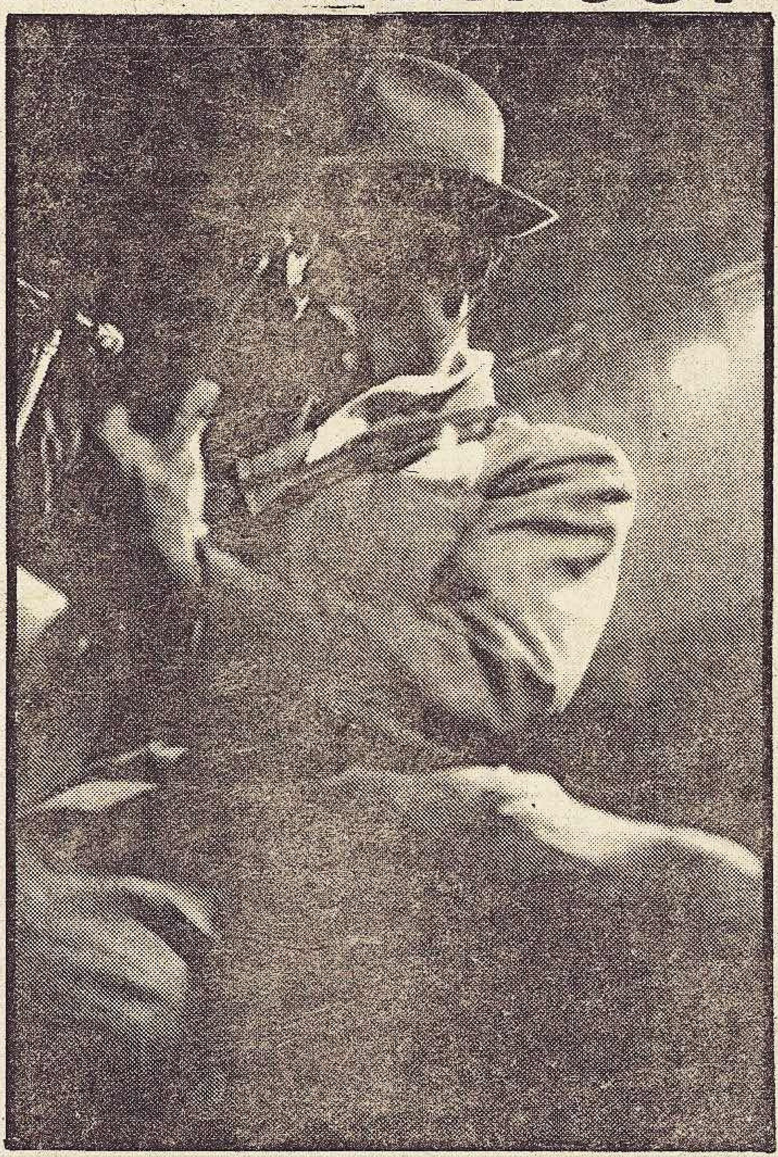
A team of dedicated hype artists have been working day and night to bring *NME* readers the chance to catch the first train to Skaville from a select backstage position. Not only will our lucky winner be able to hang out and meet the stars, but to save him or her from boring the sta-prest off their friends afterwards, they'll be able to invite three chums of their choice along for the ride.

And that ain't the half of it: the lucky foursome will also be showered with all sorts of exclusive promotional booty to round off their evening's entertainment.

The usual Crackerjack pencil and a copy of The Specials' album to the first 21 runners-up.

So take off that trilby, scratch your brains, and get cracking on the answers to the sjx simple questions on the right. Closing date is November 1, 1979.

This *IS* a heavy, heavy competition. Don't do that . . . Do this!



This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of Two Tone and Chrysalis Records. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of NME.

CUT OUT AND POST TO

NME'S SPECIAL TWO TONE COMPETITION

55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

Ring correct answer:—

(1) The name Two Tone comes from:
- **a) Clothing material**
- **b) A Midlands club**
- **c) A Jimmy Cliff record**

(2) Fred Perry is:
- **a) A clothes designer**
- **b) A sportsman**
- **c) A record producer**

(3) The original 'Message To You Rudy' was recorded by:
- **a) Toots & The Maytals**
- **b) Dandy Livingstone**
- **c) Bunny Livingstone**

(4) The original 'Monkey Man' was recorded by:
- **a) Toots & The Maytals**
- **b) Dandy Livingstone**
- **c) Bunny Livingstone**

(5) 'Gangsters' was produced by:
- **a) Elvis Costello**
- **b) Dennis Bovelle**
- **c) Specials**

(6) 'Do The Dog' was a featured number for which of these '60s British acts:
- **a) The Rolling Stones**
- **b) Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
- **c) Herbie Goins & The Nightimers**

Now complete the following in not more than 12 words:

Rude Boys cannot fail because ....

....

....

....

Name.............................. Age..........

Address..............................

....

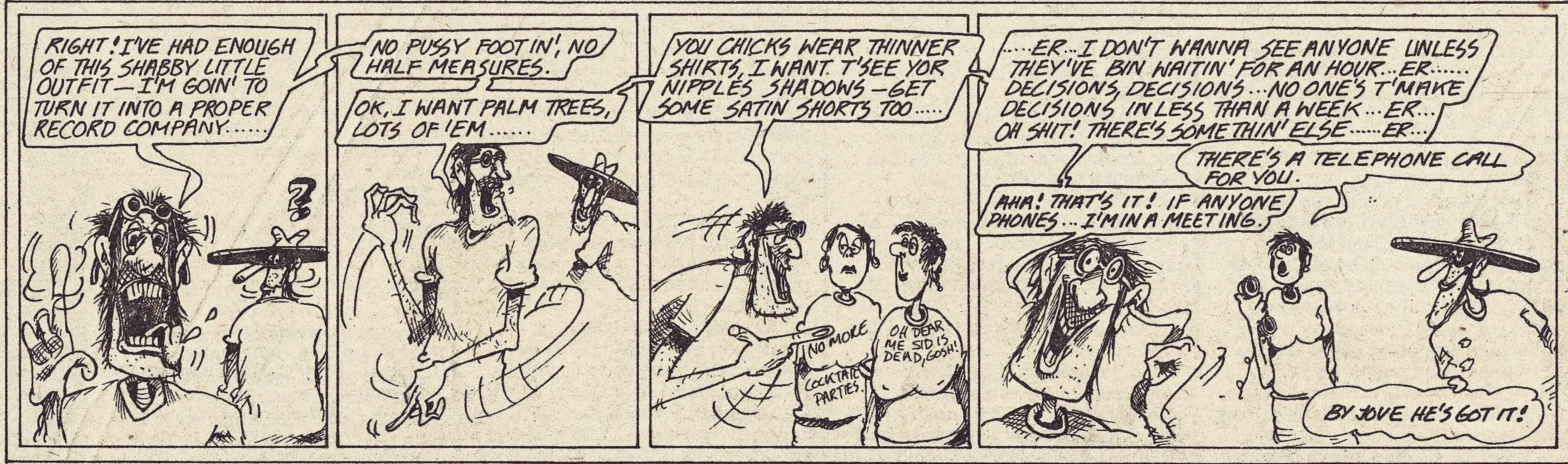
.... Tel..............

Blackmail Victim Exposed!

Come out, Andy Summers of The Police. You're nicked!

The Lone Groover

Benyon



THE NEW PORTABLE SOUND STUDIO

This Philips N2233 automatic recorder looks simple enough.

Simple to operate yes, but there's a lot more to the Philips N2233 than its smart looks let on.

It's much more like a portable sound studio.

Of course it records cassettes like ordinary recorders. And the quality is a lot more than you'd expect from something so small.

The Philips N2233 has a cue and revue capability too.

This enables you to put together your own selection of music. It also lets you play back material the moment you have recorded it. Watch out Kid Jensen!

You'll agree that such a sophisticated piece of equipment as the Philips N2233 shouldn't be called simply a cassette recorder.

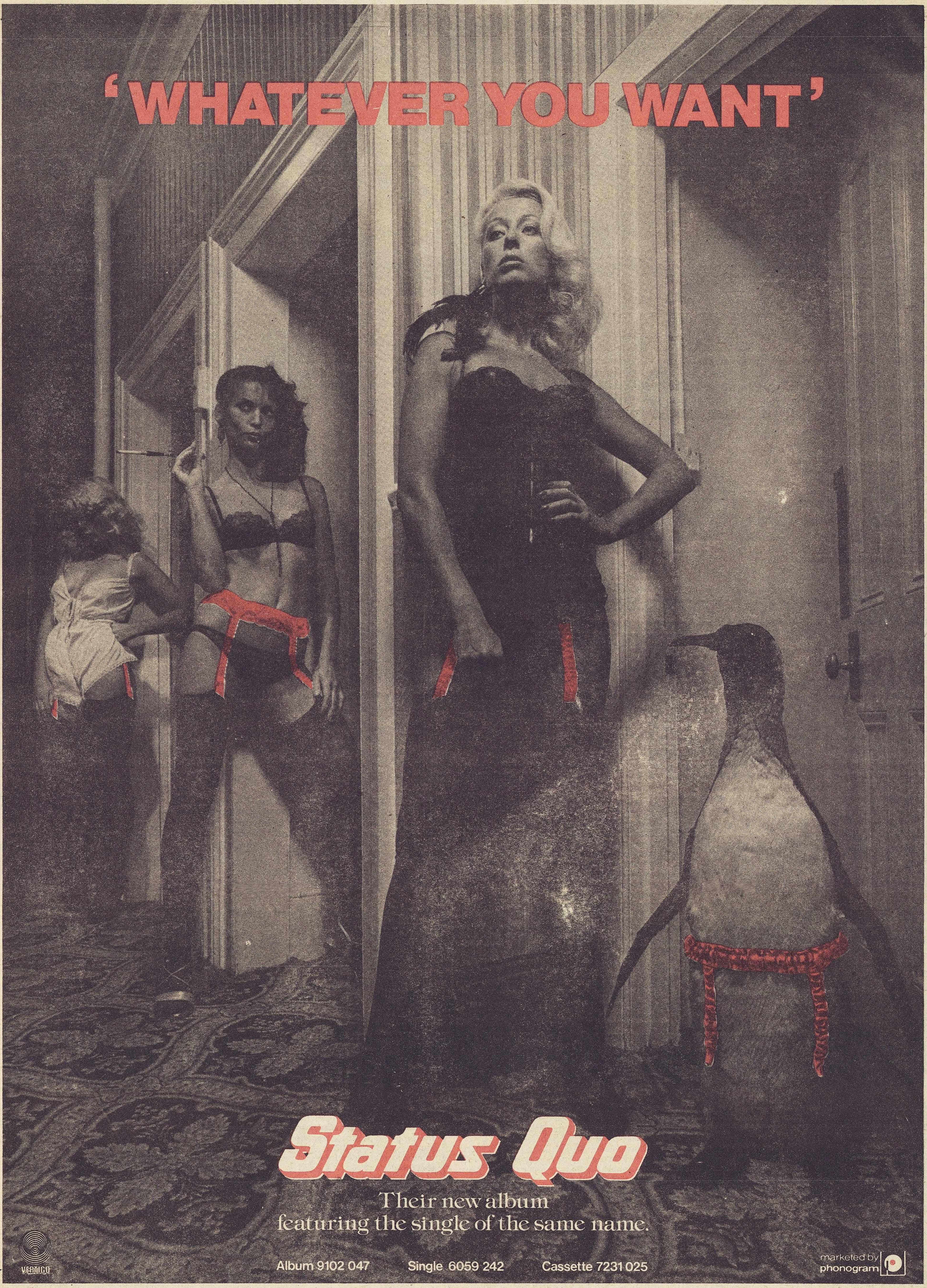
The portable sound studio is much more flattering.

PHILIPS

Simply years ahead.

PHILIPS

Recording and playback of material may require consent – see Copyright Act 1956 and the Performer's Protection Act 1958–1972.


'WHATEVER YOU WANT'
Status Quo
Their new album
featuring the single of the same name.
Album 9102 047
Single 6059 242
Cassette 7231 025
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Paul, Mick, Topper & Joe pose for legendary portrait, Niagra Falls.

The Fastest Gang In The West (Part 2)

Details: PAUL MORLEY
Photography: PENNIE SMITH

DETAILS: THE FIFTH MEMBER

Micky Gallagher turned up in Boston. Four or five dates into the Clash itinerary and The Blockheads' jumpy Irish keyboardist slips in to play, hanging about during daytime hours waiting to meet up with Clashmen who stay in bed late recovering from a 15-hour journey from Detroit. "I hated that, waiting around."

Gallagher has contributed keyboard sounds to the deeper, wider new clash songs, but knew little of The Clash from 'White Riot' through to 'I Fought The Law.' Only recently had he familiarised himself with Clash history.

His presence is part of the Clash growth process.

"I never envisaged this kind of development," admits Strummer. "Mick said to me six months ago we'll get a piano player for the British tour and I said 'Oi leave it out, we're a four-piece group', and then we got Mickey down to play in the studio. Organ's so much cooler than piano!"

Visually Gallagher is an interference, musically superfluous, but he's a necessary experiment. And 'White Riot' or 'Garageland' with Gallagher frantically washing the rush riffs with organ swells has to be a 'Blonde On Blonde' on speed design. "Great, great, what a sound," drools Strummer, an unashamed rock historian.

"When I was on the plane coming over," confides Gallagher a couple of hours before the show, finding it diffucult to keep still, "I wondered what the hell I was doing. But then I realised it was too late, I had to get on with it. I get off on the nervous energy of the group, different kinds of energy. That'll get me through. There's Joe's energy and Mick's energy and Topper's energy and Paul I don't really know, he's a bit quiet. I'm looking forward to it." He attempts a smile. He can't keep still.

Gallagher and The Clash spend the Boston soundcheck getting used to each other; plenty of A's and B's and D minor's fly around as Gallagher within an hour attempts to become an integral part of the Clash slam. The night's show indicates no radical progression. Tucked away at the side of the stage, Gallagher is barely heard or seen. He chews gum feverishly and is kept on his feet. Just before going on stage, for the ninth song in the set, to play through to the encores — 19th or 20th — Gallagher seems to be edging towards the side door, a sick look on his face.

The first time Mickey Gallagher ever saw The Clash live on stage he played with them.

DETAILS: THE INTERVIEW

Boston hours are split between absorbing Gallagher and squabbling about when to journey to New York for the next day's Palladium appearance. Initially Headon, Strummer and Simonon favour travelling immediately after the Boston gig, which will get them into New York by eight. Theoretically. Mick Jones dislikes the idea, preferring to leave Boston early in the morning. Ten to arrive at two. Clash aren't the world winners at early rising.

After much discussion Strummer and Headon come round to Jones' way of thinking. Simonon unfussily travels on the roadies' bus straight after the gig with his New York girl friend Debbie. The other three decide to sleep in Boston and leave early for New York — which ultimately sees them departing at midday, arriving at four and going right into the soundcheck.

Clash's journeys through America are on a silver thin coach, complete with claustrophobic bunks, a toilet, a table, some cupboards, some seats, and plenty of rockabilly, reggae and Motown. It's not luxury travel, but it's a couple up on The Undertones' car and Gang Of Four's transit. With Kozmo Vinyl on board, parts of the journeys are something like parties.

There are a number of overnight journeys without hotels. Vast expanses of America are glimpsed brokenly through darkened windows; fleetingly, frustratingly. Forgotten, Bits of cities are seen at a distance. The mind strays behind the body. Is this a sacrifice? An adventure? A privelege?

"Well, we must always compare this poncing about with what they're doing back home," reasons Strummer. "Like say what my mates are doing, maybe working in a motorcycle shop, right? I mean we've either got to do that or do this as far as I'm concerned. There's no lying about on the beach ... if you have a job — you've done a job, getting up and things — that's a pressure, and we don't have to do that. We have to do this instead. That's what we've got to compare it with. To take the rough with the smooth."

Strummer thinks a lot in these terms.

"It can turn round that you don't. It can happen. But having people like Koz along on a jaunt like this can help, especially if you're down ... he says things with that in mind, like say you go, oh no another five hours to Chicago, he'll go, well it's fucking better than!!!' and he'll describe someone working in a baker back in England or something. That helps me. You'll sniff and go bollocks ho hum, Detroit, or whatever, you'll slip — and you need someone to come along and go, you tosser, do you know where you are? And you go, that's right! All that childish sort of thrill is essential when you come over here. My God! We're going to New York! I hope I never lose that."

Coach journeys can be smooth enough and monotonous enough — time stands still — to be ideal places for tape recorded conversation. Insulated by circumstances, interviewees staring out the back of a coach at disappearing countryside become revealingly introverted.

Boston to New York; up the back of the coach sat by a crumpled Mick Jones who's sleeping off the genuine traumas of having to rise at 11 o'clock, Joe Strummer, looking preoccupied yet talking sharp, speaks his way towards Manhattan.

What you're doing, I ask ... it has to be done?

"Yeah. It has to be done. The same way that Koz talks about the radio airwaves, every second we're on the radio that's a second less Boston or Foreigner. In the same way I keep thinking of all those studios in London or Kingston Jamaica or anywhere, and you get a picture of London with like fifty recording studios and they're full with groups in the morning and groups in the afternoon, all those studios used by all those people and I just think we gotta get in there and grab some of that time.

"That's why I say it's gotta be done. If we don't some other group's gonna get in there, you know what I mean, and we're egotistical enough to think we've got something to say. All those tape machines are waiting there for our big say."

Do you have to do it for yourself?

Strummer shrugs, he looks around, his mind seems to wander.

"I don't know. I'm not sure how I got to be here. I can't put no perspective on it. It hasn't happened that fast, we've been going for like three years and that's a long time, so I dunno, I can't quite figure out what it is that we do. Maybe we're so close up to it, the records and the shows and the interviews, and I just can't see what it is that we are."

So what was the initial energy?

"I think it must be the hunger," concedes Strummer, seriously. "That thing, everyone says the best groups are the hungry groups, the ones that want a piece of the action. I think it was hunger to be heard, hunger to make your mark. Through Bernie Rhodes or Johnny Rotten or our own thinking, or a combination of those things we found something to write about; it's a strange thing to say but everybody needs something to write about.

"I remember what a fuck-up it was after the first record. We wrote all those songs, believed in them, dead sincerely, maybe naively — you can listen to them now and maybe laugh at some of them, but after we'd done that we kind of turned round and said *now* what are we going to do? We just couldn't think of anything to follow it with really. We sat back and it was kind of yeah, and then it was what about the second LP? And we were kind of going, hey hang on a minute, and so we had to think about it for a long time. Eighteen months I think it took us."

It's taken The Clash this long to get over the force of that first LP; its reputation, its comparative completeness.

"After doing the second LP it almost killed us. Somehow all that business of flying over to America and like all the hours with Pearlman in the studio, it half killed us. We came out like zombies — and we looked at each other and we said we don't want to go through that again. We were really low at the beginning of this year, spiritually, really low. We'd just done a tour of Britain or somewhere, and we thought now is the time that we want to sit down and write a load of new songs, and throw all the bollocks out of the window, forge on new.

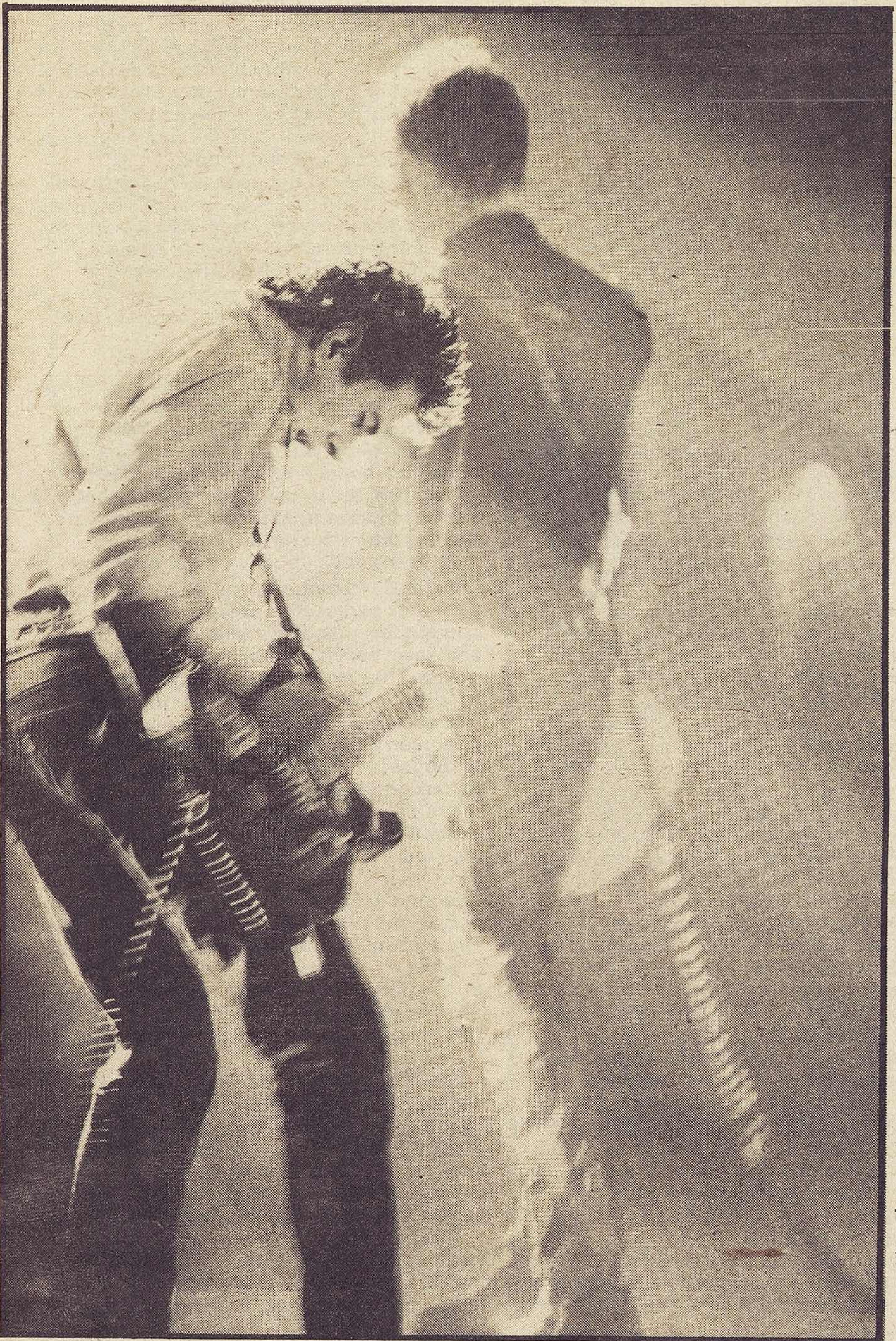
"We went and retreated into Pimlico and we stayed there for a couple of months, writing everyday and recording ..."

Mick had been talking a lot about how the changes since the first album, the growing pains, the mistakes, had been done under public scrutiny: "washing out our dirty linen in public". Was this the first time since the opening period you've been able to work more or less privately?

"Yeah, it was. In Pimlico we were all on our own. It was the only way we could survive."

Do you feel pressures?

"I don't feel too many pressures at the moment but sometimes I feel pressure to bust. The number one pressure is coming up with it.



During the gig . . .

There's always that pressure five seconds before a show, it's kind of like you have that moment of self doubt: can I come up with it? Or before a take, making a record, and you're singing a vocal that no one's heard, and even going to a radio station and they like drag you out of the car, and you slump in front of the microphone, and I think, oh god I feel just like a blank empty bag, a paper bag, I don't feel like bursting HI AMERICA!

"That's a pressure. You want to wake up one day and wander amongst the bushes or a bar in Camden Town. Just wander off, sit down and scratch your head or something. But you can't, can you?"

Have you lost anything during the days of Clash? Jones murmers in his sleep. Joe Strummer slowly nods.

"I've certainly lost my youth. I'm 27. A few weeks ago ... So I've had to seriously ... Like when you're 22 you're still a young man, you're practically a teenager. I don't want to sound like an old gaffer, but imagine being 27 ... You have to so some serious thinking. You have to say goodbye to some stuff, torturing your body with all kinds of stuff. You can't do that, once you're past 25 it leaves a mark, scarred face and all that. You have to kiss good bye to all that.

"Actually it's a great relief for me to be 27 in a way, cos I think the worst time of my life was when I was 24, cos I used to lie about my age, make myself younger, say I was 22 or something, I was so paranoid about it. It was the early days of Clash, like fuck if they find out how old I am that's it, I'm in the bunker, the dumper ... and them I thought fucking hell I feel great, I feel like cos I'm older than this lot I've got a little bit extra to add. Kind of experience."

Does he feel comfortable at 27?

"I'm really comfortable with it. I feel lively. I can't do what I used to, I must admit I have become ... in order to do the shows I can't really get into boozing. At times like this when we're riding along in the bus I might have a beer, and even this weak piss they've got here, for me that's about it. A few years back it was like ten bottles of Special Brew every night. Just to feel alright I had to do it. So it's better in a way, to be normal. If I was 22 I'd think I'd be a right piss artist ... I think about Paul Weller, right, no one seems to remember that he's really young. Nineteen and he'd made three albums or something ridiculous. I got to raise my hat to him, cos I'm not sure, god knows, I've had seven years more living than him."

Strummer speaks with a roofless voice through rotten teeth and a goofy sort of grin. I ask him how he sees the notion of change. He delivers a manifesto of sorts.

"Punk came out and said bollocks to the lot of you, change is what it's all about, this is

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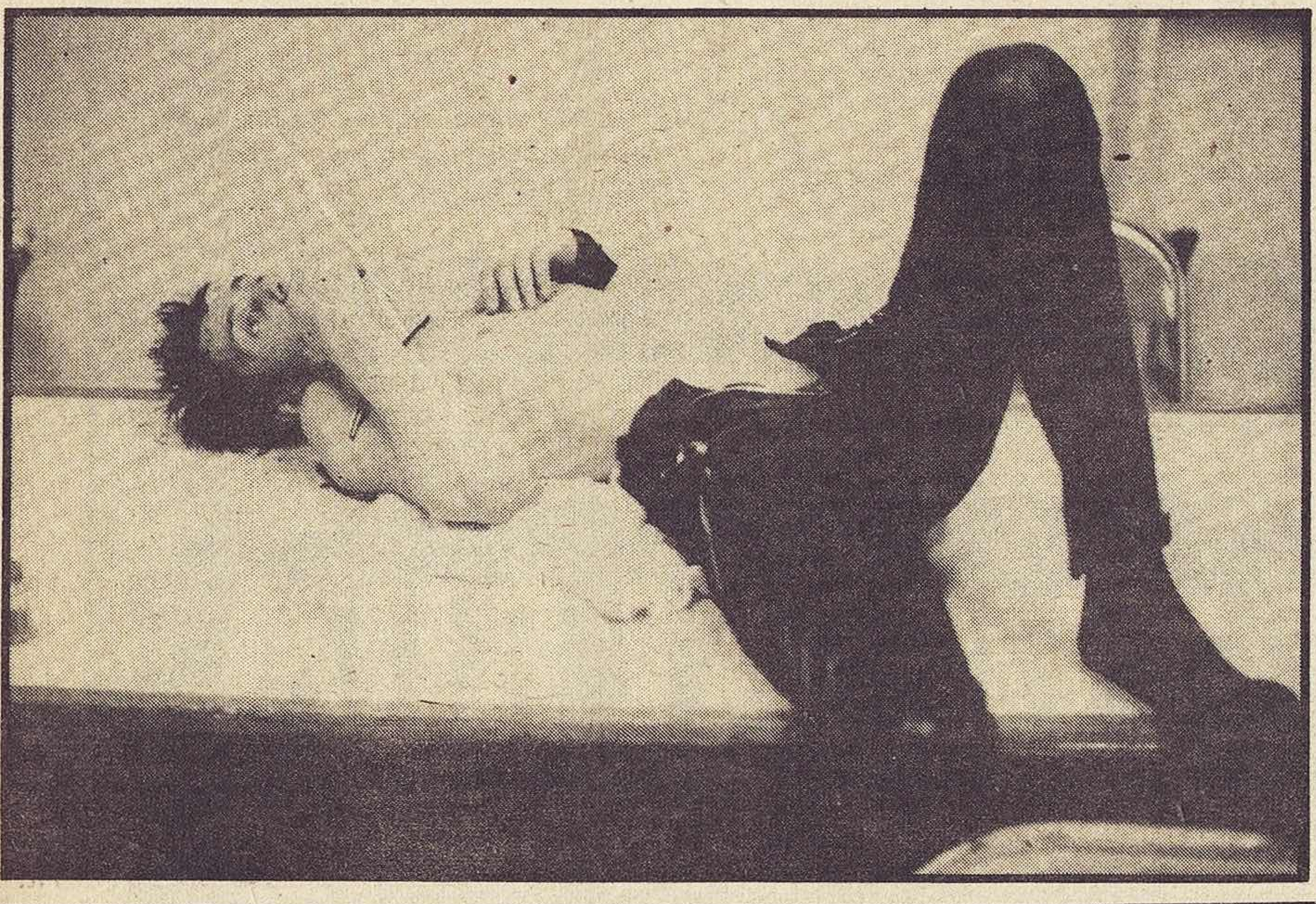

After the gig (Paul) . . .

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Clash USA '79

From previous page

new ... new, change, new, change, right? And now people are saying. Hang on a minute mate that ain't quite punk, you're not quite toeing the rope, and they're treating punk as something like hippy music or teddy boy R&R. Punk's now become Oh yeah he's got zips all over him sewed on by his mother and he's shouting in Cockney making no attempt to sing from the heart and the guitarist is deliberately playing monotonously, and they're all playing as fast as possible, so this is punk so yeah I can dig this. There are some people who are becoming snobs.

"I don't want to see punk as another slavish attitude and image and everything is pre-planned and pre-thought out for you to slip into comfortably. Like say mod is. Let's all put on mod suits and feel less nervous.

"I vote for the weirdo, I vote for the loonies, I vote for the people off the left wall, I vote for the individuals.

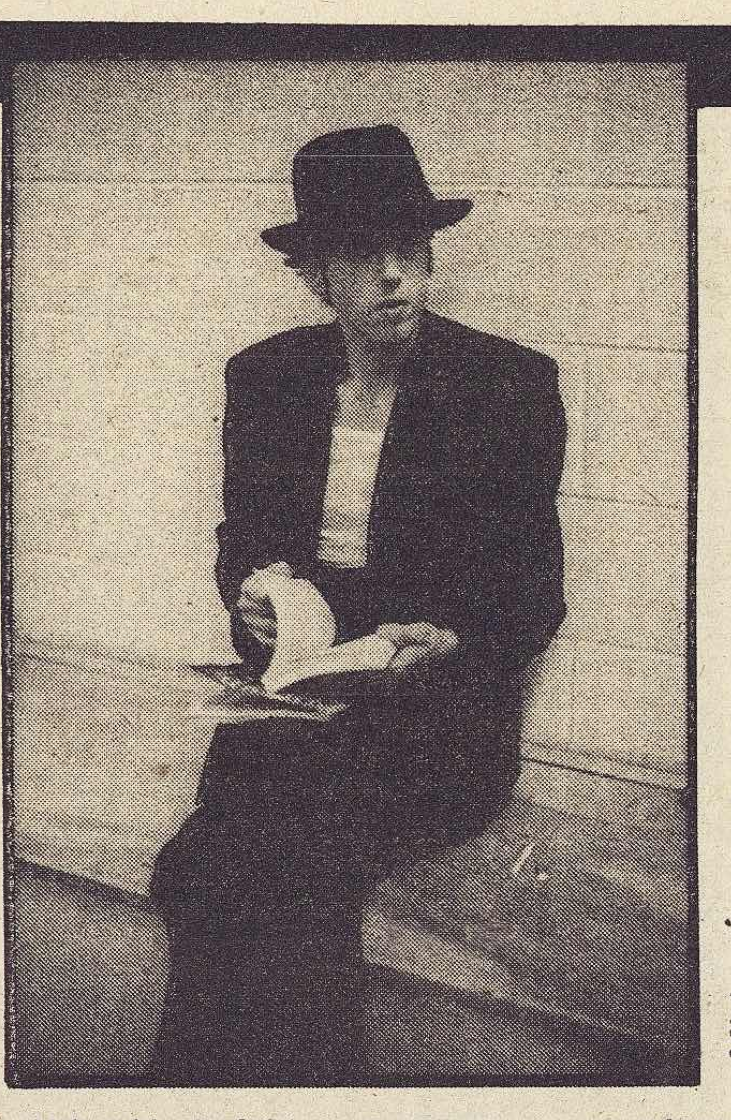
"Because that was what we were all like in '76. It was all like individual. There was a common ground, it was punk rock, but anything was OK, like he was wearing this and he was wearing that, and he was experimenting with that, anything was alright.

"But to think, Oh you've got to wear zips and hang on a minute those shoes ain't punk or hey this beat ain't punk, that like, God help us, have we done all that to get here? That's why we're going to do a tour of Britain as soon as we get back home because it seems like we haven't toured there for years. We're going to take out a show on the road that is just going to be fucking great. If people are going to stand there saying this ain't punk or whatever then they'll be the fucking losers. I mean if people stand and watch us do a song with Micky Gallagher and they go, What the fuck's this? they're gonna miss the point. Because it feels good to me."

What does he see as the power of rock 'n' roll to affect people?

"We all know that the song is the be-all and end-all of everything. It is in my life anyway. No one can take a song away from you, even sitting in a Kentish Road jail, at least you've got a song right, and that seems to me to be the most powerful thing ever. I think it has got the power to change, it's got to change, hasn't it? People go to clubs and they hear the songs and the words coming at them, and that's where the information is, so it's gotta be the only thing.

"It's sharing human experience and having new knowledge and insights to it, and the more people know about it, the further we're getting into it."



Mick makes up for all the missed lesoons

What kind of things turn you on apart from rock 'n' roll? Strummer thinks I ask what turns him on about rock 'n' roll, and his face registers a slow shock at the stupidity of the question. *Apart* from rock 'n' roll!

"I like the look of things . . . I'm kind of generally interested in everything. I get interested . . . I want to know about everything really. When you're in some god-knows-where cafe and you're feeling down and you're having a cup of coffee, you can start listening to what they're saying at the next table and for me it almost becomes grippingly fascinating. I almost forget totally about myself and I start working out who they are and what they're doing. I dunno. I get interested in any old crap."

DETAILS: THE SHOW

1. BEFORE. Think of Detroit and think of . . . MC5 and *Creem* magazine?

During the day at Detroit, after soundcheck and at the hotel, Clash are interrogated by *Creem* magazine. The pop papers have minimal influence over American rock standards; they're utterly impotent next to the radio. Their consistent inability to cover emergent trends and cults, to alter their perspective, is, paradoxically, one reason why American rock culture curled up and moreover, why the bulk of the audience grew tired. New British music confuses them. The elder statesmen of rock critics — Bangs, Marcus, Rockwell, sweet things — treat Clash as the honeys of the new age, but so far this has meant little.

The Creamguy interviews Strummer a few hours before the Detroit show, at the motel, and spurs Strummer into a rage by ignorantly blowing smoke into his face. A sensitive area for Strummer, who despite being a smoker superstitiously steers clear of any smoke before an appearance. He walks off.

Later on in the dressing room he quietly apologises to Kozmo. "He was getting on my nerves!" Koz cools him. Still to come is the half legendary *Creem* Boy Howdy/Lifeline page; Clash must be pictured supping Boy Howdy beer and underneath *Creem* will invent suitable lifelines. Clash go out of their way to make sure they do the lifelines, and then invent equally frivolous insertions.

Clash become irritated by the *Creem* presence, not really bothered about pages in the magazine, and as they sit and fidget in the dressing room there are sneers whenever the photo session is mentioned.

Strummer thinks that *Creem's* mock Boy Howdy brand is a genuine beer that *Creem* sponsor. "Well, you learn something everyday," he marvels when he discovers the secret.

The Clash eventually reluctantly gather for the shot. Two plainly nervous photographers have prepared a room with white sheets, harsh lights, and have carefully wrapped Boy Howdy stickers around Budweiser beer cans. The Clash are restful and playful.

"Don't take any pictures until I say," raps Kozmo, a West Ham fan. "If you take a picture while they are smiling," he threatens, rubbing his hands together remembering his George Cole poses, "then you will be kicked out of the hall and have to buy your pictures at vastly inflated prices from Pennie Smith." The two photographers chuckle nervously.

The Clash drop into contrived roles of outrage. Fangs and claws appear from nowhere. Expressions contract into fake fury. "Right," cues Kozmo, an expert choreographer, and cartoon hell breaks out in front of the unsteady lens. Cans are ripped open, stamped on, hurled onto the floor, at the walls. Somehow the damage doesn't stretch beyond the four people area. Within the area: packaged destruction. Foam, curled lips, hate. A peculiar switch-on.

The two camaramen hurry for their shots. It's all over in a few seconds. Clash slump off, shaking away spilt beer, dropping back into impatient pre-gig attitudes. The photographers visibly shaken, gratefully pat affable Kozmo on his ample back. He shrugs it off and joins the group back in the dressing room. The photographers pack up, thinking of the tale they'll have to tell.

The minutes slowly disappear before the show. Joe tries to stay in one place, Paul has an injured hip lovingly bandaged by Debbie, Topper and his girlfriend Dee frolic with each other. Wayne Kramer, renowned MC5 guitarist, has arrived, and he and Mick Jones have a lot to say to each other.

One by one the group leave to prepare for the show. Soon only Topper and Dee remain in the dressing room, Dee trying to hurry the diminutive drummer. "There's no panic," Headon excuses himself as he carefully introduces a large slice of ham into his mouth. Dee shuts the door on him: "I don't believe that man," she sighs.

2. DURING. "Whichever way you look at it it's a show, innit? It's like we're on a show bus travelling on a show circuit, and kids are paying to get in and see the show. It is a show. We happen to be dealing with that other stuff, the things that matter, because it seems kind of deceitful not to, which The Beatles didn't deal with."

A Clash show, good or bad or thrilling, illustrates the maturity and discrimination of their rock perspective, unique amongst their contemporaries, and their determination to convince, which sets them amongst the greats. They understand the economy and tone of the '50s, are suckers for the flash of the '60s and early '70s, invented the direction of punk, can translate the slip and slide and feel of reggae, and they know how important it is to look good and move good.

It is a show — entertainment! — and it is experience. They are cliched and they are inspired. Through Jones' natural posturing, Strummer's intensity, Headon's skill, Simonon's introversion, they communicate; people will listen. No show is the same. One night Strummer will leap clear over Topper's drumkit — Headon not missing a beat as Strummer's arm and leg whisks by his hair — another night Simonon will destroy a Fender bass, because he felt a bit funny. "Sometimes I feel a bit funny."

Three new songs from the upcoming Clash double LP indicate the current Clash state. "Jimmy Jazz', which swings and stutters and stretches. 'Clampdown' featuring a riff of sublime precision and aggression. 'Guns Of Brixton' sung by Simonon with Strummer on bass, starkly elegant, effectively repetitive.

This new music isn't unusual. It uses tradition; it uses more of it and uses it better than anybody else. It doesn't forget black music, past or present. The music looks all

over the place. The Clash are growing up, potentially not a group for the squeamish.

Lyrically, there's a change too. Less a perverse, persistent journalistic parody, a commentary on surroundings, more a concentration on the nature of response. Mastering or reacting to events? Looking in, not out. Exploring.

"We're stepping into a few areas that we've left untouched, like sexuality . . . things like that, I dunno, urban psychosis . . . like plumbing the depths," Strummer tantalisingly explains.

"Depression," Jones sneers with a mixture of relish and distaste, "*real* depression, as opposed to being depressed cos you haven't got a job."

Confessional? Clash depression?

"It might be something to do with being in The Clash," Jones enunciates, "All of it actually, it's everything."

"It comes with pumping it out all the time," Strummer thinks, "and sometimes we don't get nothing back and we really get down."

Are you bothered how people are going to take it?

"Naah." Strummer dismisses the idea. "We're so far gone, I tell you. I feel I could get up and do anything really. Y'know, I'm way past all that What are they going to think of this? I don't care anymore . . . cos whatever you do people are going to say bollocks — it doesn't matter what."

Clash are playing halls in America, and responses are good, sometimes too good. "New York is a Clash city, Chicago is a Clash city, Los Angeles is a Clash city, Boston is a Clash city . . . Detroit isn't but we're working on it."

Detroit is notoriously tough city. The audience is not particularly aggressive, just blank. The Clash sensed the negativity from the stage and grew progressively angry. They failed to finish the set. "We did what we had to do, we did our job."

Locals reported that the response was, for Detroit, favourable. I suggest that maybe The Clash, to reach the suspicious and the cynical, should be a little more patient.

"When a group gets in a bad mood it's in a bad mood," Strummer tells me. "To have a good night you've got to have a bad night, and like I was just in a bad mood. I don't know why . . . but it was such a comedown after playing Chicago, that was like playing Manchester or something like that. That's a bad mood to get into, I like to stay clear of it. It's really really nasty: you're playing songs for people, pouring out your heart and your whole, but at the same time it's like schizophrenic, cos you hate them. It's really weird.

"I was pissed off because I'd been around all those radio stations in the morning" — every city The Clash visit Kozmo arranges radio interviews to noisily spread the message — "and I knew that as soon as we left them they'd been going, And here's the new one from Styx or Boston, er mommas going to lick you tonight . . ."

"We were getting out the Foriegner and Boston LPs at one of the stations we were at" — Jones rolls his eyes — "scratching them and putting them back."

Strummer: "So they'd go to get their most played LPs and they'd say, Gee we don't have a copy."

Jones: "Or hopefully they'll not notice and play them . . . it'll get through quicker, it'll jump. We'll try anything . . ."

"But I was feeling really hopeless," continues Strummer. "Those radio stations in Detroit — I knew that as soon as we drew out of the car park they'd be into the old Styx. And it just seems all the Epic guys that you meet across the country, they're kind of 'Yeah I really think you stuff's great' but they're wearing Meatloaf jackets, and you realise Meatloaf, The Clash — it all means the same thing to them. The great grey people out there, it means the same thing to them. That really does get on top of me, the thought that people have no judgement.

"I was feeling angry about this and then the Detroit audience just sitting there didn't help. We've really got high standards. The British audiences that we've been brought up on have always been great and that's our high standards and if an audience doesn't reach that or if we can't get an audience up to that pitch, then we'll feel angry and we'll blame it on them. We'll take some of the blame, but we'll blame it on them too cos it's got to be both, hasn't it? And I can't stand it if they're just going well hit me babay. Like fat Rob Tyner sat in the front row, with his arms folded. Hit me . . . Yaah!"

"I gave him a look to melt him," grins Jones, referring to Tyner, another member of MC5. "The difference between that guy and Wayne Kramer! Kramer said before we went on, Don't ever pander to these people, really hit hard, and after the show he was the first one back to still be positive, and that's the difference."

"Audiences have got to help." Strummer won't let go. "They've got to get up and say, Give it to me I'm ready for it. It's no use sitting back and saying, Impress me, cos if I feel that they're doing that I get really pissed off. That's when I start hating it, that's when it starts coming over really twisted."

Joe at Canadian Customs

3. AFTER. Following most shows Clash wound down in small hotel rooms with liquor and late night TV movies, or travelled to the next city. Detroit had to be different.

In a small club somewhere in the city Wayne Kramer, dressed like a bank clerk somehow managing to play crude jams with Johnny Thunders, falling over somehow managing to play sweet on Berry and Hendrix bar songs. The legends pile up on top of one another. Thunders and Kramer in a Detroit club!

Jones breaks out of himself. He's just finished his own show: "This is what its all about," he gushes, swaying at the front, loving it all, hardly believing it.

Once, on the coach, as Jones rolled yet another joint, I laughingly pointed out that here was the definitive Jones. He laughs a little, but he suddenly realises what I mean and he's quite hurt. "No it's not," he insists. Of course, he's right. The defninitive Mick Jones is onstage, holding a guitar.

After Kramer and Thunders have licked each other, and Kramer has insulted me, Jones is first on the coach ready for the short journey back to the motel. As everyone else gathers he's wildly enthusing. "That was something special."

When a couple of manager type persons are in earshot he exclaims: "We've got to get them on a couple of American dates." Financial difficulties are pointed out. Jones is still on a high. "We've been privileged to see that, but how many people get the chance to got to a Detroit club? We've got to get them on the British tour!" It's carefully pointed out that this isn't as easy as it seems. The dream crumbles around him. Jones slips from his high. By the time the coach pulls up outside the hotel, he's totally quiet. Putting on a brave face.

DETAILS: THE WAY OUT

On the Boston to New York coach Mick Jones has surfaced from his deep slumber and has joined in the conversation. We're discussing how the old rock people let us down; how they didn't drag anything with them, how they abuse their position of power. They don't use their influence positively. Is it possible?

"I think it's because they're not bitter enough. We're really bitter enough."

Clash have it within their potential to be superstars. These words are realistic.

"Yeah, we're really bitter and no amount of sweetening will change that . . . I dunno, I just don't want *them* to get around us . . ."

Can they resist the effects that mellow out and isolate?

"Yeah. Our only hope lies in the fact that they've all been and done it. When we were in school we watched them do it, and so we've got one more dimension than they have. This ain't the '60s. Things are different, y'know, and we're a really different group than there used to be around. Things are changing and this is one of the aspects of the change. Y'know? I mean, should we really be here . . . ? We could've exploded already . . . gone on self-destruct in Guildford or Aberdeen . . ."

"Those early dates?" asks Strummer.

"Yeah."

"But we've got to go 15 rounds," emphasises Jones.

But is that it? Fifteen rounds and over?

Strummer thinks it over. "Well, you see, people think doing one round is it, but they don't realise that there's fucking 15 rounds! Look at the Stones — they're maybe on the 10th or 11th. Chuck Berry's on the 15th and maybe he's gonna come out for another bout. It's so quick in London, your 15 minutes of fame and then you're into the dumper. It's so quick people think that's all there is. But they don't realise that it's got to go on and on and it's no use counting up now." Strummer continually speaks in the sturdy language of the rock 'n' roll traditionalist.

What round do you think you're on? Three or four?

"Actually I don't think that we've done three or four . . . maybe one. One round, come out,

■ Continues page 42

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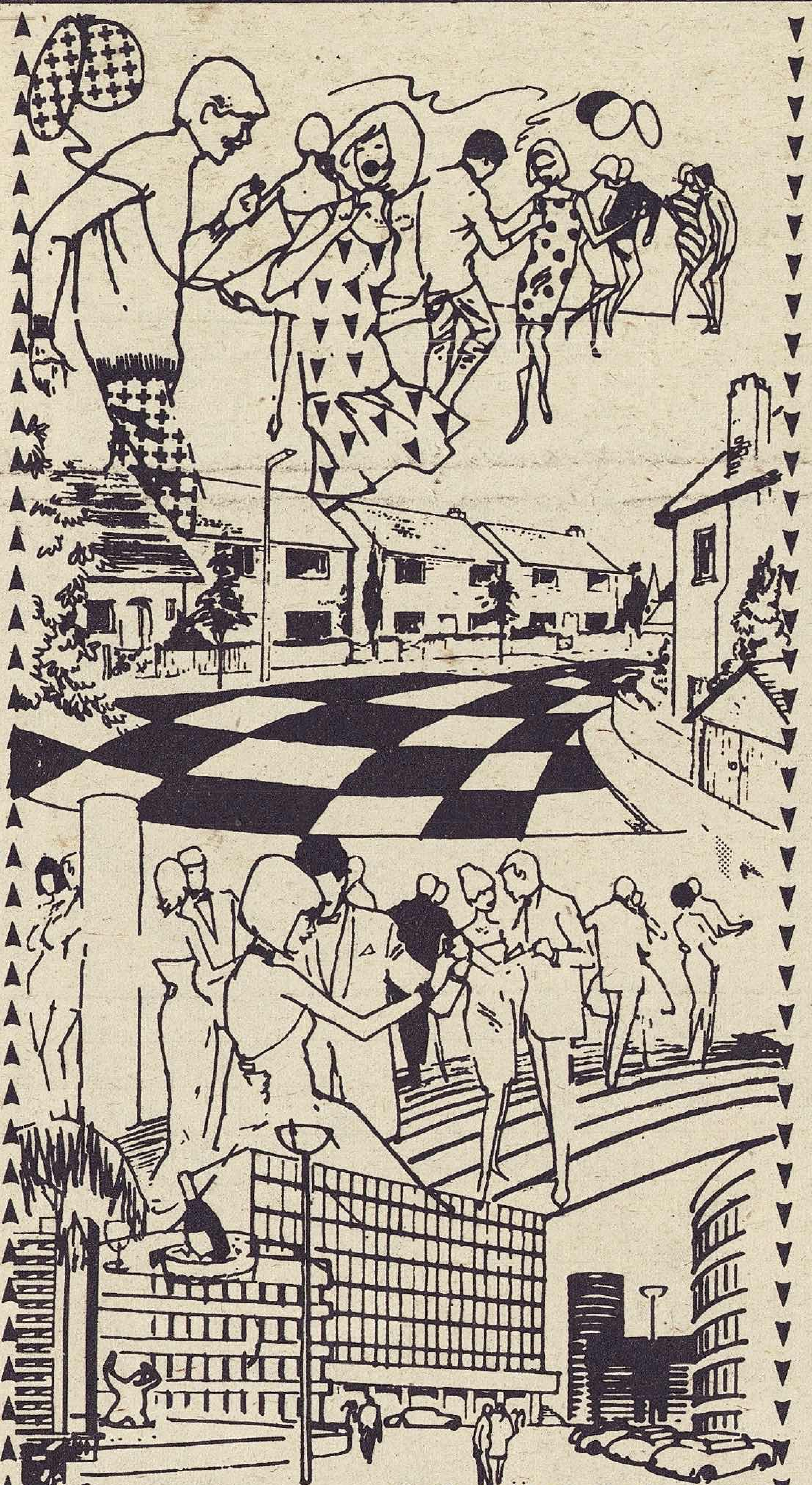
October 29 NEWCASTLE City Hall
October 30 WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
October 31 BRIGHTON Top Rank
November 2 LONDON Rainbow
November 4 CARDIFF Top Rank
November 5 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens
November 7 HANLEY Victoria Hall
November 8 PERTH City Hall
November 9 GLASGOW Apollo
November 10 ABERDEEN Capitol
Special guests:
Fingerprintz
Virgin

SINGLES



SINGLE OF THE WEEK
Nils Lofgren: No Mercy (A&M). Nils Lofgren — has on this vignette produced a quite remarkable and convincing mental movie centred around a prize fight. Casting himself in the role of the contender he succinctly details the events (replete with just the right amount of atmospheric sound effects) not from the raging bull standpoint of a dumb Rocky meat grinder but as a professional pug who, with the title just a barrage of punches away, suddenly realises it's an empty victory.

"I wish another could do this for me — his eyes are flooded, God he cannot even see / I hunted this title, but now it doesn't seem right — I fight back tears as I destroy his life."

THE OUT: Who Is Innocent? (Virgin). The history books have got it all wrong. The likes of Freddie & The Dreamers and Wayne Fontana weren't remotely representative of the wealth of live music that made Manchester such a hotbed of great (though criminally unexploited) talent in the '60s. And perhaps subconsciously aware of having being relegated as an also-ran in The Big Beat Wars, like well trained partisans the new breed of Mancunian musicians continue to strike back again and again with a vengeance. Unknowns like The Out regularly concoct some of the most vital (though often quite manic) modern dance music of the late '70s. Leased from Rabid justifiably, this single should

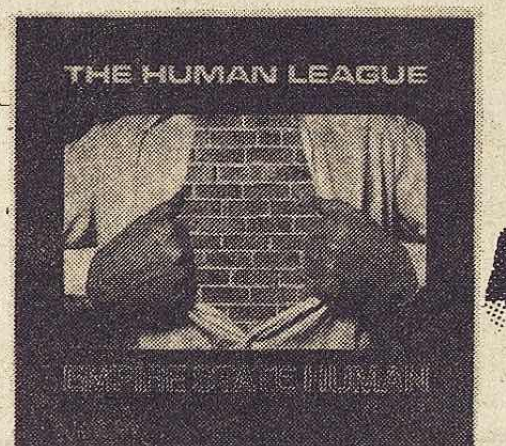
chart before the end of the month. If not I wanna know why. Rack it alongside the Lofgren single.

CLIFF RICHARD: Hot Shot (EMI). It's very easy to be smug and dismissive about Cliff Richard. The undeniable fact stares you square in the face — the longevity of his hit-making prowess has lapped everyone of those artists who originally lined up for the big race in the '50s. But that's only part of it. By any standards 'We Don't Talk Anymore' was a classic in terms of both quality material and a quality performance and though not up to the diamond-cut of that particular song the follow-up depicts Cliff checking out Billy Idol for vanity whilst his writers (occasionally tongue-in-cheek) scrutinise Ian Page for clothes conscious bravado and EMI's sales force the possibility of averting redundancy by seeing to it that supply meets demand for this quite aggressive and spirited dancer.

THE HEAT: Instant Love (Hot Stuff). Though by no means perfect, this multi-racial New York-based four-piece have come up with the best sounding backing track I've heard in weeks (let's hear it for producer Joel Webber and his sound engineer Mike Friese). And for that alone it justifies consideration as a single of the week. Effectively combining some of the best characteristics of both The Cars (rhythm figures) and The Small Faces (soul, vocal and clout), The Heat encounter little difficulty in fusing such elements into a no-nonsense identity which, one suspects, could be quickly developed into something even better. A high-octane paean to lust at first sight, brought home with an unflagging sense of precision and purpose. Great graphics as well.

THE SEARCHERS: Hearts In Their Eyes (Sire). What many people are totally unaware of is that, at one time, not only were The Searchers second only to The Beatles in Stateside popularity, but their unique combination of tight harmonies and jingle-jangle guitars were just as much an influence (in many respects longer lasting) on Rock Americana. From The Byrds (who owe the biggest debt) right through to the Buckingham-Nicks Fleetwood Mac, Tom Petty and The Records, The Searchers' distinctive spectre proliferates. Like most people, I reckoned The Searchers to be a spent force running strictly on a nostalgia ticket. Shows you just how wrong you can be. They're back to reclaim their estate and a place on the charts.

QUEEN: Crazy Little Thing Called Love (EMI). Or is it, 'What's This Crazy Little Thing Called, Love?' Whatever, prima ballerina Big Fred Mercury resculptures barnet



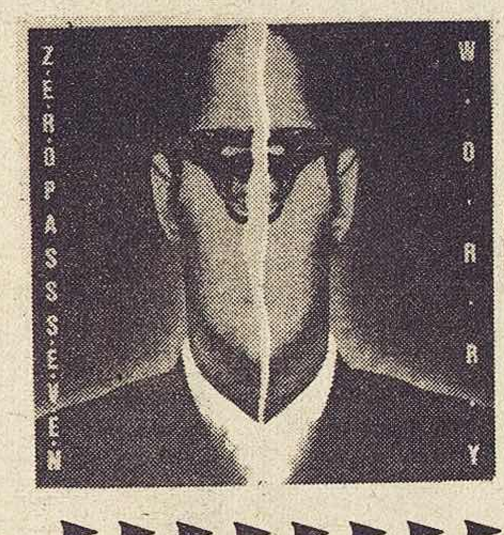
into a short greaseball Travolta, checks out first Ricky Nelson LP for ideas and doesn't discover any.

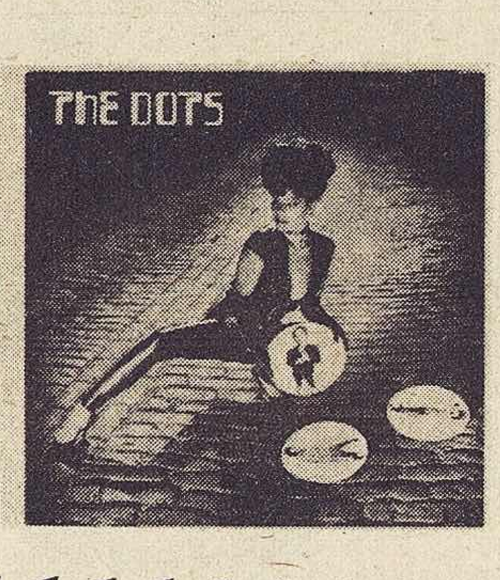
THE CLAP: Hey Little Girl (Cus). If lack of inspiration isn't sufficient to slow up sales, the group's moniker will sure as hell do the rest. Depending upon where you buy your records, the reply to " 'Scuse me darlin', have you got The Clap," could vary greatly.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Empire State Human (Virgin). Whilst being preserved in aspic, glazed Gary Tubeway may have devised an alternative method of playing around with synthesizers (riffs as opposed to bouncing ball repetition), but The Human League — this time around extolling the virtues of mutating — have the edge when it comes to a droll sense of humour. However, there are those about us who insist that Gary has a premium on that as well.

THE OFFS: Johnny Too Bad (Crack In The World); GIRL SKWADD: Sweet Talk (Ariola); DERISLANDZ: They're Not Needed/You Asked Me/THE REACTORS: I Want Sex/I'm A Reactor (Sabotage). The biggest drawback with excruciatingly bad records is that they very rarely offer the same perverse fascination as excruciatingly bad movies. Nevertheless, both The Offs and Girl Skwadd get a split decision for a coveted 'so-bad-it's-good' citation (an even harder accolade to earn than mere single of the week). The former for their rickety rockability reggae rendition of The Slickers' 'Johnny Too Bad,' the latter — accompanied by ping-pong Euro-electronics — for sounding like a legless Siouxsie doing a wicked send-up of El Duce Ferrara. As for the lucky runners-up: Derislandz give some insight as to how Wild Man Fischer would cover Talking Heads' Greatest Hits whilst The Reactors get shortlisted for the Hugo Award for Science Fiction Literature with this cosmic couplet: *'I've got my neutrons, I've got my protons / I've got my electrons / I've got my . . 'er . . shoes on!'*

SHAM 69: You're A Better Man Than I (Polydor). What with young Pursey changing his mind more times than a boutique full of bints on pay-day, he now finds himself still promoting his First Farewell as he embarks upon a Comeback. Still, his heart's in the right place. And this rework of the old Yardbirds anthem for the common man is well suited to his present frame of mind. However, taking into consideration his unpredictability, next year if you're going to Hersham it could well be with flowers in your hair.





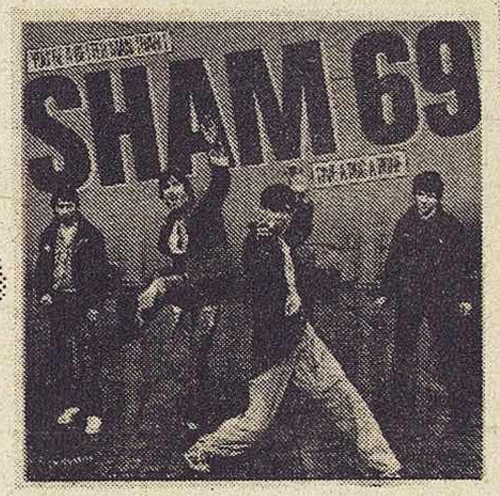
It's all in a day's work for ROY CARR

ZERO PASS SEVEN: Worry (Virgin). Reasons to be worried parts one and two. The sleeve of this little oddity is crammed with so much technical data regarding how the recording was made that one could be excused for thinking it's intended as a promotional freebee with the next edition of *Stereo Amateur Strangler* magazine. If Bowie and Zappa found themselves double-booked in the same studio and decided to cut their losses, it might sound vaguely like this or even like that and then it might not. Tubular Bells in another kitchen.

THE RUNAWAYS: Right Now (Cherry Red). If, at the very outset, it had been Mickie Most instead of Kim Fowley who had launched their career then, conceivably, The Runaways wouldn't have degenerated so rapidly into one of the worst-ever disaster areas in living memory.

THE SHADOWS: Rodrigo's Guitar Concerto De Aranjuez (EMI). A much-recorded classical gas but being the poseur that I am I much prefer the sensitive Miles Davis interpretation on 'Sketches Of Spain.'

PLASMATICS: Dream Lover (Vice Squad). By now we're all pretty much aware that The Ramones were a Roger Cormanesque concept, but if that other celebrated Trash-Kulture avatar Russ Meyer chose to make rock records instead of meat movies this is quite probably the kind of over-the-topness he'd aim for. Second time on vinyl, stacked-siren Wendy Williams reveals her



versatility by switching from buzz-saw to machine gun whilst, for reasons never made apparent, the group employ Bobby Darin's 'Dream Lover' as some obtuse excuse in an attempt to try and break some kind of oblique world speed record. They probably achieved it at that.

DUROCS: It Hurts To Be In Love (Capitol). Wrong. Not a new brand of contraceptive but according to the sleeve; "A breed of large vigorous red American hogs. Noted for superior intelligence and exceptionally large ears." I neither know or care if this description also applies to the musicians responsible for this desecration of a harmless Gene Pitney scream. It's so utterly horrendous that it can't even be remotely considered as a black of joke. Faked dry-ice majestic machismo and an attempt to confuse the listener into believing something of earth-shattering self-importance is taking place only compounds this heinous crime.

THE DOTS: I Don't Wanna Dance (With You) (Dot). Force-feed three young Manhattans each with a different Jam album and this is the outcome. Enthusiasm outweighs proficiency but even then this is far more agreeable than the kind of no-hope rubbish most American majors are throwing at the wall in the name of progress.

SCREEN IDOLS: Blindman (Cobra). If, as EMI maintain, they're currently in the dumper, then what on earth motivated them to squander precious funds on financing a brand new label and then to launch it with such second-rate material. For the second release former Spider From Mars and U-Boat Commander Woody Woodmansey links up with three blokes and one girl in a luckless attempt to divert stray hard-of-hearing Fleetwood Mac fans with no sense of direction.

MOON MARTIN: Rolene (Capitol). So far Moon Martin's recording career has been all down to his label financing costly demos of his songs for other artists to score hits with — Robert Palmer ('A Bad Case Of Loving You') and Mink DeVille ('Cadillac Walk')

whilst The lg is now in the studio toying with 'Hot Night In Dallas.' This mainstream roadhouse chug, loosely based on some obscure Marc Bolan guitar lick (which Boley himself probably tealeafed from someone else) might be the stuff of which Top 30 hits are currently made in America, but competition is far too stiff over here for Martin to enjoy such an easy run.

BRUCE WOOLLEY & THE CAMERA CLUB: Dancing With The Sporting Boys (Epic). As we sturdy hearts-of-oak prepare to confront the energy-crisis '80s with the spirit of determination, Woolley — the archetypal class wimp — cries chicken, runs back home to Mummy and desperately clings to the least salvagable flotsom of the '60s.

THE NEW YORK DOLLS: Personality Crisis/Looking For A Kiss (Dutch-Bellaphon); Bad Girl/Subway Train (Dutch-Bellaphon). In terms of available product, Dollies

■ Continues over

SINGLES

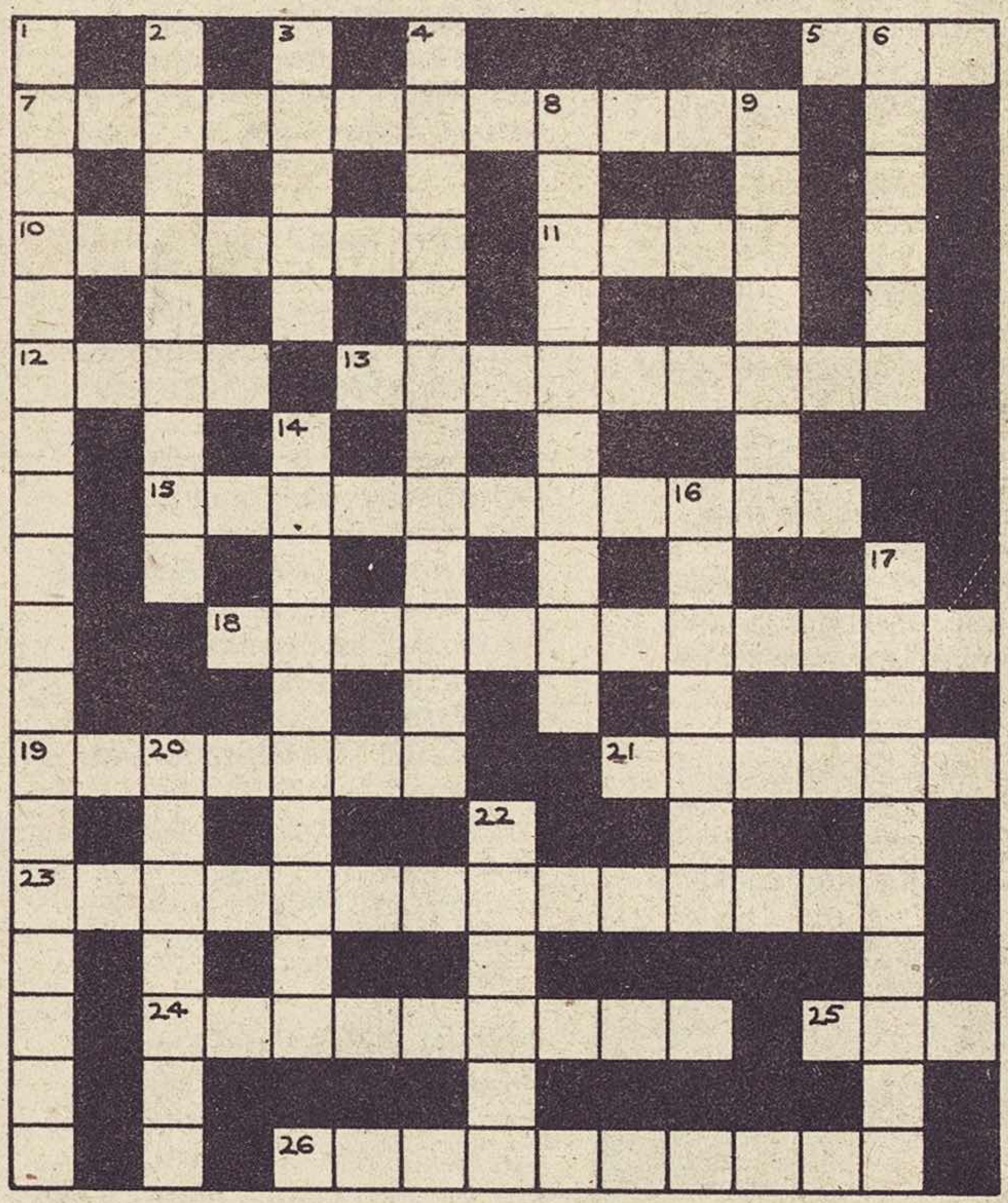
■ *From previous page*

devotees have even less reasons to be cheerful than Pistols packers. Whilst taking into consideration that all four songs under review are available on the Dolls' debut album, this pair of Dutch treats are invaluable to the *cognoscenti* because they represent the only commercially available recordings featuring their original sticksman the late Billy Murcia. The results of a Mickey O'Keefe/Miki Dallon studio audition held in London (1972) prior to the Manhattan Marauders signing with Mercury, these takes are slightly more ramshackle than the more familiar versions and, if memory serves me well, truer to the Dolls' live sound. Though the basic arrangements are pretty much the same as the Mercury models, 'Personality Crisis' doesn't have the pounding piano accompaniment that underpinned the kamikaze twin guitars of Thunders and Sylvain, whilst 'Bad Girl' is taken at a slightly slower gait.

CHEETAH CHROME: Still Wanna Die (Ork). Well, don't let me stop you. Despite being given something suspiciously akin to the Good Housekeeping Seal Of Approval by *Rolling Stone* magazine as their 'token' Amerikan punk band (a kiss of death if ever there was one), The Dead Boys (deceased) never amounted to anything more imponderable than a stale fart in a dirty bottle. And when they disbanded, a nation didn't mourn. Cheetah Chrome — an even dafter moniker than Stiv Bators — is the second Dead Boy in a fortnight to rise from the grave. Comrade Chrome heads for the terminal zone with his self-conscious adaptation of the *"hope I die before I grow old"* Townshendian theory. That in itself should be sufficient inducement for anyone to elbow this record.

FREDA PAYNE: Band Of Gold (Inferno). If, as fate decrees, our Freda is to be forever remembered by just one single, then she couldn't have done much better than with this three minute (gold vinyl) monument to unconsummated nuptials.

SONGS FOR SWINGIN' SUICIDALS!
LOS NUNS: The Beat (Rosco); FAD GADGET: Bad To Nature (Mute); THE MOTHMEN: Does It Matter Irene? (Absurd); TWILIGHT ZONERS: Zero Zero One EP (Zip); DALEK I: The World (Vertigo); R. L. CRUTCHFIELD'S DARK DAY: Hands In The Dark (Strike). Why, one ponders whilst dialling *Crossroads'* Samaritan counseller Sandy Richardson, do artists who dabble in abstract industrial electro art rock seemingly all have dead eyes and even deader voices? The only person ever to have pulled that double-top off and still retain a sense of humour was Jim Morrison.



ACROSS

5 On which Andy Williams and The Clash are labelmates
7 Blondie in the fast-food business?! (3, 2, 3, 4)
10 Follow-up to 'Masquerade'
11 & 19 Even Dud's mad (anag.)
12 Noel Edmonds had a *bit part* in *Quadrophenia!!!*
13 'Living On The Frontline' was the first hit of his own record company (4, 5)
15 Paul Gadd as teen legend (4, 7)
18 Yes please, ten (anag. 8, 4)
19 See 11
21 Ray or Dave, Muswell Hillbillies
23 What Mama Ramone's boys did after they left home!? (6, 2, 6)
24 San Francisco independent, roster includes J. Richman and G. Kihn
25 & 6 Second B of BB&A
26 See 9

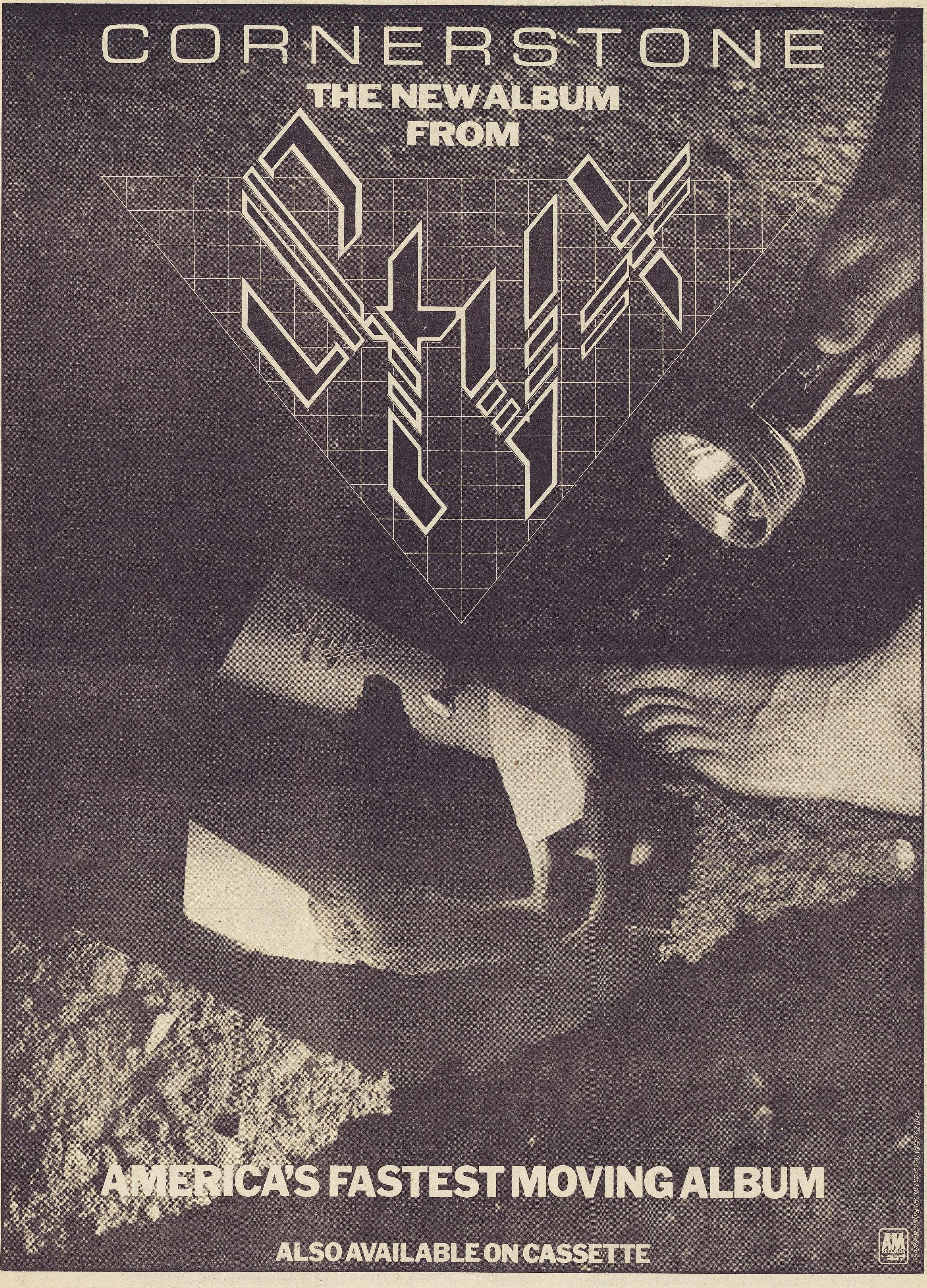
DOWN

1 Judy Tzuke's chart elpee (7, 2, 3, 6)
2 Stiff Little Fingers in the Fab 40 (5, 4)
3 Nee Feld, elf born to bop
4 Gets Reed here (anag. 5, 7)
6 See 25
8 American jazz-rock drummer who played in Jimi Hendrix' Band Of Gypsies (5, 5)
9 & 26 Eddie & The Hot Rods second chart shot, followed 'Live At The Marquee'
14 Made their chart debut earlier this year with an old Kinks song
16 'Back Of My Hand' group (3, 4)
17 Aka David Letts, punk vampire (4, 6)
20 Here's one for stray *MM* readers: Uriah Heep guitar star (sic) (4, 3)
22 Sheffield Joe

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 'Back Of My Hand'; 7 (Art) Garfunkel; 9 'Cut'; 10 El; 11 Ian Page; 12 Stiff (Little Fingers); 13 Damned; 16 '(He's So) Fine'; 17 'Ben'; 18 (Mick) Ronson, 20 (Stiff) Little Fingers; 22 'Street Life'; 24 Ted (Nugent); 25 'He's So (Fine)'; 26 'Gloria'; 27 (Leon) Russell; 28 'Go Now'.

DOWN: 1 Buggles; 2 Carly Simon; 3 'Making Plans For Nigel'; 4 'Holland'; Stevie Nicks; 6 Keith (Emerson); 8 Unit Four Plus Two; 9 Cream; 14 Leon (Russell); 16 John Lennon; 17 Bill Withers; 19 Real Thing; 21 Tourists; 23 (Keith) Emerson.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Your VFM (VALUE FOR MONEY) 20p NME is always tops for fun

Kate Bush puts the problems of western society in perspective

EMI: THREE letters that have come to represent 'the enemy' in rock'n'roll's war games.

EMI House rambles like a country home with a thousand warrens of ministry — type boring pools and divisions. The guard on the reception listens to my appointment with Kate Bush with all the emotion of a weighing machine being told a hard luck story. Like everyone else, I get told to take a seat while he talks unheard into one of the extension phones. About ten minutes later I'm led down and through EMI House and up to a corridor down which the *Daily Mirror's* Pauline McLeod is striding. She's out — I'm in.

Kate Bush is sipping Perrier water from an elegant glass. I tell her she'll get a royal old bulge if she carries on guzzling the gin like that and she laughs naturally. She's far more attractive than I'd ever thought — not being the globe's most rabid fan of the woman y'understand — although quite short.

NME had been after a KB interview for a while but, so I'd learned on leaving the office, her management were less than obliging. Me? Well the truth is that I had no opinions about Kate at all. I knew the singles but I really couldn't find it in me to go any deeper, to check out her roots (he said, nicking in this piece's most contrived gag). I still don't . . . . such was our meeting.

HEY KATE. Do you feel obliged to sing like that these days?

"What? You mean . . ."

Y'know, like you could age the nation's glassblowers.

"Oh yeah, sure. I mean I don't feel obliged — that is me. See, like in a recording studio when it's all dark and there's just you and a couple of guys at the desk, well you get really involved that to actually plan it out becomes out of the question. It just flows that way . . . . and as a writer I just try to express an idea. I can't possibly think of old songs of mine because they're past now and quite honestly I don't like them anymore."

Doing 'Wuthering Heights' must've been murder then.

"Well I was still promoting that up until 18 months after I'd had it released. Abroad I was still promoting it on TV where I was able to do it backwards and (she mimes it whilst picking her nose nonchalantly) . . . just weird."

Have you still got people around you who'll tell you something's rubbish?

"My brother Jay, who's been with me since I was writing stuff that really embarrasses me, he'd let me know for sure . . . Yeah, there's a few I can really trust."

She smiles again and I was warm to her. Mind you, she speaks my language so I could be sympathetic because she's one of the South London rock mafia. I ask her what it's like to be paraded in the *Sun* and suchlike as The Sex Goddess Of POP!

"Hmm. Y'see, you do a very straight interview with these people without ever

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

Danny Baker hears the Pop Goddess tolkein about her favourite hobbits

"WOW, WOW, WOW, WOW, AMAZING, AMAZING, AMA—"

(. . . and that's only at the supermarket)

mentioning sex, but of course that's the only angle they write it from when you read it. That kind of freaks me out because the public tend to believe it . . ."

Asking a few more questions, I begin to realise that this isn't the kind of stuff that weekloads of *Gasbags* are made of. I'm searching for a key probe, but with Kate Bush — well there's not likely to be anything that will cause the twelve-inch banner headline stuff, is there now? I recall Charlie Murray's less than enthusiastic review of her Palladium shows, which were apparently crammed with lame attempts to 'widen' the audience's artistic horizons — y'know, lots of people dressed as violins and carrots an' that. CSM reckons it was one of the most condescending gigs in the history of music. Kate had read the review but she didn't break down.

"Just tell me one thing," she said in normal tones. "I mean, was he actually at the show that night?"

Yeah sure. I remember he told me he'd spent a week there one Tuesday.

"Oh well in that case, I guess that's just his opinion and he's entitled to it."

We all smiled again and Kate asked me if I'd seen *Alien.* I wondered if she got out much herself.

"Well, I don't get out to parties and that. I have this thing about wasting time . . ."

Oh really? Which thing is that?

"Y'know, I nag at myself all the time for being a waster. I think, 'Gosh you could be creating the world or something' . ."

Well, that certainly seems a worthwhile thing to do alright, although it has in fact been done before. Y'see occasionally Kate allows the poet and all round Tyrannosuarus Rex dreamer to slip out, a sucker for *Lord Of The Rings.* For a start I have cut about a hundred "wows" and "amazings" from her speech. She talks at length about how important she feels it is to be "creating" all the time, and when I asked her if she looked to the news for any song inspiration I got this curious answer:

"Well whenever I see the news it's always the same depressing things. Wars' hostages and people's arms hanging off with all the tendons hanging out, y'know. So I tend not to watch it much. I prefer to go and see a movie or something where it's all put much more poetically. People getting their heads blown off in slow motion, very beautifully."

SHE GRINS broadly again. Kate is an artist through and through, seeing the world as a crazy canvas on which to skip. Her outrageous charm covers the fact that we are in the midst of a hippy uprising of the most devious sorts. I approach her on the question of being a woman in pop music once more. How do her work mates treat her?

"Well when I started, I felt really conscious of being female amongst all these fellahs. But these days I feel like one of the lads."

That doesn't sound very healthy.

"Oh yeah, it is. When I'm working it's really important for me to get on with it in that way. But at the same time, I sense that they're very respectful, because they make me aware of being aware of being a woman and will lay off the dirty jokes an that . . ."

Incredible. Do you find men are in awe of you?

"Socially? Well I find that with people that I haven't seen for a couple of years, because they won't treat me as a human being. And people in the street will ask for autographs and also won't treat you as human but . . . ah . . . Sometimes I get really scared. Sometimes when I'm going to the supermarket to get the coffee and cat litter, I get freaked out and see all these people staring, and you turn around and there's like forty people all looking at you . . . and when you go around the corner they're all following you! You start freaking out like a trapped animal.

"However, I don't notice guys doin' it on a personal level. Maybe some will keep their distance but that may be because they don't get off on me.

"Y'see when I first got started I thought that I'd better watch out for these rip-off artists and stick with old friends. But it's amazing that since I've been in the business I've made so many more real friends, especially on a working basis. I find that I can get so involved with a guy working with me — and usually on a platonic level, which is great! That's so special, like these two minds linked on this one project. And that is a very beautiful thing that I'd never have experienced had I not been in this business.

"And what's more, I'll keep these friends for life, because not only do they care for you but they give me information and their teachings. What more could I ask for?"

Do you think there's a danger of becoming detached inside music?

"Probably. I don't read newspapers and I've said I don't watch the news. I love books but I don't read much.

"What I do is I get people to read to me and I put the stories in my head."

A bit like a hat I suppose.

"And films. I watch an awful lot of TV films."

Do you think you might be avoiding real life?

"Well no, because I think that all these heavy issues — equality, black and white, etcetera — have all been done before and if you do it now it has to be very cleverly handled. It all gets too negative and cliched. So I find that working with fantasy I can handle the same issues perhaps but in a more positive way."

Don't you think that albums can make you feel and think sometimes without er, pussyfooting. I remember the first time I heard The Clash and . . .

"Oh yeah, some of these new bands are amazing. They're just springing up. The Police are just amazing . . ."

Here, listen. I think you've got the picture. Kate Bush, to meet, is a happy, charming woman that can totally win your heart. But afterwards on tape, when she's not there and you actually listen to all this, well . . . golly gosh. Don't lose sleep, old mates, it's just pop music folk and the games they spin. Wow.

This was Chicken Licken, Cosmic News, Atlantis, goodnight, man . . . .

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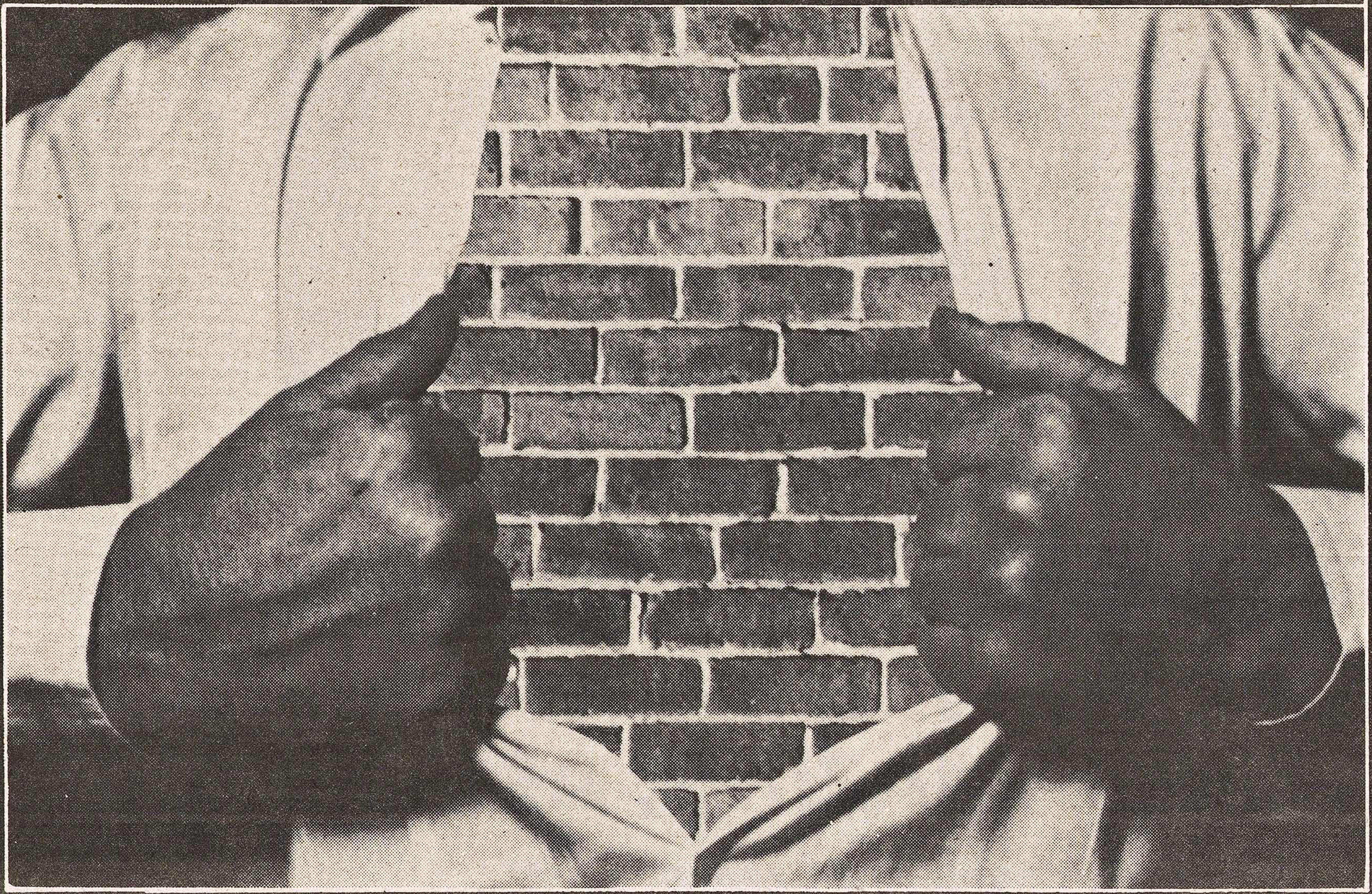
THE HUMAN LEAGUE



EMPIRE STATE HUMAN

SINGLE VS294

FROM THE ALBUM & CASSETTE
'REPRODUCTION' V2133

NOVEMBER
9 HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC
11 LONDON LYCEUM
12 NORWICH ST. ANDREW'S HALL
13 COVENTRY TIFFANY'S
16 CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
17 MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
23 BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY
26 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
28 LIVERPOOL MOUNTFORD HALL
DECEMBER
1 FRIARS AYLESBURY
2 GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
MORE DATES TO BE ADDED

Virgin

When LA Zigs The Motels Zag

Motels, left to right: Brian Glascock, Martha Davis, Jeff Jourard, Michael Goodroe, Martin Jourard.

Paul Du Noyer meets the band who would be Roxy Music — but don't sound anything like them.

I WENT to New York and it was shut. But at least The Motels were open.

Today is the Jewish New Year; and a cold, rainy-grey Manhattan seems to be doing a fair impersonation of an overgrown Oldham on a wet weekend, with hardly a soul about (more joggers than muggers, any road) and sod-all by way of this 'street-heat' business we keep hearing about. Not a Star nor an obliging psychopath around to pose for a quick click o' the Instamatic — at least not till I reach the repulsive Times Square, where from every dark doorway there's somebody wants a word in your ear . . .

This ain't the place for me. So let's yellow-cab back to the hotel and back to The Motels, and bend an ear to a taped re-run of our talk the day before — sat somewhere much too close to God and all His Angels, in the skyscraping mid-town fortress of Capitol Records USA.

The Motels are held by many, not least their record company, to be something quite special; as an instance of that rare-ish occurence, the non-boring West Coast group. Grown up and out of an LA scene from which we've come to expect nothing but nothingness itself, this group is judged to possess the creative toughness that'll see them through both here in sceptical NYC and, this very month, over in Britain as well.

Well, we'll see, won't we?

WHAT I'D seen the night before, in the Hurrah club, was an unsure band that had to struggle with an indifferent audience. I'm assured it wasn't a typical gig (but then that's what they always tell you) and that their home-ground crowds back in LA are a different matter.

Martha Davis, The Motels' singer and main writer, and guitarist Jeff Jourard take up the theme: "Last night was amazing, it was like The Night Of The Living Dead", Martha reflects. "And I really work on that — if I see someone who looks bored I'll try and single them out of the crowd, look at them, wink at them, *anything* to try and suck 'em in!"

"It's like driving in your car," adds Jourard. "When you're in your car you can pick your nose, or sing, and if people look at you it's 'I'm not really here, I'm in my car'. Last night the front row was like that: they're so close but they're not really part of it."

Whereas in LA, he explains, the post-punk era has seen the emergence of a diverse and thriving scene, coupled to an encouraging and receptive market — one that's taken to The Motels' mature brand of commercial new wave.

I wondered aloud whether a movement like punk could have much relevance beyond pose-value in an environment like California.

"It did, it was an attractive outlet. It served a totally different purpose but it was just as valid. It wasn't the low-life street-kids trying to be heard and being frustrated — it was the bored-to-death pissed-off kids. Most of the punk bands in LA were from Beverly Hills and they were just *brats* but, y'know, 17 years old is 17 years old wherever you live and you still wanna spray paint on things and no matter how much money you got your old man is still an ass-hole and you're still not any happier. It was right for LA.

"It's pretty healthy there now; it's the first time since Surf Music it's had a scene of its own. There were so many kids that were just so sick of the LA bullshit, they were ready.

"Up until New Wave you had one direction in rock and that was Aerosmith, that was Van Halen, that was rock; narrow, distilled, slick, like a formula. That ground had been covered so thoroughly, I wanted to make music that avoided the same old shit."

In so doing, The Motels have evolved a sound that often finds itself compared to Blondie or Patti Smith, though probably for no better reason than having a female vocalist over a vaguely modern approach to their music. Foremost among the sources of inspiration which Martha will claim for her dark atmosphere songs is Roxy Music.

But you don't sound anything like Roxy Music.

"I know. It pisses me off! But at least I'm not getting compared to Grace Slick. I like it when people come up and say 'You remind me of Bruce Springsteen'".

Jeff Jourard: "I've alway hoped that we'll be in a position where we can only be described as a Motels-type group, where it's difficult to say what it is till you hear it.

"It's always been my philosophy to zag when everyone else is zigging . . . The difficulty with following your own path is you don't know where you're going — whereas people can follow very easily. That's the beauty and tragedy of doing it yourself: when you win it's all yours, when you make mistakes whoever's copying you will know what to avoid."

PERSONALLY I can't detect anything *that* unique in the band just yet, although the debut album (which yields the present single 'Closets And Bullets') has a slow, steady way of infiltrating the brain. Martha Davis is certainly an interesting writer; as a performer she exudes a sort of romantically low-key intrigue but maybe, like the band as a whole, it's more subdued than it need be.

As Martha and Jeff tell it, events have moved so fast for The Motels in the bare twelve months of their existence that even now they regard themselves as being only at a formative stage, musically. One asset they do have is a wealth of expertise and experience ("We're not spring chickens. We're not 18, add another 10 years and you'd be about right."). The other three Motels comprising of bass-player Michael Goodroe, Jeff's brother Martin Life Jourard on keyboards and sax, and drummer Brian Glascock from London, ex of Toe Fat (you remember Toe Fat, don't you?)

If there's a common theme which links all their material, it's the mysterious sense of insecurity which Martha seems to project.

"You got it, you nailed me. I don't know, I've been trying to fight it all my life."

"First her turtle died," Jourard helps out. "Then someone stole her tricycle. Then someone pushed her and she fell into a trashcan and couldn't move. Then a drummer came and sat down next to her and put his hand on her knee . . ."

And Martha: "I have this tendency to be rather morbid. I'm told that I look kinda vulnerable on stage, Some things are pretty universal, that everybody can relate to but they don't like to wear on their shirt-sleeve.

"It's like watching a sad movie, I always cry. I never cry in real life, I just march right through. But as soon as I see a reproduction of that same situation, I'm a puddle. Hopefully, we can do that.

"That's a wonderful thing — to make people laugh, or cry, or shit their pants."

Could Vera Lynn have put it better?

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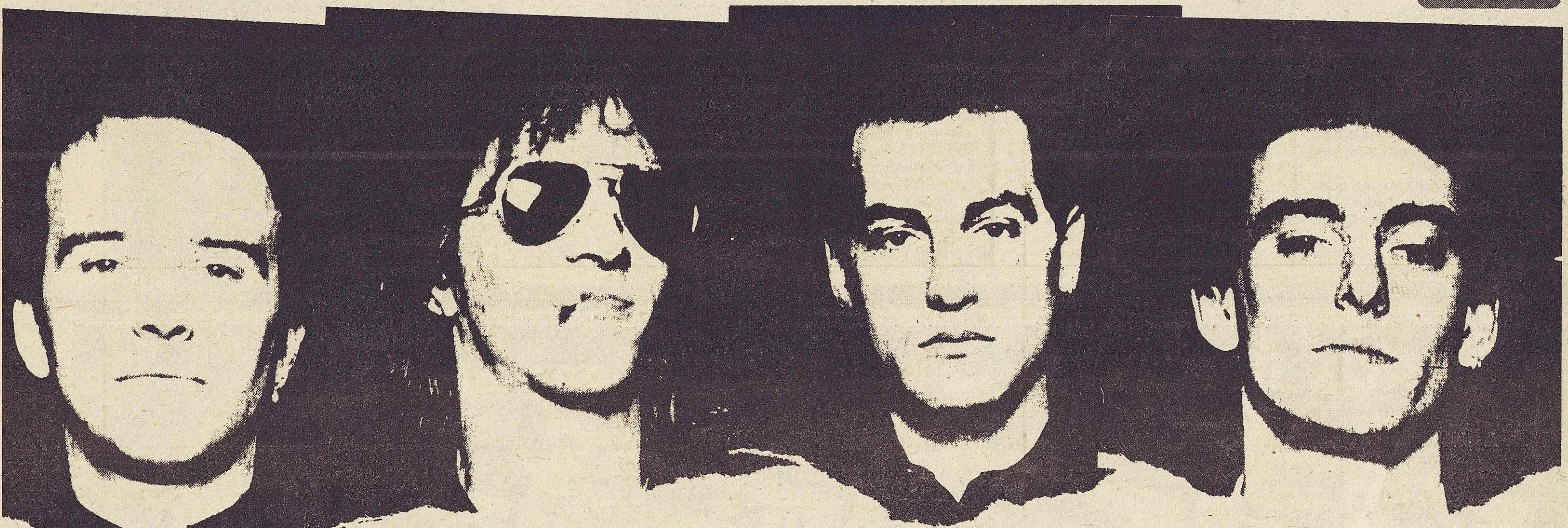


GRIN & BARE IT TOUR:

OCTOBER:
12 NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom
13 MANCHESTER Factory
14 REDCAR Coatham Bowl
16 LEICESTER University
19 LONDON Electric Ballroom
20 NORTHAMPTON Cricket Ground
21 POOLE Arts Centre
23 CANTERBURY Odeon
24 SHREWSBURY Music Hall
26 GUILDFORD Surrey University
27 NORFOLK West Runton Pavilion
29 PLYMOUTH Clones
30 EXETER Routes
31 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic

NOVEMBER:
1 HULL University
2 DUNDEE University
3 GLASGOW Strathclyde University
4 DUNFERMLINE Kinema Ballroom
5 EDINBURGH Tiffany's

Support: The Flys.

Virgin

Silver Screen

Dopey shit

Up In Smoke
Directed by Lou Adler
Starring Tommy Chong and Cheech Martin
(CIC)

ANYONE seeking evidence that dope-smoking may cause irreparable brain damage need look no further than Cheech and Chong. Following their singularly unfunny 'comedy' records of years ago, they have re-emerged unimpaired and unimproved with a film that's a total turkey from beginning to end.

The 'plot' concerns the adventures of two bumbling heavy-duty dopers (C'n'C) who spend most of their time either scoring or toking, while the, er, script is made up chiefly of phrases like "yeah man" or "no man" or even "far out man". Even Horse Badorties would blush in embarrassment.

C'n'C try so hard to be groovy, wacky and chucklesome. They throw in a deranged 'Nam veteran, giant joints, a truck made of Acapulco Gold, nuns, tits, detectives, punk rockers and then resurrect jokes about them that were hoary with decrepitude before film was even a twinkle in D.W. Griffiths' eye. A woman snorts a few lines of Ajax instead of cocaine — this is one of the film's big moments! Huh, too much.

"Hey, man, is it true, man, that smoking, man, makes you go deaf, man?" "Pardon?"

C'n'C act in and wrote the film — in so far as the film can be said to be acted or written. They seem to imagine that dope-smoking is interesting and funny per se, whereas anyone who's ever met one knows that dope-freaks are about as witty and inspiring as your average drunk.

Up In Smoke is like a very bad Abbott and Costello version of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers. It proves the ancient adage that the only thing more boring than a stoned old fart is two stoned old farts. Maybe the truth of it is that C'n'C have never touched dope in their lives, maybe they're really CIA agents out to discredit the killer weed and its attendant sub-culture. They succeeded.

The hippie revival has just been stoned to death.

Graham Lock

Crash landing

Airport '80 . . . The Concorde
Directed by David Lowell Rich
Starring Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner, Sylvia Kristel and George Kennedy
(CIC)

THE relationship between this cinematic milestone and the original disaster movie blueprint as set out in *Airport* is roughly that of Brotherhood of Man to Abba. Sure, the earlier version was hokum too — but at least it was good hokum.

Arthur Hailey's original, for instance, had Burt Lancaster agonising about the ethics and logistics of air travel expansion in the modern world, a theme which ran from the opening scenes to the denouement. Here, the 'serious' / 'moral' theme consists of three men in a balloon waving "Ban The Concorde" placards for ten seconds. They are then forgotten.

It's a forgetful kind of film. Twice on its journey from New York to Paris, Concorde is attacked in mid-air. Nobody knows by whom, or why — and noboby makes any attempt at all to find out! Next day, manly Messrs Delon and Kennedy blithely continue their flight to Moscow as if nothing unusual had happened. What's a few measley guided missiles? Forget 'em.

That's typical of this film's insulting sloppiness.

Hailey's technique was to intertwine the traumas of an airport (or hotel, or hospital) full of characters and resolve them all via one cathartic climax. *Airport '80* dutifully sets up its ten cardboard cut-out life-or-death situations — the human heart en route to save a life, the jazz singer in search of her self-belief, and others too boring to remember — but half of them are left unresolved (the singer), half of them are used and discarded without making any kind of dramatic contribution (the heart), and all of them put together add up to nothing at all.

At twice the speed of sound, maybe *Airport '80* will have moved on from your local before you get a chance to shell out with the suckers. I know, I'm one.

Phil McNeill

Sibling rivalry

Bloodbrothers
Directed by Robert Mulligan
Starring Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco and Richard Gere
(Warner Bros)

THE current vogue in American movies concerning ethnic minority groups is probably due to the nature of recent stars more than anything else. Robert De Niro, Sylvester Stallone and even John Travolta all possess Latin-American features as well as wop monikers and, up until recently, have been a guarantee of financial success.

Thus a spate of movies ranging from *Saturday Night Fever* to *Boulevard Nights* illustrates life among immigrant groups and usually includes an attempt by at least one enlightened individual to escape the crushing pressure of family ties, social mores and detrimental chauvinism that knit such societies together, and consequently sustain the inter-group tension that makes the USA (and Britain to a lesser extent) such a wonderful place to live in.

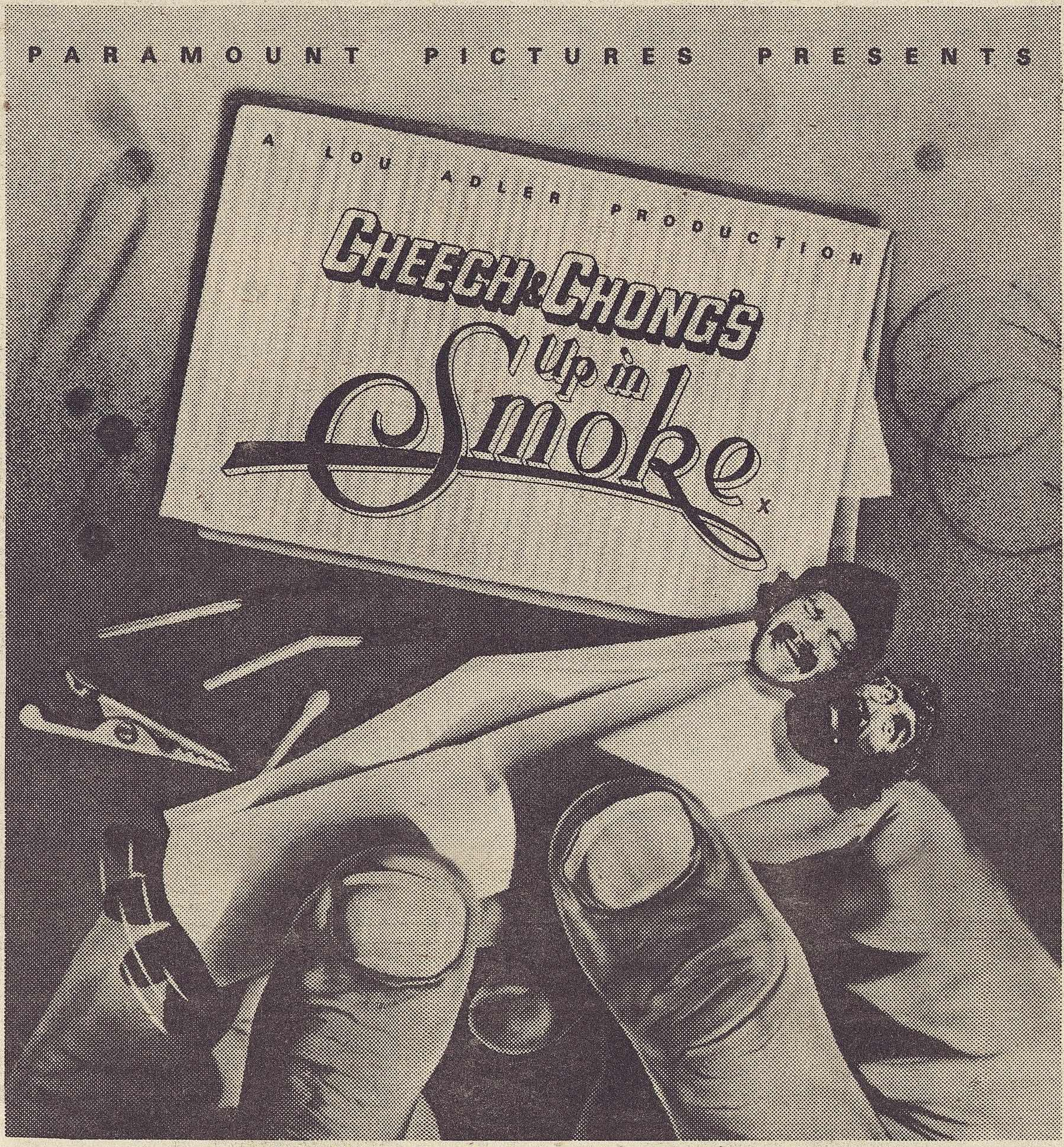
Bloodbrothers states the case for Italians in New York and falls between several stools. The prime target is the male machismo (sex, booze and blood), clearly defined in the opening scenes as Chubby (Paul Sorvino) and Tommy Di Coco (Tony Lo Bianco) horse around in a bar while the latter's son Stoney (Richard Gere) drives himself into a frenzy of sexual frustration down at the disco. The two contrasting generations are depicted in harmony, in doubt and distrust, and ultimately in unanswerable conflict as the film moves through a series of set pieces of varying conviction. The fight at the building site where Stoney wins his spurs and the passage with the kids in hospital are clear-cut gems of performance and direction; Stoney's heart to heart with the 'town pump' Annette is less convincing, and lines like "and then I shacked up with a twenty year old ex-con smack freak" do not, I fear, fall trippingly on the ears.

Ultimately the insensitivity of the characters combined with a loathsome sentimentality just brings you down by the end. It succeeds in asking questions and provides few answers and though it does veer occasionally towards complacency its conclusions are deliberately ambivalent. Like Stoney, you end up not knowing what you want — just certain of what you don't want. I'd have liked a little more background detail of the preceding generation; we have, for example, to be satisfied with the fact that Pop "was a mean bastard with his hands".

It depresses more than it disturbs; discomforts rather than illuminates. But it has advantages in the performances that give it just enough edge — Richard Gere is particularly good.

And I swear I'll never chase pussy or drink hard liquor again. Well, hardly ever.

Neil Norman



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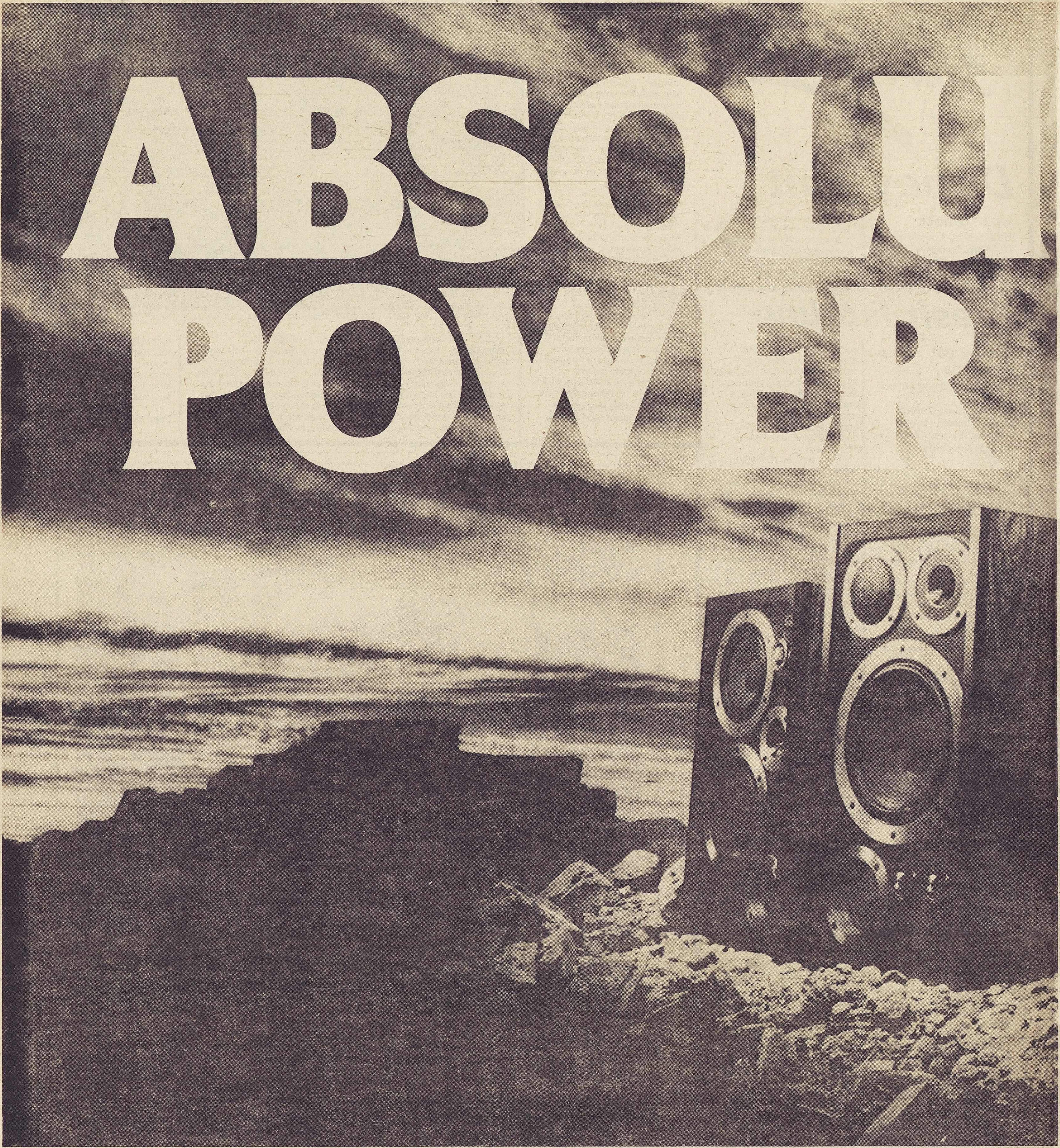

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The Album

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ISLAND

LEAVING THE SEVENTIES BEHIND

The Rat Who Would Walk On Water

The continuing coming of Boomtown Bob & the boyos from way out west . . .

AUTUMN: A LIGHT drizzle is falling on Edinburgh. It lacks forty minutes of midnight and most good citizens are abed.

A few of the populace wander through the dampness, languidly travelling from here to there. On Princes Street, a knot of noisy young men search for a taxi, periodically collaring passers-by and interrogating them as to the whereabouts of an establishment known as the Astoria Club, where at this very moment Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders are filling a room with harsh incantatory R&B voodoo.

The tallest of the party is getting spiritually prepared for the midnight chimes which will unofficially announce the commencement of the 27th anniversary of his birth. He has, however, soundchecked his birthday by erroneously announcing it 24 hours prematurely, thus ensuring two nights' worth of free drinks, and only a 'phone conversation with his girlfriend in London has brought this mistake to light.

Fuelled on Pina Colada and a plate of spaghetti and insulated against the damp in a garment which could only be described as a windcheater, he perceives another potential source of vital information, approaches him with a gait halfway between a shambles and a lope, asks the way to the club.

And — just like a 'B' movie — the light hits the shambler from the darkness full in the face, and his victim turns round, checks the thick hair, the face slightly too loose for the skull, the lanky frame, the pyjamas under his closest companion's trench-coat . . . and his mind's in sync like clockwork and he gestures down the road with his thumb and says in the most perfectly pinched and pawky Edinburgh voice that any film-maker could possibly want:

"Ah doan leike yer reicuds tha' much, but tha club's doon theire."

Sha lala lala lala la la. Happy birthday, Boomtown Bob!

FACT: ANY WAY you want to slice it, pal, The Boomtown Rats are probably the biggest group in the UK right now. Normally, statistics relating to mass consumer spending are only fit to line your lunchbox. By now, most people who follow these things have long lost count of the number of movies that are supposedly the greatest success in the history of the commercial cinema, and the number of recording artists who have been touted as the biggest, fastest sellers of all time is probably astronomical. As ever, the Americans are the worst offenders in this respect: who can be bothered to whip out the calculators and work out whether The Bee Gees or Boston or Frampton or Fleetwood Mac or The Knack or whoever had the most impressive sales figures?

It's the silliest spin-off rock and roll brag-match of all: my sales are bigger than your sales! Worse, it encourages people to hero-worship execs and accountants as well as players. If the imaginary guitar was this much of a blight, are we ready for the imaginary calculator?

So there are three kinds of falsehoods: lies, damn lies and statistics and we're hip to all that, but that still leaves us with the fact that the Rats have had two number ones on the trot, that their tour sold a quarter of a million tickets nationwide in one day (work it out: that's an average of 10,416.666 tickets an hour. See what I mean about statistics?). Their last single did Ireland's national drink honour by nudging 'Mull Of Kintyre' out of the *Guinness Book Of Records*, and as Bob Geldof took great pleasure in informing Paul McCartney, "We didn't need fokkin' bagpipes to do it with, neither."

The Rats' third album 'The Fine Art Of Surfacing' comes out in a week or two, and will probably bring more statistics in its wake. Maybe *Sun* readers prefer Abba and Wings; maybe *NME* readers ballot in The Clash as the main squeeze, but until it's wrestled out on a formal basis with some long-term institution from the days of the Rats' '60s youth, it comes back to our Fact: The Boomtown Rats are currently in charge.

Go see the Rats and you find yourself without landmarks. Anyone accustomed to consuming music tribally will be astonishingly confused, because there's no clear-cut grouping at all, no neat punks/mods/skins/dreads/matazoids polarisation. Outside Newcastle City Hall, the girls wait patiently to leap on Bob Geldof or Johnny Fingers in that no-mans-land between door and coach. Inside you find everyone from the tough, crusted punk diehards with the zips and the clips and the chains and the Sid slogans whitewashed onto the back of the Lewis Leather right through the pop kids and the older hey-we-know-about-music crew . . . and grannies, and people who've never seen a rock show before in their lives.

"Some of them," Geldof is explaining somewhere, in a hotel room or in a taxi or a coach or a restaurant or on the street, anywhere people talk, "have never been to any kind of gig in their *lives*, man. I had this theory and one night I thought I'd check it out so I asked, 'Hey, don't be shy now, who's never been to a concert before?' and quite a few put their hands up. They'd seen us on TV, and come along to see *Top Of The Pops* live . . ."

ACCESS ALL AREAS is what it says on Bob Geldof's backstage pass, and thus far in the game he's well on the way to achieving just exactly that thing in terms of — what's that charming expression — *market penetration.* All across the board, The Boomtown Rats are the pick to click. First new wave band on the playlist. First new wave band on *Top Of The Pops.* First new wave band with a unilateral number one single ('God Save The Queen' didn't top *all* the charts).

Whether you regard those as achievements or evidence of selling out and/or terminal blandness decides which side of the Rats' fence you're on.

It also says that whether you attribute the Rats' success to cunning, manipulation, exploitation and marketing or to suss, energy, instinct and equal dollops or raw talent and sheer brass neck is ultimately immaterial. What it comes down to is Bob Geldof and Paula Yates making the front page of the *Evening Standard* just for showing up at the *Quadrophenia* premier, or Geldof getting a round of applause in Newcastle just for taking his jacket off, or Geldof's slow leer and fast mouth front and centre on a TV screen, or yet another smash single that artfully bestrides inspiration and scam, or Johnnie Fingers signing his 17th autograph of the day before he's even properly awake . . .

What it comes down to is TOP BAND. The

Continues over ▶

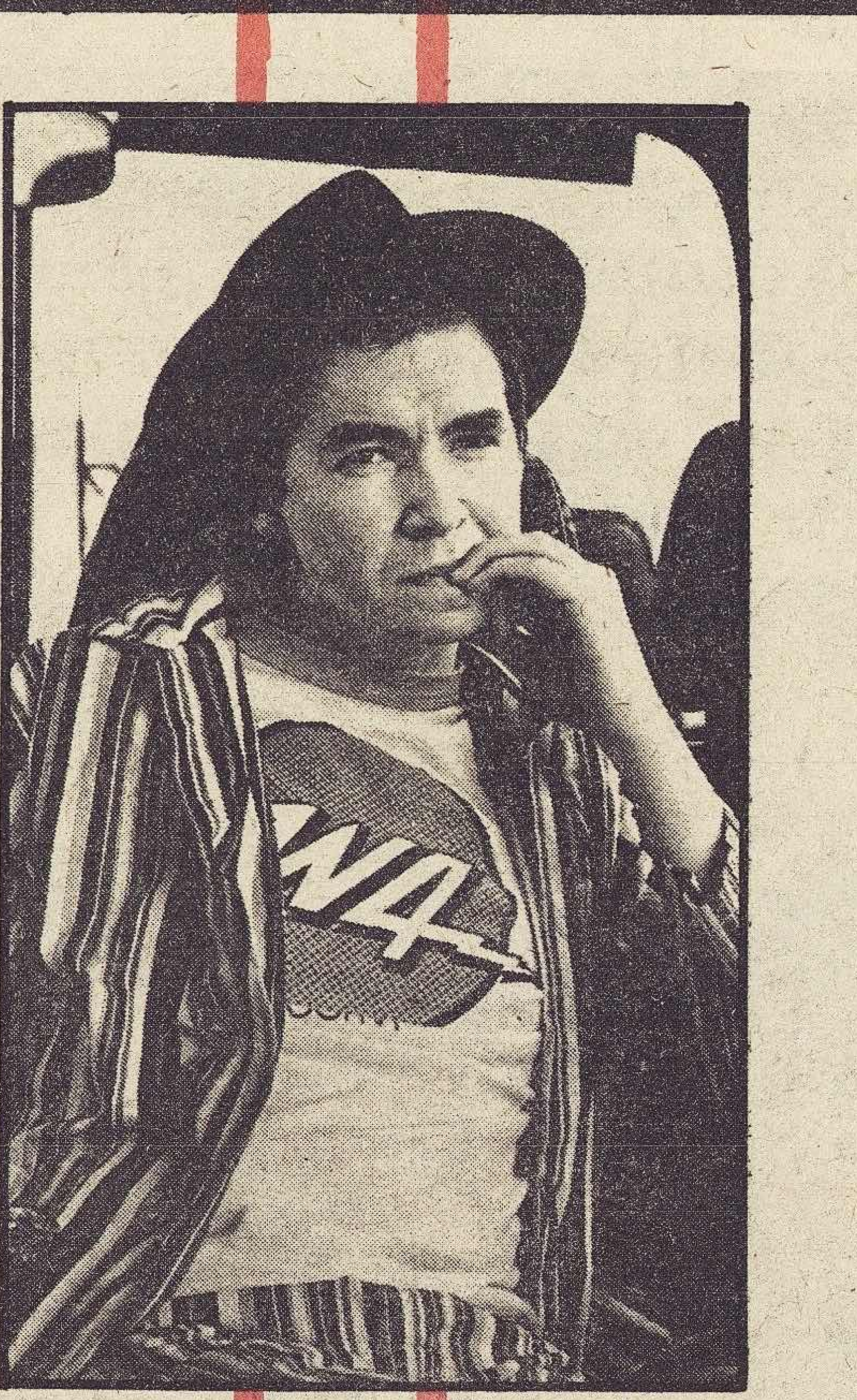
Interview: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
Pix: ADRIAN BOOT

MO' RATS

From previous page

Clash have the guns, but the Rats have the numbers.

And once you step out of the immediate environment of the band and their followers, a world in which cute eerie Johnny Fingers, shy shaded Gerry Cott, bouncy little Pete Briquette, rough red-eyed Garry Roberts and sensible immaculate Simon Crowe all carry their weight, play their part and make up irreplaceable portions of the whole Boomtown Rats thing, once you get into the outside worlds where television is real . . .then the man with the numbers is Bob Geldof.



"No interview for me again . . ." Johnny Fingers chews them.

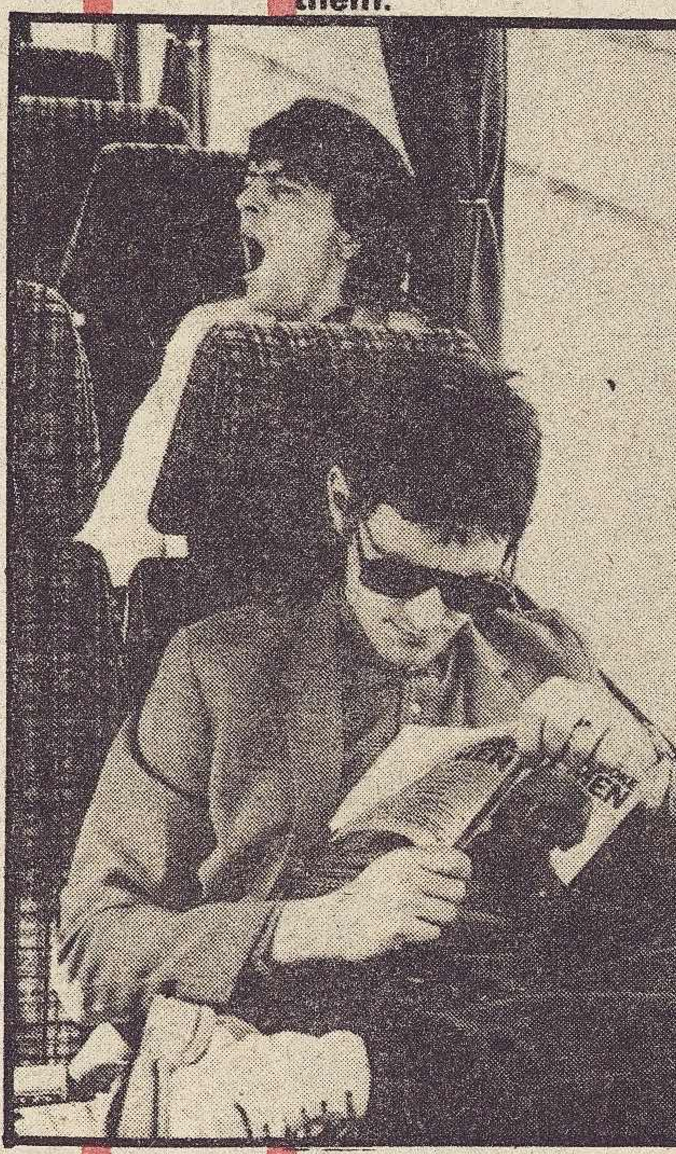
"OBVIOUSLY TO a large extent people consider it to be a one-man affair, which it really isn't," Geldof is saying. He is sprawled out on a hotel bed contemplating a melting glass of Bacardi and coke. He has three more hours of being 26 left to go.

"I could pull out endless examples . . . I'm the most garrulous. I represent and articulate a lot of what they believe. I might say something and Garry or Gerry might not agree and we'll argue over it and in that sense I would not presume to speak to them, but in a larger sense the sentiments are the same. They'll argue with you in pretty much the same way that I would argue with you. We were friends before the band because we shared common interests and when you've shared a friendship for a long time you share ideas. I just did the talking because I was the most gregarious and garrulous and had the habit of talking in one-liners like the person sitting opposite me . . ."

CUT AWAY: Geldof in a hotel lobby recounting the tale of the time that — in jocular mood — he regaled the audience at the New York Palladium to a comparison between the creative powers of Bruce Springsteen and the Rats which found little favour on 2nd Avenue. "When we said that thing about Springsteen . . ."

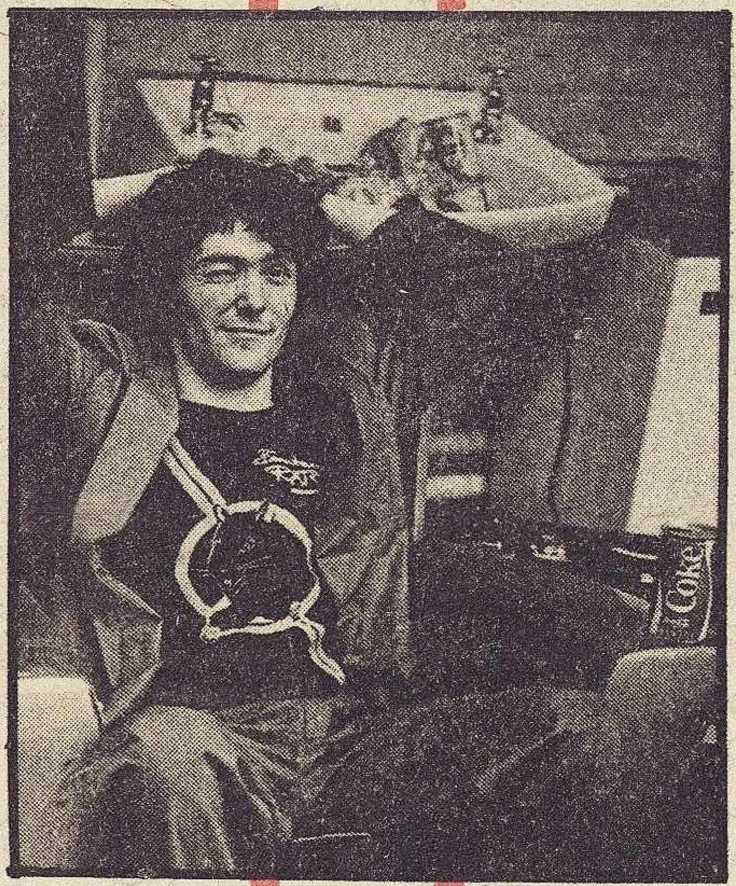
Gerry Cott, sitting opposite Geldof, raises his eyebrows sufficiently for them to be visible above his shades. He waggles them slowly and deliberately. " 'When *we* said that', Bob? Did Pete and I say that?"

CUT BACK: "It wasn't something that we considered or developed. To a certain extent it was foisted on me because once I started mouthing off about all and sundry people kept wanting more interviews with me as opposed to interviews with Fingers, say. They consider that they are far more likely to get something which is good copy from me than from Garry or Gerry or Pete or Simon, which isn't necessarily the case . . ."



"Who cares . . ." Gerry Cott gets head down.

CUT AWAY: Garry Roberts out to lunch, jammed into a hotel room which — support band blues — houses all of Protex, the Belfast band who're supporting the Rats on tour. Also present are Briquette, Fingers, Cott and lots of tapes and whisky. As Ian Hunter bawls out his deep concern about something or other over howling Ronson guitar and a drum sound that would make Phil Spector blow up his mixing desk, Roberts intones: "I don't give a fuck whether I get my name in the papers as long as it's spelled right."



"They'll get round to us . . ." Pete Briquette tips the wink.

JUMP: a rainy afternoon in Newcastle. On the second day of a two-day stand at Newcastle City Hall, the Rats are splitting up to undertake specific pre-gig responsibilities. Fingers, Briquette, Cott, Roberts, Crowe, guest saxophonist Dave McHale and the crew pile into the coach and head for the soundcheck while Geldof goes up to his room to get changed and watch *Star Trek* while waiting to go to the BBC's Newcastle studios to do a quick interview. He wears grey-blue baggy jeans, an old grey windcheater, a late-model Rats T-shirt and a red bandana and as the camera focuses in on him for the trailer, the media effect is readily apparent.

Science! Geldof's hair, skin and clothes take on brighter and more interesting hues as the engineers adjust the colour. Even without TV make-up, Geldof takes on a slight glow. While they do the 'lateroninthe-programme-we'll-be-talking-to' bit, he ruffles his hair, grins, sulks and then comes back down to wait for the interview proper and have a quick drink. He tells the TV guys about the rise of the independent labels, retails a scabrous, surreal anecdote about a night spent in Zurich in the company of H.R.Giger, the artist who designed *Alien,* fields their earnest what's-the-answer-then-Bob probes with firm politeness, tells a couple of jokes, climbs the stairs again to do the real thing, dances through it without raising a sweat, charms everybody stupid and cabs it to the gig in time to eat spaghetti backstage with the crew and the rest of the band.

"At least I got me pic in for once . . " Garry Roberts celebrates.

"He's a genius!" enthuses a soldier on the train whose other faves include Ritchie Blackmore and Derek Harriott. "Magic!" says the cabdriver, who doesn't buy records any more but listens to what his niece brings round. "Oh, he's so big-headed," says Shelley, a lean lively blonde girl who sings with a Newcastle punk band called Screaming Targets. Bob Geldof is called upon to have an opinion about everything, and just about everyone with more than a passing interest in today's vital, bouncy, alive pop scene has an opinion about Bob Geldof.

Talk to insiders with grudges and you hear that Geldof has OD'd on media, that he's gone Hollywood and is now completely unbearable, that he's planning to dump the Rats and go solo . . . well, if I'm any judge of anything at all then all that is nothing but 57 varieties of bullshit. Bob Geldof is no more unbearable than he was two years ago, which means that he's still the same rapid, forceful, generous, ruthless, amusing, infuriating parcel of contrariness, charm and ego that he was a year and a half ago. He's wiser and warier now, a lot more skilled and a lot more paranoid, but . . . anyone who thought he was an asshole or a charlatan back then will undoubtedly consider themselves vindicated. Anyone who got on with him and instinctively liked him then (and I'm *that* soldier) will have found no reason to modify that judgement.

So is he the same as when he began?

"What we were talking about earlier — the ACCESS ALL AREAS aspect of the dream — I still want that. In those countries where we haven't done it I still feel this . . . *need* . . . to do it as I did here at the beginning. I feel driven to maintain what we've got, and I still feel a keen sense of competition. Everything to me is potential competition and must be viewed in that light.

"I don't know if I have any more ambitions, but I have a lot of dreams. Ambitions are things you'll probably attain; a dream is something that you hope you'll attain. An ambition is more readily definable than a dream, a dream has a nebulous quality. If your ambition is to get to number one, when you get there you've achieved that ambition. I don't think the dream that I had at the beginning has been attained, but a lot of the ambitions have been."

How much of what's happened for The Boomtown Rats has been the way you thought it would be?

"All of it, and I wouldn't change any of it. In retrospect, I was very much aware of what I was going into, probably because of having worked on the papers. I'm certainly not disappointed. It's all turned out just as brilliant and as wonderfully exciting and as challenging as I hoped it would be. I'm coming out the other side a little dented and a little depressed about various things occasionally . . ."

CUT AWAY: rust never sleeps and neither do telephones. Geldof had heard on the wire — London calling — that the Rats' reviews had been a trifle uncomplimentary, but a slap in *Sounds* perused before the Newcastle gig had led to nothing more than Geldof mock-ordering the band, light and sound men "More cock-ups tonight, please. We're too slick, Let's have duff sound, duff lights, naffo playing and street credibility." However, the following day en route to Edinburgh, an *NME* had materialised on the coach and he read it over my shoulder, looking alternatively at it and away like a kid at a horror movie.

He looks up then and catches sight of the headline on last week's *Live!* review. *"When you get rich and famous you can afford to shit on the fans,"* it says. Even without looking around I know he's seen it, because a barrier slams down and the chatty, playful argumentative Geldof I'd been sitting beside is transformed into a deflated, wounded creature I'd never seen before. He wraps the hurt round him like a blanket, solidifies it into a cave. He draws his legs up until his knees are at chin level, then clasps his head in his hands. Half to me, half to himself, half out of the window, he hisses: "When . . . will . . . I . . . learn . . . to . . . keep . . . my . . . fucking . . . mouth . . . shut? WHEN? Ahhhhhh, Jazus . . ."

He turns to me, maybe seeing me, maybe not. "It was a *joke,* man. I said it like . . ." He switches into a ludicrous American radio voice, the phoniest voice imaginable. " 'Heeeeeey! When you get to be rich and famous you can afford to shit on your audience!' It's an old Steve Martin joke . . ."

Steve Martin is a person of the comedian persuasion who is considered amusing by Americans and persons who have spent much time in the land of the dollar.

"No-one could possibly think that even for one second I could have . . . when will I fucking learn, man!" A bleak vista opens up before him; a year, two or three years maybe, of having to explain away that quote, a one-off joke delivered in what he felt was the most blatantly obvious manner. He appears near tears. I feel like The Compleat Schmuck.

Look. Geldof is my friend — I hope he is, anyway — and when a person you consider to be a friend is in distress or pain and depression, then your instinct should be to steam in and offer what crumbs of consolation you can: aid, comfort, whatever. Right now, I'm the enemy. Whatever has been done to Geldof has been done by me and mine. Under those circumstances, comfort is an insult.

The silence is horrible. All the palling around of the morning and the night before seems a ghastly joke. Finger spots his frontman's distress and aims the coldest of gazes. It is nearly twenty minutes before Geldof speaks again. At this point, no formal interview material has been taped and the whole thing begins to look doubtful. "You'll have to bear with me," Bob says flatly. He gazes pointedly out of the window.

Later, Geldof pulls me aside and asks me to forget his little outburst. "It's like Jimmy Pursey on a bad day," he murmurs, a trifle embarrassed. Lots of people feel that Geldof is an arrogant, self-important clown whom they'd like to see taken down a peg or two. I have, and I never want to see that again.

CUT BACK: ". . . a little neurotic, more neurotic than I was before. It's all so public when you achieve those ambitions and you've got so much to live up to constantly; that's the only pressure that I could really do without. But then again it's healthy . . . I suppose."

Earlier on during the coach ride, once Geldof had regained his equanimity, he'd explained that the reason that he'd blitzed the media, gone on every TV show that would have him, talked to every paper that was interested, was that he wanted to avoid the growth of any mystique, to allow familiarity to breed . . . not contempt, of course, but safety. A state whereby people could be as familiar with him as they were with their friends, whereby Bob Geldof would be no big deal, whereby he would be believed when he said something he meant, indulged if he got silly, understood if he took the piss.

On tape, the same topic: "A lot of people won't accept the demystification theory. They'll think it's bollocks, but believe it or don't believe it that's what I thought would happen. People must be so sick of seeing me by now on TV or reading about me or just constantly being exposed to me. I thought that after a certain point it just appears normal that there is this kind of growing media stature, but after that point it works against itself. I can walk through Clapham and people just go, "'Ello Bob'. If you don't ponce about in limos . . . I don't make a point of walking through the fokkin' West End, but if I have to get to the Marquee I'll take the tube and walk. There are no riots in the street, but people come up and ask for autographs — and I wanted that accessibility, so that people wouldn't be afraid to come up and chat. I thought that was healthy.

"It wasn't any big crusade, any great plan to demystify as such, I just never saw any necessity to become a Rod Stewart or a Rolling Stone or a Beatle. The Beatles probably couldn't go out on the street without being seriously mobbed, but I figures that if I shot my mouth off constantly people would get tired of seeing me . . ."

Yeah, but if that backfired they could also coming to Rats gigs.

"That's a risk you have to take. They kept telling me I was getting overexposed, that it was too easy to get to me." He lapses into the American Bullshit voice. " 'Hey! Don't go down to the radio stations, don't go down to the TV stations. Create some mystery, Bob' " . . .

After the Newcastle gig, the Rats put in an hour talking to fans, and two more hours with any fans who make it back to the hotel, though they sneak away from the bar for an hour to consume coffee, sandwiches and '60s poprocksoul hits from the jukebox. Gerry Cott, the shyest Rat, is desolated because his main stage guitar, a custom-built Aria, has been ripped off from the dressing room.

Cott, is, perhaps, the perfect antithesis to Geldof. Where Bob will stick his hand out and introduce himself to anybody in the room whom he wants to meet, Cott is almost painfully restrained with strangers. The last time he conquered his inhibitions was in Liverpool, when The Slits were playing Erics, and Cott rushed straight round to see them after the Rats had finished their own gig. Finding that he'd enjoyed what he'd seen, he'd gone backstage to offer his congratulations and got cut dead by Ari for his pains. After all, The Slits are Artists and they couldn't compromise their fabled integrity by hobnobbing with one of those pushy paddies from *Top Of The Pops* come down to patronise them.

Thus it was when Bob was celebrating his birthday at the Astoria in Edinburgh, Gerry hung back in the bar rather than come down to Wilko's dressing room with Geldof and Briquette. Cott had idolised Wilko since the Rats started out in Dublin as Feelgoods copyists, and it wasn't until a wild-eyed Wilko arrived at the Rats' hotel demanding bitter lemons and company that Cott got himself introduced and was happy at last, as happy as he is playing his guitar in front of the giant electronic backdrop that Geldof thinks looks like a hi-tech version of the frame from *Jailhouse Rock* and which other people think looks like expensive megalomania.

The gig went off like clockwork: there was something drastically wrong with the event, and it wasn't the Rats' performance. Rather it was that the Rats were trying to be a punching, jostling, all-action rock band with a high-energy low-bullshit presentation (apart from the set, which is at least democratic in that it dwarfs all six of them impartially), but the audience were — ahem — in a different

space. They were in a *Top Of The Pops* star space, punks and Grannies alike. They applauded the removal of Bob's jacket, submitted with warmth and good grace, enjoyed themselves and went home. The great gigs happen when the passion of the performer is met and matched by the passion of the audience, but while it was a loving and acquiescent audience, it was not a strong audience. Their response was soft, and sitting amongst them halfway back was like being at the movie.

"You can get it if you want it and you need it bad enough," sang Geldof, *"cause you're young and good-lookin' and you're acting kinda tough . . ."*

Ay! And what then?

"THERE MUST come a point when people get sick of reading about you, but this seems not the case. We've had this kind of quasi-Ratsteria shit, which is flattering up to a point, but then I didn't think it would occur. I worked consciously to deflate that, to show that it was *no fokkin' big deal,* it was just six guys up on stage playin' instruments, and that is *it.* I realise that a big part of the fairy tale is the projection of that dream: there you are on stage and you exist because they allow you to exist and by the same token they're the projection of *our* fantasies. And of course they're shouting and rearing and that was part of the fantasy, part of the dream. They're clapping you and your songs; they know the words. I defy anyone not to be flattered by that.

"But I always thought that we neutralised idolatory to a tremendous extent by talking at a normal conversational level without going (into American Bullshit Voice) 'Heeeeyyyy! Alri-i-i-ight! Rock and *roll!'* and all that shit, you know?"

Geldof's rep as Grand Manipulator is another Rataspect that's more than a little overblown. 'I Don't Like Mondays' was originally written as a reggae number, and gradually mutated into its present form over a lengthy series of rehearsals and demos. And even then . . .

"I thought 'Mondays' was a B-side. I just couldn't hear the hooks. I couldn't hear the hooks on 'Rat Trap' either. I don't know why that was number one."

Much has been made lately of Geldof's reaction to what he considers to be the overrating of other artists like Bruce Springsteen, The Clash and The Jam. What *that's* down to is that he considers that their work gets taken seriously while the Rats' isn't, that their mystiques reinforce their work instead of devaluing it.

"I read," he will expound heatedly, "that Springsteen brought his kid sister and his fokkin' mother onstage with him. Can you imagine what they'd say about me if I brought mothers and sisters on stage at Rats gigs?" It's like he wants to be taken as a Serious Artist despite his unwillingness to take himself too seriously, like he wants to be believed even when he's insisting on not being believed. Discuss an aspect of one of his songs and he'll do it in detail, singing the words to you in taxi or bar or street, clicking his fingers.

"I remember saying to you that I thought I had maybe 50 more years on average, and that I didn't believe that there was very much after that. So if you take that as your viewpoint, it stands to reason that you're going to push your life to the limits . . ."

In rock circles, remarks like that are normally just a glib rationale for taking too many drugs.

"I don't mean that! I mean trying to push yourself and your abilities to their extremes. I don't mean drug excess or booze excess and hastening your end, I mean testing your capabilities as a human being. If you've only got those few years to do it in, you have to go at breakneck speed, which is maybe a pessimistic point of view because any minute a guy could walk in with a gun: bang! Instant wipeout. I'm preoccupied with the romanticism of death, the finality of death . . ."

What's so romantic about death?

" *'Dead lovers don't have nothing but a certain desperate sense of style'* . . . I always wonder how I'm going to die. Will I go quietly in my sleep, will I get mangled by a car and lie there screaming or maybe it'll be some cancerous thing. It's going to happen and it's final. I'm not concerned with immortality, because if I believed in the Catholic concept of eternity I'd be so frightened that I couldn't handle it. Immortality doesn't bother me. If people have forgotten about 'I don't Like Mondays' two weeks from now, *no problem.* I've never considered immortality in terms of rock and roll. I don't think rock songs should be remembered. It's a 20th Century art form, it's here and then it's superceded. Immortality doesn't interest me. I'm purely concerned with the here and now. I reckon that if you're aware that you've only got a few years to do it, you end up with a fairly pessimistic viewpoint about most things. I've got fairly gloomy ideas.

"That could be absolute bullshit, but I've had to rationalise it in those terms. I'm just preoccupied with . . . death, which is very Woody Allanesque. Some people would think I'm trying to jump on some standard psychological bandwagon, but it's not true."

That ain't the side of Bob Geldof that crops up on the chat shows, though.

"When you're not actually consciously thinking about whatever it is that drives you, then you . . . I can't see a contradiction, because like I said, I want to push this lifestyle to its limits, which would fit in with me being this so-called outrageous person, but I don't think I've ever been outrageous in my whole fokkin' life. I'm a *reasonable chap.* I have to reason things out with myself until I'm blue in the face. I'm Mister Liberal. I got a fokkin' shitty review and instead of wanting to hit the guy I think *God, he's right. Why did he think that? Lemme think back. 'Mondays' was a hit. Why was that?*

"They humour my so-called outrageousness because I put it in a way that seems acceptable . . . I'm no more outlandish than any Jack Average."

"If she thinks that peck on the cheek will cool me out she's wrong." Modest Bob and Puritan Paula.

"I suppose it was the way I was brought up. I do and say things very impetuously, which I know I will live to regret, but that's what I think so I'll say 'em anyway. People think I'm fokkin' outrageous, but I'm not! I'm Jack fokkin' Average!

"We got to be a successful band and I got interviewed because they thought I could string two words together and that is it, but I'm no more outlandish or outrageous than any Jack Average."

Then there's the other side of it: the ones who don't think you're outrageous think you're too safe and cuddly. I mean, Jagger never got accepted that quick by the media.

"Well, in those days he couldn't have been acceptable because there were no standards for that sort of acceptance, but they humour my so-called outrageousness because I put it in a way that seems reasonable. I'm acceptable to them because I can pull figures. I'm aware of that and I will use it and they will use me. You scratch my back, I'll claw yours. I'm more than willing to go along with that, because I can use that and I dig being on TV. I'm at a certain level for some shows, and more than that they can't have it.

"They don't think of it in terms of what I spend most of my time doing, i.e. writing songs, rehearsing them, recording them, performing them. They just think (he switches to American Bullshit) 'Heeyyyyyy! Bob Geldof! Lead singer of The Boomtown Rats! Per-son-aaa-lit-tee! Let's get *him* on the show!' Being on TV is not what I *do . . .*"

"There's the desire not to be this huge star, and on the other hand I enjoy the trappings, getting into discos free, because I'm not so removed from the normal that I don't get a buzz out of that. I'm not so cool yet that I haven't lost that.

"I wish sometimes that I had."

Fame fame fame faaaaaame. What's your name?

FOR THE RATS, it's only the UK that had totally toppled. In Europe and America, they're still fighting for a foothold. Geldof bookended the Springsteen furore by slagging Aerosmith at some awful California fest and totally pissing off all the Aerosmith fans, which had CBS execs turning pale: " 'Errhhh, *Bob,* heh heh'," he mimics gleefully, ' "I reckon we just lost another market there'." CBS have contrived to lose 'I Don't Like Mondays' in the radio shuffle, and on their next American tour the Rats are going to have to bust their balls not just to satisfy demands but to create them. Over there, they're still fighting, and that's really what Geldof does best.

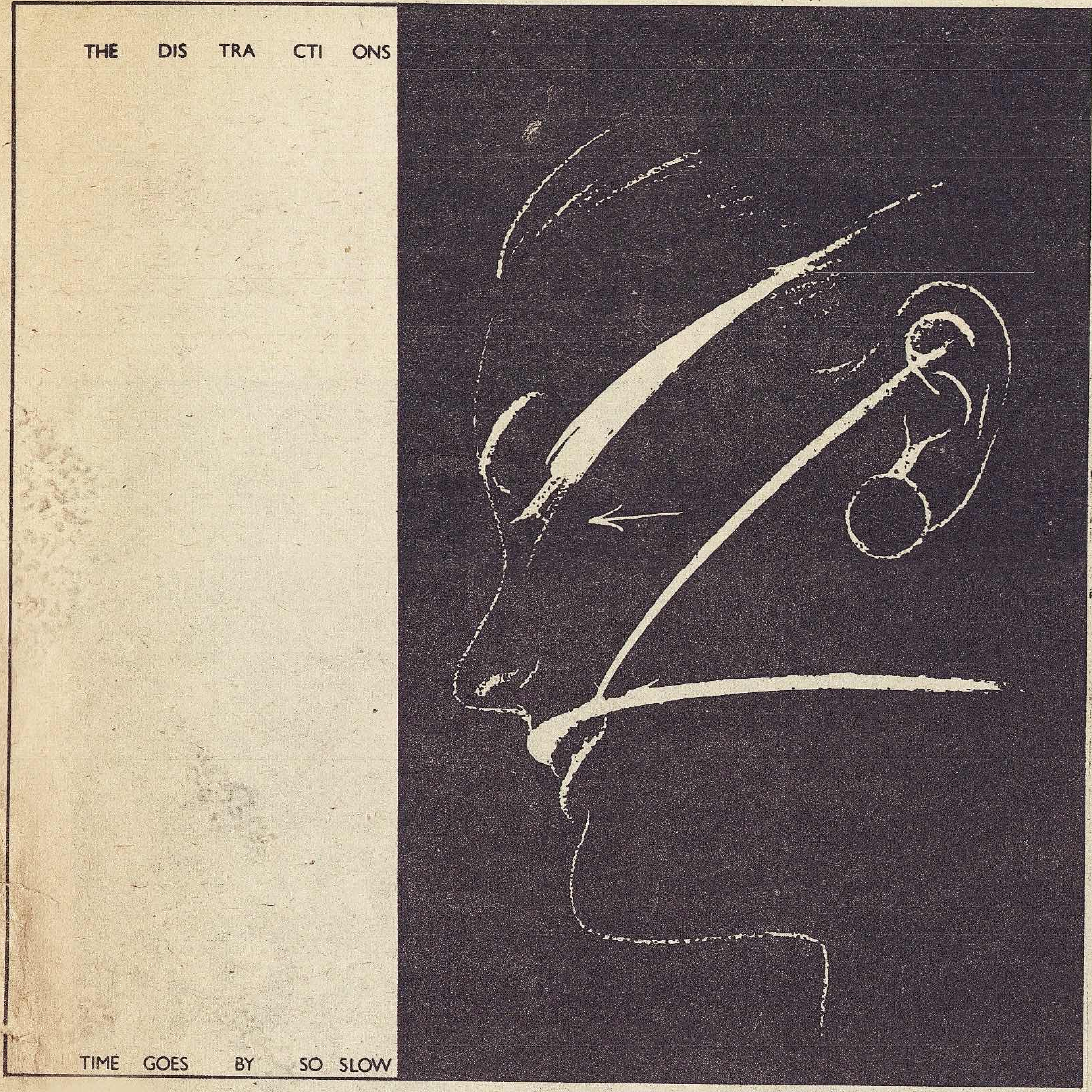
But what happens if Europe and the States fall on the same scale as the UK? What if that hunger to win audiences over is slaked?

"Then it just comes down to the joy of writing songs and performing. That's what you have when you start, and hopefully even when there are no more worlds to conquer, that's what you should always have."

And Bob Geldof becomes 27 on a bouncing dance floor in Edinburgh, listening to the blues. Sha lala lala lala lala.

Happy birthday, Boomtown Bob. They say that there's no such thing as a sane star and the only guesswork you have to do is diagnose the exact method of going funny in the head that the artists in question has chosen, but Geldof's in better shape than most. He *is* the same as when he began, and we even managed to get through all of this without once calling him Modest Bo—

Rats!



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CLASH

■ From page 25

make yourself known, deliver your first punches."

Jones: "We had a big build-up . . ."

Strummer: "A long introduction! The band, silk dressing gowns . . . !"

Are you looking forward to the day you can wave bye bye to CBS?

"I never realised when we got signed up — alright, here's your advance — I never realised it'd all go on touring, and I never realised that it would go click like that. You have to realise that you need to work for fucking years . . . people say to us, What are you going to do with your dough? What they don't realise is that it's going to take a few more years of slogging . . ."

Jones: "An advance means that we owe it. It's a loan. Record companies are like a bank . . ."

"I'm looking forward to the day the CBS contract runs out," Strummer understates, "although I don't think you can regret anything."

Do you feel comfortable talking in terms of slogging away for years, of entering the routine of album, tour, album, tour, the gaps getting longer?

"I dunno. I was thinking last night of the theatre — imagine you're an actor. Every night you go on and do the same thing, you're in the same play for weeks, that means every night except for Sundays you're going to go through the motions while loads of different people watch, and going to bed and waking up is the refreshment in order to be able to do that every night. It seems to me to be the same making a record. You make one, and you've got to forget all about it completely and then you make a new record and it seems like a new thing and then you forget all about that and when you come to make the next record it all seems to be new. I think there's enough time so it doesn't seem like routine. I enjoy making records, I enjoy doing shows. I don't know what else we can do . . ."

DETAILS: THE CLASH

"Well, I tell you," asserts Mick Jones, "if I wasn't in The Clash I would definitely have their records. The Clash is everything to me. I have nothing else . . . I'm under the impression that I have given up everything else for it, I'm under the impression that I have lost everything. It's my own personal dilemma."

You've lost everything?

"Everything. Home, personal life . . . everything. So my dilemma is in a way that I resent The Clash . . ."

Is this what depresses you?

"That and the world in general. Life itself depresses me. Naah, it's not too bad really . . . what did Woody Allen say?. You should be happy to be miserable because if you're miserable you're better off than some."

Would you try and bland yourself out, become less intense?

"Never. I wouldn't allow myself to bland out. To be bland. I don't mind being obnoxious or depressed but never bland. Maybe on my own, actually, but when I'm out I refuse to be bland, I wanna feel . . . I wanna know what it's like."

It?

"Life. To live. It sounds like Hemingway! We should go to Africa."

DETAILS: THE END

Paul Simenon enters through the back door of the New York Palladium and limps towards the front of the stage, which is being prepared by roadies and technicians for a soundcheck.

He stares out into the lifeless auditorium, sized and shaped like a British Apollo or Odeon, maybe a little steeper. He shakes his head at all the empty seats, thinks ahead to when they'll all be filled.

"I don't know why they bother to come," he smiles shyly, and hobbles off towards the dressing room.

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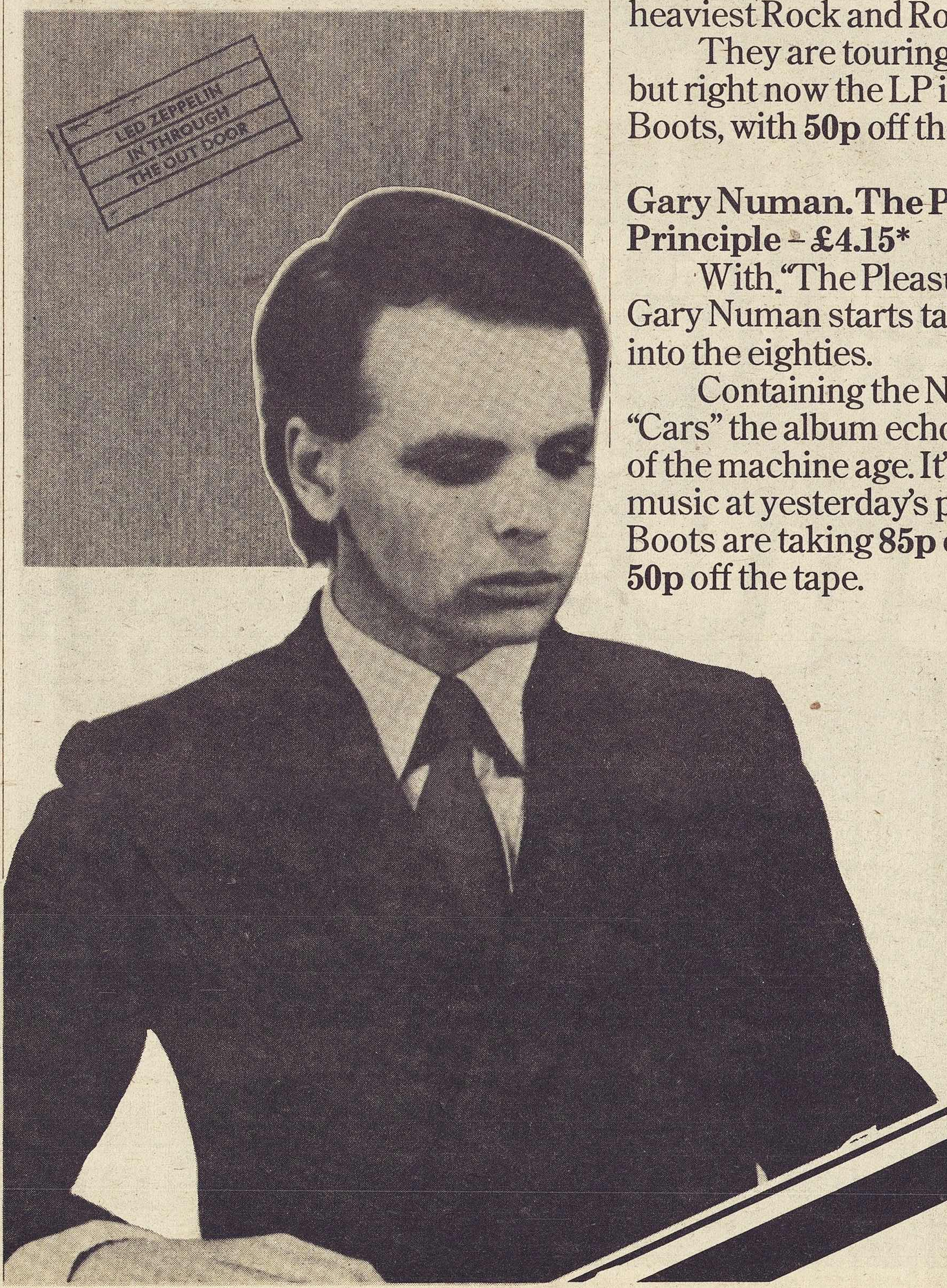

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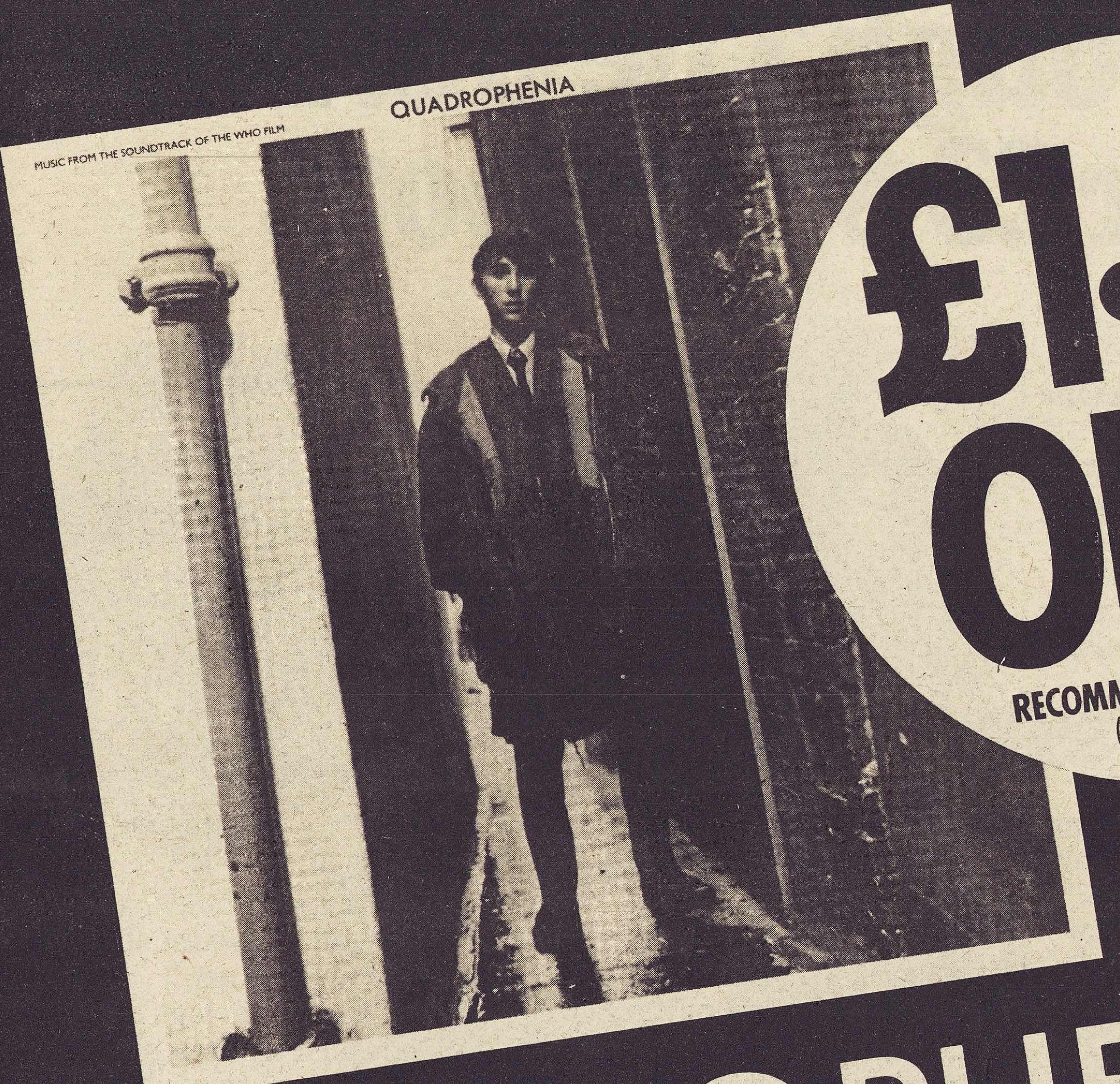

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ALBUMS ALBUMS

A cellarful of Specials (L-R): Roddy, Neville, Jerry, Terry, Brad, Horace, Lynval. Pic: Mike Laye.

Something Specials This Way Comes

THE SPECIALS
Specials *(Two Tone)*

YOU just can't shake the tunes out of your head, can't stop beating your feet to the heat as The Specials' unique excitement surges through the speakers. One irresistible song follows another until there are 14 in all — five covers, the rest originals.

Shrewd Elvis Costello probably sat behind his producer's desk, mouth agog, glasses knocked across his nose, and congratulated himself on pulling such a cushy number; because The Specials have what can only be described as charisma.

It's there in their stage show — a rowdy exuberance that brushes with chaos but always just manages to keep some sort of order. There was little chance they'd allow the technology of a studio to diffuse that essence or to come between them and their audience.

On this debut album they sound as though they just turned up, plugged in and bashed it down. They've lost none of their live impact, nor their ramshackle enthusiasm, nor any of their indelible character.

For a seven-piece (nine with Rico Rodriguez and Dick Cuthell on horns) their sound is surprisingly sparse. But its power and presence come from an instinctive ability to put the right phrases into the right places, with bassist Sir Horace Gentleman laying out the lines and along with keyboardist Jerry Dammers (undoubtedly the Chaz Jankel of The Specials) imposing a loose discipline that controls the more reckless spontaneity of the others.

Songs like 'Do The Dog' (credited to Rufus Thomas but liberally rewritten beyond recognition by Dammers), 'Concrete Jungle' (from guitarist Roddy Radiation, not The Wailers' number) and The Maytals' 'Monkey Man' are wild party pieces, chaotic and atmospheric with only the steam of perspiration missing. And although the predominant musical influence is black (ska, bluebeat, reggae and soul), it's wrapped in ferocious rock'n'roll: the kind of hybrid that so many other British bands have tried to contrive (The Members, Ruts and The Police) but, in comparison, failed to make convincing.

In this sense, if the term 'cross over' hadn't already been devalued by misuse, then there'd be no hesitation in acclaiming The Specials as its most successful exponents. This album embraces two decades of black and white music, gives it perspective and then goes on to reflect the modern rock'n'roll culture.

From Coventry, featuring two blacks and five whites, The Specials instinctively 'feel' the true realities of Britain's multi-racial youth, and they too are subject to the same emotions.

In 'Do The Dog' there's bitter cycnicism:

"All you punks and all you Teds/National Front and natty dreads/Mods rockers, hippies and skinheads/Keep on fighting till you're dead/Who am I to say?/Who am I to say?/Am I just a hypocrit?/Just a piece of your bullshit?"

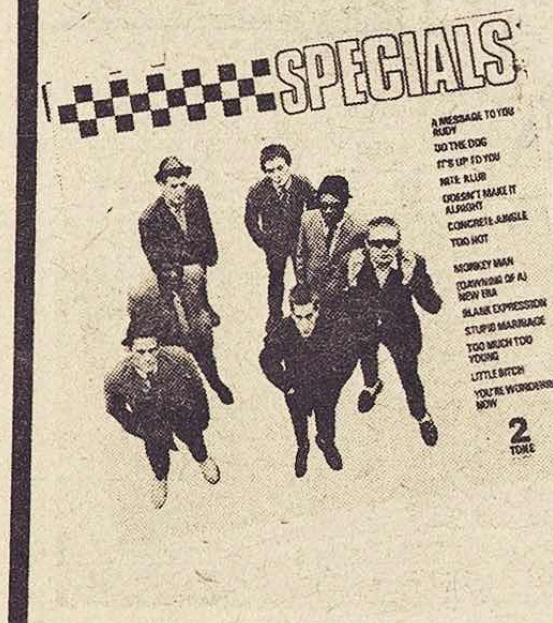
More often than not, however, Dammers — who has written most of the original material except 'Concrete Jungle' — advocates dignity and tolerance. 'Doesn't Make It Alright' certainly emphasises the latter *("Just because you're a black boy/Just because you're a white/It doesn't mean you've got to hate him/Doesn't mean you've got to fight")*; 'Blank Generation' and '(Dawning Of A) New Era' possess a similar philosophy. And even a song of such obvious resentment as 'Too Much Too Young' *("Call me immature/Call me a poser/I'd love to spread manure in your bed of roses")* shouldn't be taken out of context as it clearly projects Dammers' ideas on pride as he harshly berates somebody for blowing away their youth:

"Now you're married with a kid/When you could be having fun with me."

But because of the live atmosphere — Terry Hall and Neville Staples' raggy vocals, the continually explosive drumming of John Bradbury, Horace's superb bass pacing — it'd be easy to neglect the subleties of the set: the guitar work of Radiation and Lynval Golding, economic but brilliant (particularly on the light reggae rhythms of 'It's Up To You' and 'Doesn't Make It Alright', the short abrasive solo on 'Concrete Jungle'); Rico's superb brass passages on 'A Message To You Rudy'. . . The melodies are soft and warm, or else wild and relentless; the arrangements careful but free and unforced.

It's the kind of album that's musically fathomless and it will probably establish The Specials as true hopes for the '80s. At the very least, this debut is essential for anybody who wants to know what's going on in rock'n'roll today.

Tony Stewart



. . .with something superficial to follow

THE BOOMTOWN RATS
The Fine Art Of Surfacing
(Ensign)

YOU hardly need to be reminded by now that Robert Geldof has well and truly filibustered his way into the pop firmament. He's mastered the fine art of suffusing second-hand styles with a new pop gloss, and I reckon I'd vote Tory too if I were in his tax bracket.

The man who often seems to want to be Mick Jagger is firmly entrenched in the nation's pop page psyche with his saucy girlfriend and glittering quotes, and appears quite willing to play that part to its hilt. He seizes his opportunities with such a determined grasp that in certain quarters it actually passes for savvy.

But the moves he makes are too loud and too crude. The smug way he whips up the frenzy at Brats gigs is more farce than insult when you realise what a cuddly, effervescent shambles the music is.

None of this matters very much. We seem to tolerate our pop stars these days, if only to have something to refute the claim that it's all over anyway. We ask of Geldof all sorts of lofty principles that must mean sod all to a group with smash hits galore to their credit — all because those principles once provided a handy leg-up.

We ask The Boomtown Rats to jeopardise their position so that all concerned might derive more than just vicarious jollies. Are we ever barking up the wrong tree. And when it would be more fruitful to shake it at that. 'The Fine Art Of Surfacing' is the Rats' third album's worth of derivative fun-packed entertainment for today's pop kids — many of whom, as Geldof has perhaps shrewdly guessed, are getting their first taste of rock excitement from his bouncy combo. No one could argue that it doesn't deliver what's expected, and no one could ever accuse them of originality either. Even Geldof's juiciest quotes are not his own. "When you get to be famous you can afford to shit on the fans" — Fee Waybill made the mistake of saying he'd do that before he was in a position to say it.

But it's obvious that Geldof revels in his success, never mind how he comes by it, which is part of the reason why he is successful. The first words on this album are *"On a night like this I deserve to be kissed at least once or twice"*, which has nothing at all to do with the paranoia theme of 'Someone's Looking' but is nevertheless a great opening line for someone for whom modesty has not been a serious impediment.

With a chorus trill borrowed from The Yardbirds via David Bowie, an organ sound on loan from Steve Naive and a vocal that is three parts Costello, one part Lynott, topped off with a dash of Steve Harley, 'Someone's Looking' more or less sets the pace.

Track two, 'Diamond Smiles', a song about a society suicide, introduces some faddish reggaematic drums to the Rats' already bustling pastiche and fades out on the kind of coda Blondie write in their sleep.

Track three is another 'Like Clockwork' which might even be pretentious if it wasn't so silly that labours under the title 'Wind Chill Factor (Minus Zero)'. Track four, 'Having My Picture Taken' is so coy it's embarrassing and track five, 'Sleep (Fingers' Lullabye)' is the kind of lightweight joke they seem to feel is a vital part of their charisma.

The Rats' sound is so busy and bright that you barely have time to place it before it's off again on some other tacky tangent. It doesn't demand close attention, it just makes a lot of noisy fuss. Scrutinise it and it tends to collapse under the weight of its many influences.

You could call it clever but you can't really admire it for anything other than sheer crass nerve. You could excuse it as fun but it's so contrived that it isn't. All I'm left with is a list of people that Bob Geldof likes.

He likes Talking Heads on 'Nothing Happened Today' (for which he is forgiven a lot); he admires Elvis Costello on 'Keep It Up' (and wishes he could write as sharp a lyric); he has to hand it to Elton John on 'I Don't Like Mondays'; and on 'When The Night Comes' he reminds us that he likes Springsteen and, harking back to the first album's 'Joey', himself.

This is the fine art of surfing the commercial mainstream. I don't like The Boomtown Rats.

Paul Rambali

It takes two to Tusk

Stevie Nicks (above) and Christine Perfect take Led Zep and Eagles to cleaners. Pix: David Hill, Paul Canty.

FLEETWOOD MAC
Tusk *(Warner Brothers)*

ALMOST everyone, barring the inevitable elitist bores blinkered by their own super-hipness, seemed to have a soft spot for Fleetwood Mac's 'Rumours'. In late '77, *Rolling Stone* even ran an absurd piece attempting to work out the whys and wherefores for the album's astounding success, only to waste several thousand words of piffle concluding that it was, in the words of Warners' Derek Taylor, "simply a very, very good two-sided pop record".

'Tusk', a long time in the making, is by and large a good four-sided pop record. It's no untarnished masterpiece, of course, but a highly adventurous gamble for much of its playing time, and certainly not just another coldly precise and pristine work.

In retrospect, although the fact didn't impinge on the listener, the contents of 'Rumours' were housed within a framework, that being the very real breakdown of relationships within Fleetwood Mac, the traumas experienced thereby and the need to come to terms with a then newly gained independence, all of which were apparently occurring during the album's recording. But now some three years have passed since then and 'Tusk', bereft of such a stormy emotional centrepoint, can clearly zero in on the diverse compositional talents of the group's three songwriters, Christine McVie, Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham.

When this incarnation of Fleetwood Mac was ushered into the public eye with the platinum ice-breaker 'Fleetwood Mac', of the three composers involved in the enterprise it was the two ladies who shone. Although prolific, Buckingham seemed unable to match their standards, to the point where his songs lacked clout, sounded anonymous and appeared mere fillers.

But Buckingham mustered his resources for 'Rumours' and cuts like 'Go Your Own Way' were amongst the album's high-points. Now on 'Tusk' he's become responsible for the largest output, clocking in a sturdy nine songs to McVie's six and Nicks' five. A 'Pure pop' purveyor, his work reeks of the influences of The Beatles, Beach Boys and Byrds, although he does manage to twist these tips of the pen to forceful effect.

After the set's opener, McVie's sparsely melodic 'Over And Over', Buckingham artfully breaks the potential preciousness of mood by throwing in a naggingly jaunty hoe-down of a rocker in the Carl Perkins tradition replete with effective loopy tweaks and a thick buzz-saw guitar sound worthy of Dave Edmunds entitled 'The Ledge', which could easily fit into Rockpile's repertoire. McVie immediately responds with a smooth rocker, 'Think About Me', which, with Buckingham's raunchy guitar phrasing very much in the Keith Richards tradition, is to pop what 'Tumblin' Dice' was to rock.

Buckingham is all over the album, in fact, and his presence as a composer, producer and/or guitarist continually helps to keep

Fleetwood Mac in good review shock!

everything diversified yet unified in its buoyancy. 'What Makes You Think You're The One' is an effective, lightweight and jokey slice of raucousness, not unlike some of The Beatles 'White Album' frivolities. His Beach Boys debt is all too obvious in 'That's All For Everyone', which features a gorgeously floating and incadescent coda that makes for the finest Brian Wilson music never written since 'Sail On Sailor'. 'Not That Funny', on the other hand, is a Cajun-style brusing thump-up with a fade-out all too redolent of more 'White Album' idiocies.

Buckingham's finest moments occur on side three with 'That's Enough For Me', a thrillingly dervish-fast blues rocker powered by Mick Fleetwood's wicked bass drum mule kick and Buckingham's sawing electric rhythm guitar underpinning a dazzling display of ragtime guitar picking. Finally, at the end of the side, Buckingham reshapes all the melodic power of 'Go Your Own Way' into 'I Know I'm Not Wrong', a driving piece of rock action building to an infectious climax that mates The Byrds' 'Lady Friend' coda with all the bollocks of Sex Pistol-like multi-guitar power.

As important as Buckingham's compositions are to 'Tusk', his production work helps to maintain an ever-effective spartan feel — only the essentials, with the odd embellishment carefully etched in for maximum impact — whilst his guitar playing continually impresses by dint of its virtuosity without ever being too flashy.

This feel is of paramount importance, particularly when faced with Nicks' songs. If Patti Smith didn't so desperately want to be a man and had a real comprehension of what makes for good musical structure, then she might well be Stevie Nicks. More to the point, even when her songs are obviously well constructed and lyrically intriguing, one continually gets this distinct image of Nicks as a young woman who played Ophelia at some high school production of *Hamlet* and never quite recovered from the experience. With 'Rhiannon', her dalliances with the supernatural were interesting and musically potent, but since then this infatuation with her dream-like enigmatic self as some extra-terrestial being touched by the whims of the muse's wand has become just too precious to stomach.

'Sara', for example, is a perfect example of this aspect of her writing and it's becoming overbearing. Blessed by an ability to build attractive chord progressions, Nicks walks a thin line between what's beguiling and what's babble. Fortunately she has the musical wherewithal to paint an aural landscape on 'Storms' that is genuinely affecting due mainly to the intimacy of the production at hand, whilst 'Angel' has a kick to it, a verve that keeps it lively and listenable. Her obvious *piece de resistance* 'Sisters Of The Moon' is more heavenly wanderlust, made palatable by Buckingham's blazing guitar holocaust.

Christine McVie is far more earthbound, and her six love songs are simple, pleasing paeans to the tender trap. Hers are woman's songs that lack the self-consciousness of Joni Mitchell's former odes to sweet surrender, say, and at their best, as in the hauntingly beautiful 'You'll Never Make Me Cry' and the seductive coda of 'Brown Eyes', make for quintessential adult pop music.

Dealing with the three composers separately, it's all too easy to forget Fleetwood Mac as a group which, if nothing else, 'Tusk' is testament to. Fleetwood's drumming is an exercise in precision and sympathy, whilst bassist John McVie is so good you don't even notice him.

Ultimately it's time to stop bracketing Fleetwood Mac alongside Foreigner, Boston, Linda Ronstadt, The Eagles, etc, in the same way that reactionaries bracket together The Clash, Human League, prag Vec, The Slits and Elvis Costello.

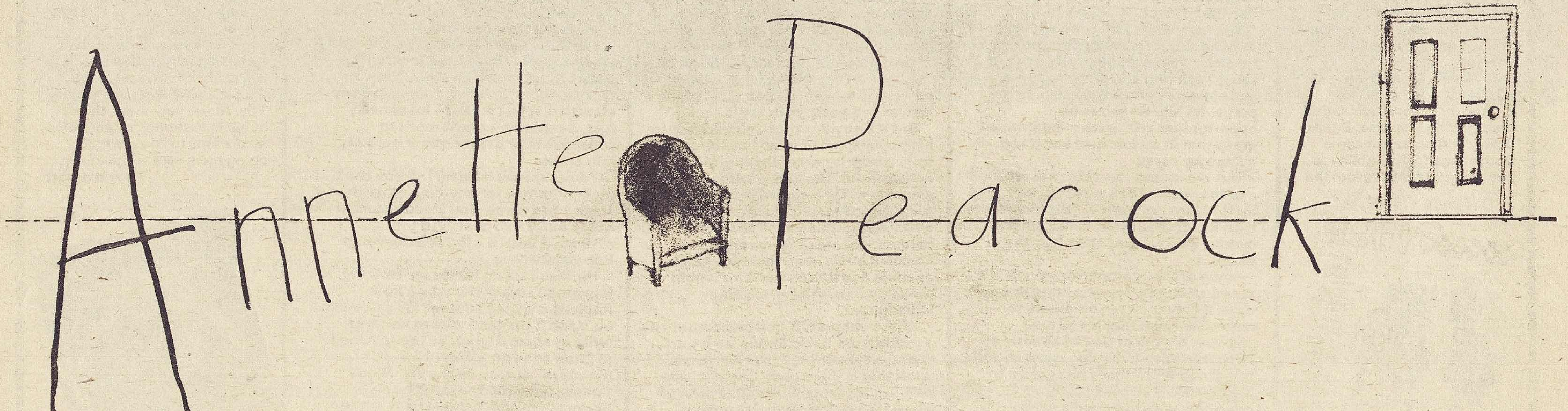
Fleetwood Mac make good, adventurous 'pop'. As Charles S. Murray said of Joe Jackson, if you reckon you're too hip for 'Tusk', then you're simply too hip.

Nick Kent

THE O'JAYS
Identify Yourself
(Philadelphia Int)

THE sad decline of Philly soul contines apace. There are traces here of The O'Jays former glory, notably in the spirited singing, but the arrangements haven't changed much in the last five years and the material is so bad it would cause even Max Bygraves to blush. I can't remember the last time I heard an album that was so monstrously, appallingly banal as 'Identify Yourself'. Titles 'Sing A Happy Song', 'Forever Mine' and 'One In A Million (Girl)' are just the tip of a horrendous iceberg of mind-numbing crassness. This album insults the intelligence worse than a papel encyclical. "There's A Message In The Music" writes Kenny Gamble on the sleeve. The message is "SUCKERS!"

Graham Lock



STEVE HILLAGE
Open *(Virgin)*

APPARENTLY 'Open' is only Steve Hillage's sixth album. I was under the impression he was bunging one out every couple of months. Fact is, 'Open' is Steve's third album within a year; I don't know what he's on but it's doing wonders for his productivity. Not a lot for the music, though. Not unless I'm missing something here and 'Open' represents a new, ground-breaking form of music that puts you into some sort of hypnotic trance, a side effect of which is that, while listening, your brain cells seize up and are thus incapable of any thought processes and afterwards you have no recollection of what has just been played.

So to make any sense of 'Open', demands near-mystical powers of concentration and that Steve is once again talking through his woolly hat doesn't make life any easier. A drink is right out of the question with regards to this one.

Hippies can float happily with the title track, featuring Andy Anderson's incomprehensible impersonation of R2D2 on vocoder. The basic riff is OK but somebody phones up to 'communicate' half way through. Listen, mate, I don't care how many times you tell me I've got the spirit, the drive, the inner eye, the power — I bloody well haven't, but I am getting a headache.

Steve's guitar playing is fluid enough if you like that sort of thing, but I'm not the type of bloke to toss around words like glissando and I'm not going to start now. What we're talking about here is six or seven minutes of your life at a time and it's as dull-witted a way of evaporating the passage of it as any, I suppose. Miquette Giraudy does quite pleasant Jean-Michel Jarre-like dribblings on the moog while Paul Francis tries to be funky on the bass but is more plodding. And I'm afraid Steve's somewhat weedy voice is not a lot bolstered by Dave Stewart's joining in on the choruses.

At least 'Definite Activity', despite its feeble mantra-like repetition, and 'Don't Dither Do It', hampered by Glitter Band-like silliness, attempt to move a bit. In fact, the album's overall aural effect is of some bizarre mutant sired by an excessively effete Giorgio Moroder out of Mike Leander, lisping a script by a brain-damaged Rod McKuen. And it can hardly be a coincidence that the least wearisome piece — an attractive Arab rave-up called 'Earthrise' — has no words. Even so, eight and a half minutes is pushing your luck.

Monty Smith

TV turns on his Pickup. Pic: Pennie Smith

One single wonders . . .

THE ADVERTS
Cast Of Thousands *(RCA)*

THE Adverts, with unforeseen stamina, have substantially matured since their early days. No longer can technical inadequacy or limited vocabulary be criticisms — just the opposite in fact. Crudity has grown into ceremony.

The Adverts these days are a vain, sluttish combination of Iggy's grace, Talking Head's compulsion and Springsteen's drive, with lyrics that are a conversational extension of Gary Numan's self-important visions of the state of the world, its fate and its brutality.

Sounds a fab fusion? It ain't.

So a few more shapes, a bit of depth, and lots of derelict piano have been added to the original sound, which has been severely sandpapered by producer Tom Newman (of Mike Oldfield fame), yet can't escape the clutches of the ever-earnest Gaye Advert's plodding bass.

The man responsible for the songs, the arguments and the hope, is nihilist and nitwit TV Smith, whose vocals artlessly strive for notice. The songs are indiscriminately moulded into imposing sub-epics, looming and even hymnal — notably the title track, featuring Kid Strange, where the music attempts to match the content (only a skimming summary of the WORLD).

'Television Is Over' sees the end of the world, contorts and complains itself into a right state, and isn't the only song to feature mongrel choirs. A line from this song *"I've just seen the dead/And they don't seem jealous of my life"* **— is typical of Smith's hardest imagery.**

At least it's obvious that Gary Numan took five minutes over his words — which sometimes works, sometimes not — and he can't keep a straight face. TV Smith took a lot longer, and can keep a straight face very well.

He sneers on 'Fate Of Criminals', and is full of determination on 'My Place'. He worries a lot on 'The Adverts' and tries to love on 'Love Songs' and 'I Will Walk You Home'. He sings song of war ('Male Assault'), and existentialist choice, ('I Looked At The Sun'). He's hardly a defeatist, but he wonders what it's like to be one on 'I Surrender'.

After hearing all this you'll never be moved or even particularly sympathetic. Both the music and the words try hard — too hard — but are ultimately ineffective and inconsequential. Too much is missing, too much has been done by other people before, a lot better.

There are now five Adverts. Smith, Gaye and guitarist Howard Pickup are originals, drummer Rod Latter and keyboardist Tim Cross are new. This ugly crew grace the cover in full colour and mascara, Smith the only one looking into the camera, Gaye the only one not covered by a misty film. The cover is like the music: straight-faced, carefully designed, interesting in perverse way, with lots of things to put you off.

The Adverts remain squalid outsiders. TV Smith probably loves that. Nothing can kill them off, it seems.

Paul Morley

CRYSTAL GAYLE
Miss The Mississippi *(CBS)*

RECORDS like this are dangerous. Dangerous to the man walking past in the street at precisely the moment the reviewer has flung it from his window in disgust; and dangerous to the artist whose previous work, however notable, is reconsidered in jaundiced gloom as a result of the current product.

Rarely have I come across an album with so few redeeming features.

Lush arrangements cocoon Ms Gayle from beginning to end, whether it be a syrupy ballad like 'The Other Side Of Me' or the limp funk of 'Dancing The Night Away' — not, I hasten to add, The Motors' classic rocker.

Ms Gayle hardly ever sings one note when she can cram in five — a tendency which rapidly becomes intensely aggravating. Despite this, her performance is distinctly lazy and unlike the sensual drawl affected by Rickie Lee Jones it's so effortless it drips from the grooves like warm honey. The only halfway decent track is 'Danger Zone' written by one Dave Loggins, though again the production is such that the most imminent peril would seem to be from an overstuffed teddy bear.

Excuse me for a moment. There's a man outside and I must warn him of a low flying vinyl artefact.

Neil Norman

PORTSMOUTH SINFONIA
20 Classic Rock Classics
(Philips)

THE thing about this album, of course, is that everything is just a little bit wrong. Like the title isn't quite right, nor is the velvety kitsch elegance of the sleeve with its cheap cherubs and clashing colours, a subtly hideous celebration of the baddest of bad taste. Utterly perfect packaging for absolutely imperfect music.

The Portsmouth Sinfonia is a small orchestra consisting entirely of sub-competent musicians. They do try to play properly, in tune and in time and with feeling and all the rest of it, but they never quite succeed, with supposedly hilarious consequences.

Thus their appeal is meant to lie in the charm of hearing your best-loved tunes tortured and ceremonially massacred.

For the record, then, the casualties include 'A Day In The Life', 'Uptown Top Ranking', 'You Should Be Dancing' and 'Don't Cry For Me, Argentina'.

Can it really be legal to charge money for stuff like this? Or has Philips, an especially boring record company, proved to have a sense of humour after all? Because '20 Classic Rock Classics' is a joke — and if you pay more than 15p for it then you're the punchline.

Paul Du Noyer

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL
The Original Sin *(Virgin)*

I'VE more than once tapped an appreciative foot to these cosmopolitan gunslingers down the Nashville, when they commanded respect rather than slavering affection. Unfortunately, spread over 40 vinyl minutes, it's their limitations that strike the ear.

Singer/writer Ken Lockie's Bowieisms are so prominent it's hard to take the other elements seriously. 'Aftermath' has always sounded like 'Andy Warhol' put through the Kenwood and 'Part Of Steel' and the title track are merely variations on the same theme.

'Thrash' and 'M(emorie) 62' resemble the thin white one in his Anthony Newley period and guesting with The Moody Blues respectively. All of which is something of a waste as Ken and the boys occasionally peddle a worthwhile product of their own.

This occurs on 'Pointy Shoes', where a thick group sound is topped by the leader's harp to good effect. 'Hands' is a Cowboy romance, the 'moderne' equivalent of an old beseecher like 'Stand By Me' or 'You Better Move On.' Terry Chimes' drums are solid and inescapable in the Paul Thompson manner, but I don't recall The Great Paul plodding like that. Mixed well down under Chimes and Evan Charles' multi-dimensional keyboards, bassist Jimmy Hughes is the spunkiest thing about Cowboys International, adding 'Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown' dive-bomb runs to 'Lonely Boy'.

There's talent and substance in here somewhere, but maybe Lockie needs a co-writer to bring them out.

Harry George

AURA
album AUL 707 cassette ZC AUL 707

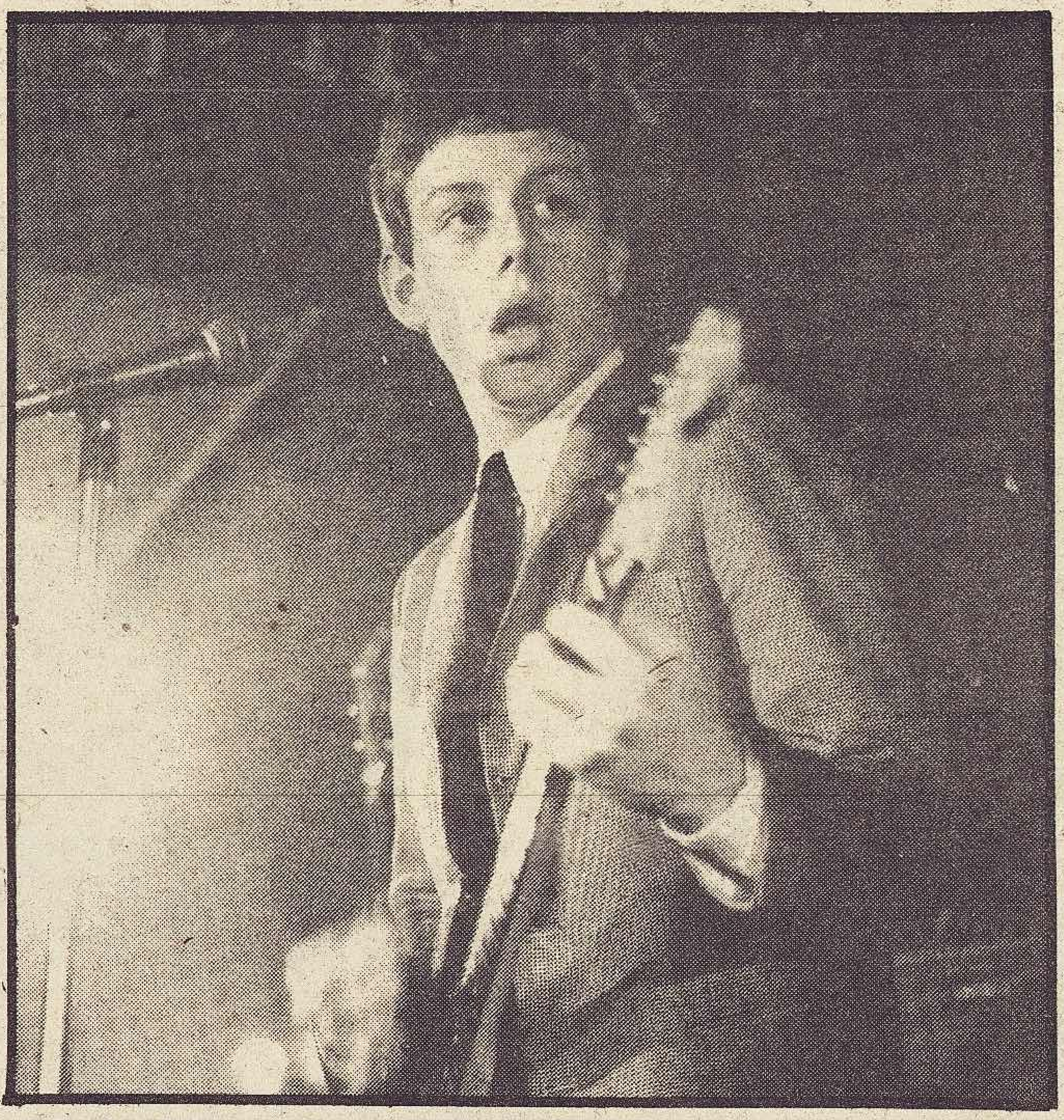
Putting Cozy Powell, Jack Bruce, Don Airey, Dave Clempson, Bernie Marsden, Gary Moore and Max Middleton together in one studio might be called over the top.

The album is.

Cozy Powell's new solo album 'Over The Top.' ARL 5038
Featuring the single 'Theme I' Limited edition red vinyl ARO 189

ariola

No Passion



A Parka: "Steve who . . .?" Pic by Rich Prior

THE MERTON PARKAS
Face In The Crowd
(Beggars Banquet)

THIS, the long-awaited come-back album from Brian Poole & The Tremeloes, coming as it does at a time when — I'm sorry, there seems to be some mistake here, perhaps another look at that sleeve . . .

Ah yes, The Merton Parkas. First of the card-carrying re-vibed modsters to scoot up the charts with that singularly unappealing ditty about needing wheels, and now the first of their particular peer-group to turn up doing 33⅓ about-turns per minute. And talking of pier-groups, here we see them specially snap-shotted on Brighton's pebbled shore, the better to indentify your marketing angle with, the less to chance selling your product on the strengths of its content alone.

For 'Face In The Crowd', to be frank, needs all the outside help it can get. And not because critics have declared open-season on mods or anything, but because it isn't a terribly good record — probably the weakest thing to limp across my turntable, in fact, since I last played a Gerry & The Pacemakers' B-side.

The Parkas play a sort of watered-down British beat, tinny and thin and colourless. No passion, no edge or tension, not much of anything. It might help if they could write or sing or arrange with any measure of flair or ingenuity — if we need '60s substitutes at all they might as well be good ones — but they don't.

Fidgety drums and trebly guitar, power-popping organ (without the power) and wobbling harmonies, rip-off on drab rip-off; it sticks so timidly to its worn-out formula that inspiration never gets a look-in, much less innovation.

Is it my memory playing tricks, or did Mod once really stand for obsessiveness and sharpness, against mediocrity and sloppiness, against everything that shuffled and apologised for itself? You half expect to hear The Merton Parkas sing the virtues of putting a little bit by with the building society each week.

As well as 'You Need Wheels' and a number of even less distinguished originals (if 'originals' is really the right word for them), there's an adequate if fairly literal cover of 'Steppin' Stone' — better if you never heard the Pistols do it, of course — and an inglorious stab at 'Tears Of A Clown', grossly inferior for a variety of reasons it that don't seem worth going into.

So there we leave them, the Parkas circling round and around in ever-narrowing spiral tracks, oblivious to that cliff-edge that's awful close. It's called the future.

Paul Du Noyer

JO JO ZEP AND THE FALCONS
Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons
(Rockburgh)

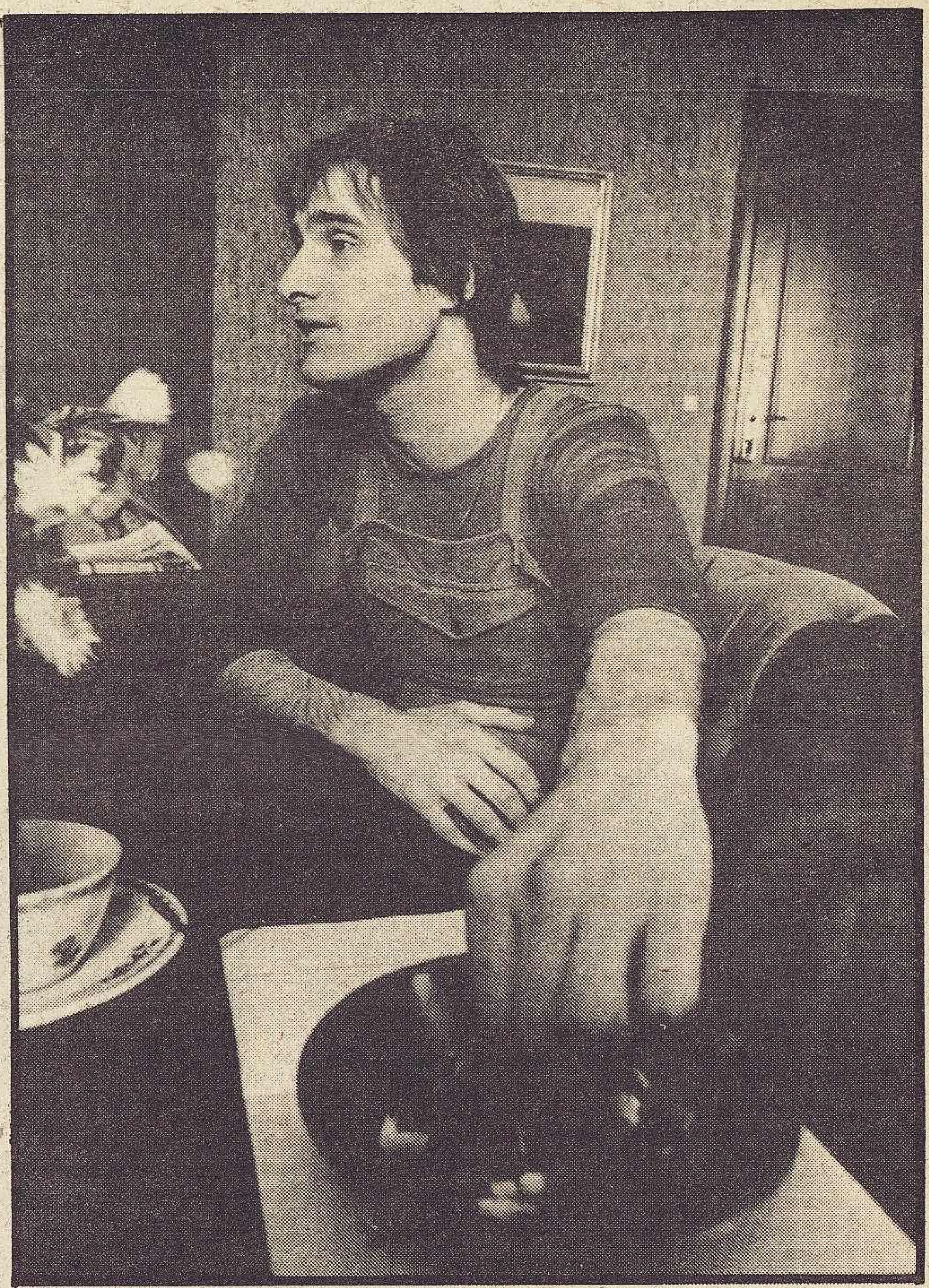
IN the wake of The Sports EP and the neglected Flash and The Pan album — comes this inventive and mildly gritty offering from Jo Jo Zep to reiterate that Oz-rock is alive and well and — unlike its California counterpart — not merely laying around on the beach, getting fat and lazy.

This Rockburgh release, which features tracks culled from the band's various Australian albums, proves The Falcons capable of keeping their heads above water come any type of wave. And though they offer nothing that hasn't been previously posted up on the notice board by the likes of Graham Parker, they kick things around in a manner that is instantly agreeable.

It's true that they're given to resuscitating a fair number of oldies — included here are versions of 'Security' and 'It's All Over Now'. But the band's own material, which varies from the attractive Wallaby bop of 'So Young' and the vaguely Dire Straits approach of 'Sweet Little Latin Lover' through to the lecherous chant that is 'The Girl Across The Street (Just Turned 18)', enables vocalist Joe Camilleri to demonstrate that he can handle a wide spectrum of songs with consummate ease and also shows The Falcons to be the sort of outfit most publishers like to meet in the pub. Me too.

Fred Dellar

No Point



Harley: "Merton whats . . . ?" Pic by Jorgen Angel

STEVE HARLEY
The Candidate *(EMI)*

THIS is the sort of album you'd expect from a bloke who thinks Joy Division are "terrible" and that Squeeze "take risks" — sad, dated and totally out to lunch.

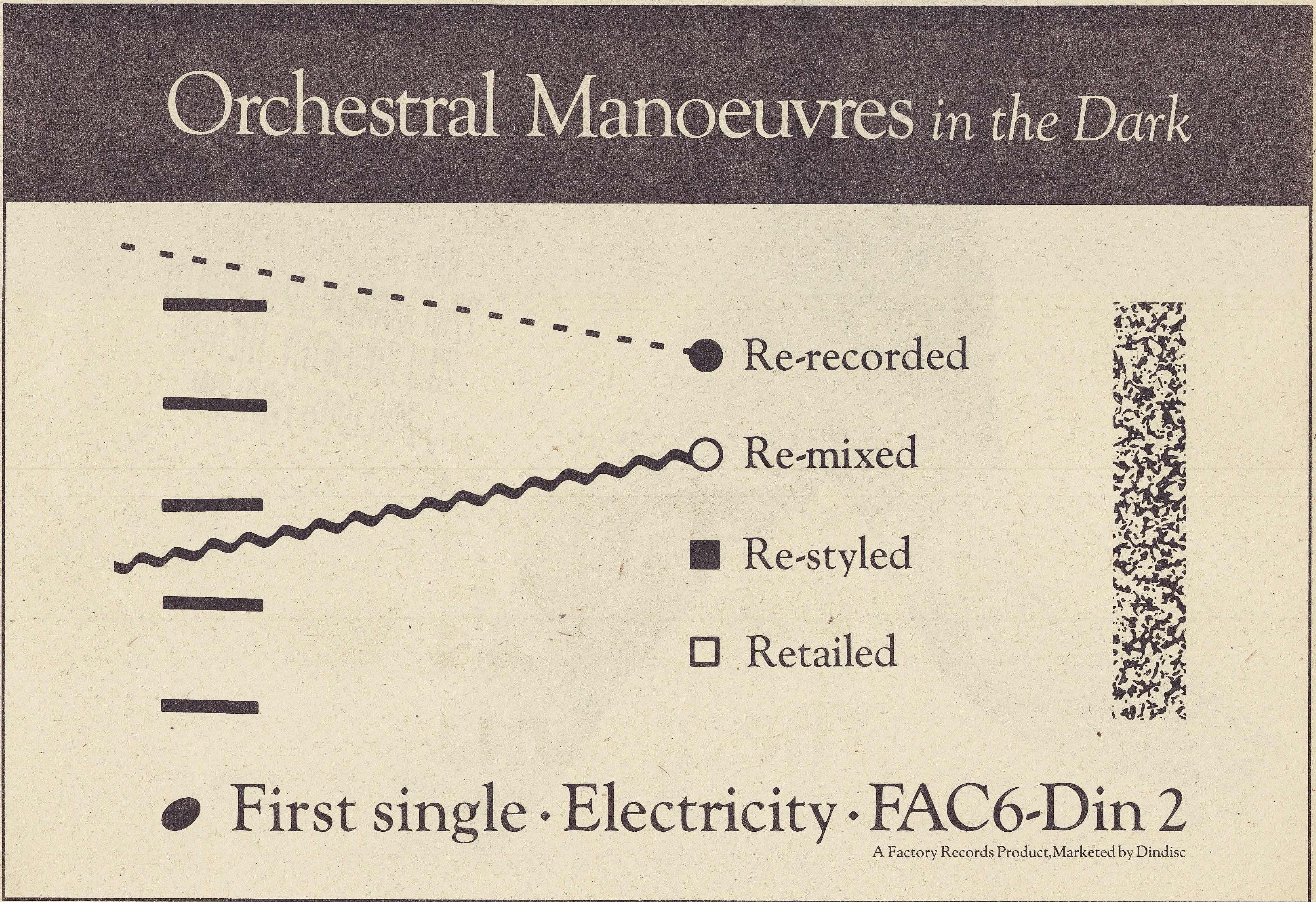
Not so much a comeback as a throwback, it sounds like a very poor, watered-down version of 'Blonde On Blonde'. Harley moans like a lovesick bullock over clipped, cliched guitar licks, derivative keyboards and a rhythm section of elephantine subtlety. There are no good tunes, no catchy hooks, nothing *interesting* at all — just dreary meanderings, a cocktail-lounge version of mid-'60s rock.

And the lyrics are ridiculous. Harley's love-songs refer to fetid adolescent fantasies rather than to believable flesh and blood relationships. Women are *"bitches"*, *"tigeresses"*, *"leopardesses"* or else *"shine like a ravishing diamond"*. There's also an arch and extremely silly song about sado-masochism that reeks of smug jollity: if this is what Harley means by taking "risks" then, yes, with a little more daring, he and Squeeze might be eligible for the Boy Scouts.

The remaining songs are presumably about something else, though the lyrics tend so much to waffle and obscurity it's impossible to say what. The title track, sung in a reverential tone that suggests this is the album's *serious* moment, implies that killing wild animals is an indication of maturity. No doubt it's 'only' a metaphor, but an unfortunate and insensitive one nonetheless.

A loudmouth like Harley is good for the occasional chuckle, I suppose, but the joke quickly wears thin. And when he makes an album as weak, stale and utterly pointless as this one, then the only thing Steve Harley's a candidate for is the dole queue.

Graham Lock



SHAM 69

NEW SINGLE 'YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I'

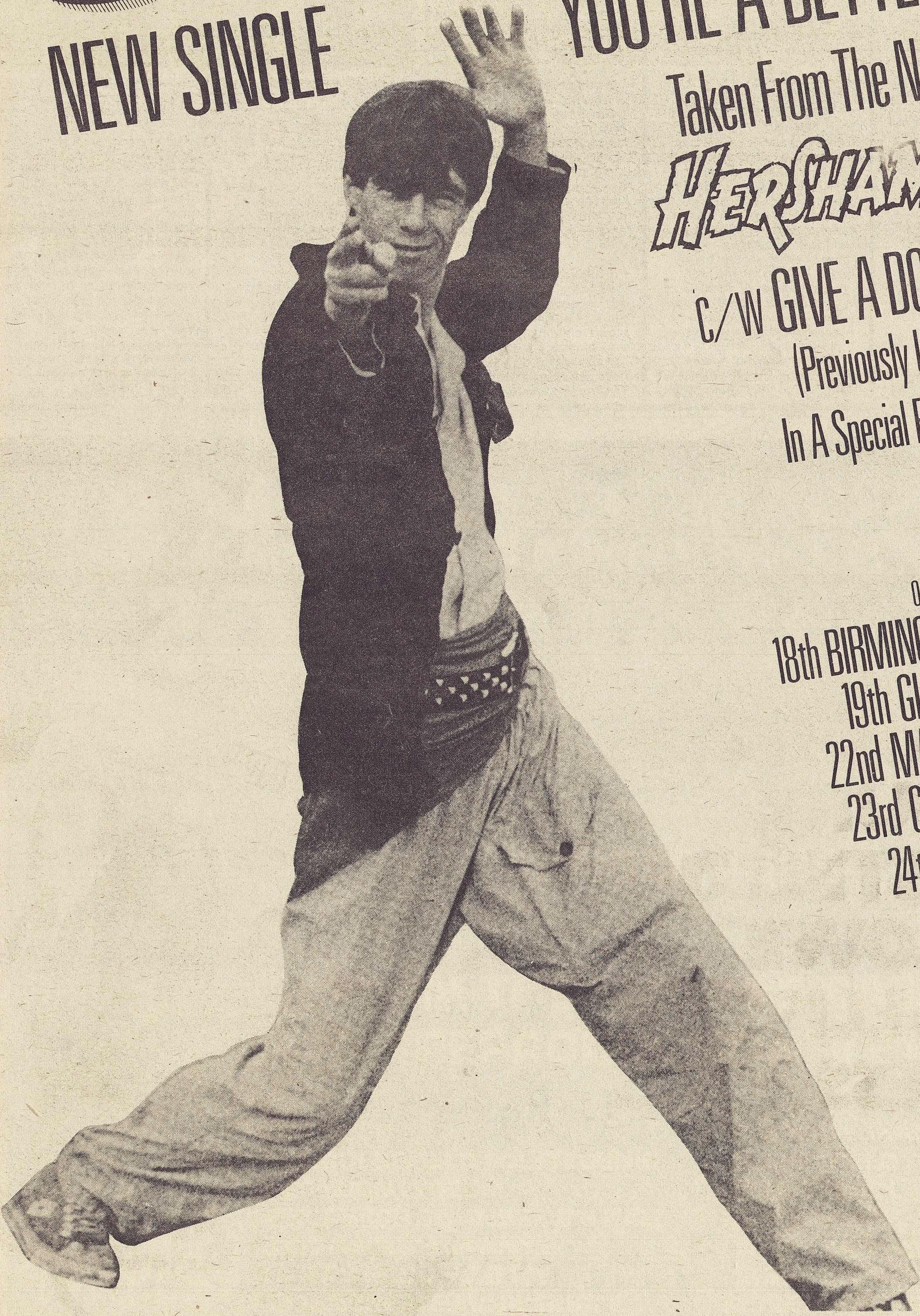
Taken From The New Album

HERSHAM BOYS

C/W GIVE A DOG A BONE

(Previously Unreleased)

In A Special Full Colour Bag



OCTOBER TOUR

18th BIRMINGHAM BINGLEY HALL

19th GLASGOW APOLLO

22nd MANCHESTER APOLLO

23rd COVENTRY THEATRE

24th BATH PAVILION

Polydor

Crazy mixed-up synthesizer utilisers

CABARET VOLTAIRE
Mix Up *(Rough Trade)*

WITH 'MIX UP', Cabaret Voltaire transcend being simply the blueprint for a genre — the drummerless synthesizer trio — and finally get down to business.

In its combination of post-punk attack and abrasive electronic maelstrom, 'Nag Nag Nag' was the quintessential late-'70s electronic garage-band single, an example for others but limited as such. There's only one song of similar cretin simplicity on 'Mix Up', The Seeds' 'No Escape', and it's the least satisfying track on the album.

Instead of concentrating on the easy hook and the instant rhythm, the Cabs here concentrate on emotional soundscaping, offering several alternatives to the pure noise/pure pop furrows endlessly ploughed by latterday synthesizer bands.

Apart from the snippet of live improvisation (called 'Eyeless Sight', for obvious reasons) which closes side one, all are meticulously constructed and linked by an overall tone of sombre unease — chilling rather than cold. Three of the songs include drums (by 2.3's Haydn Boyes-Weston), relatively straight on 'On Every Other Street', dubbed on 'Kirlian Photograph' and 'Capsules'.

'Kirlian Photograph', which opens the album, lopes in casually with giant strides, then sets up forceful cross-current tensions with interjections of hissing-gas organ and guitar to give a semi-reggae off-beat emphasis under the snatches of dubbed vocals. An easy way in, maybe . . .

'Fourth Shot', about the killing of JFK (the question of whether there were three or four shots is apparently crucial), is quite magnificent. An insistent heartbeat pulse sets the atmosphere, and a beautifully simple, evocative guitar line fades in like a white-hot wire before the semi-decipherable vocals recount the story, with a combination of shadowy menace and weary resignation, in a series of brief phrases — *"Quiver body hit the floor"*, etc. — and onomatopoeic *"Shoot"*s. The effect is like watching a slow-motion re-run of the film of the assassination, the events distanced with the eerie inevitability of hindsight.

It's the album's best track, although 'Expect Nothing', with its disturbing marriage of languid, swaying rhythmic calm and jarring *musique concrete* swells, runs it close.

Here again, the vocals are largely indecipherable but for the occasional word or phrase — *"Absent!"* in this case — which is not as annoying as it sounds, though it *is* effectively alienating.

The use of drums on 'On Every Other Street' (especially) is far from a piece-meal attempt to shed that "drummerless" millstone round their necks, and it throws some light on the use of sounds in general on 'Mix Up'. Everything is sacrificed to the end result, which in this case is a song about paranoia, so the drum-figure, rather than just keeping a rhythm, captures the nervous constantly-looking-over-your-shoulder feel of the subject. The vocals, again, are brief, staccato stabs: *". . . you don't understand/Paranoid cities throughout the land/Enemies await us on every other street/Undetermined images/Flickering heat"*, sung with a combination of fear and sneer, as befits the song.

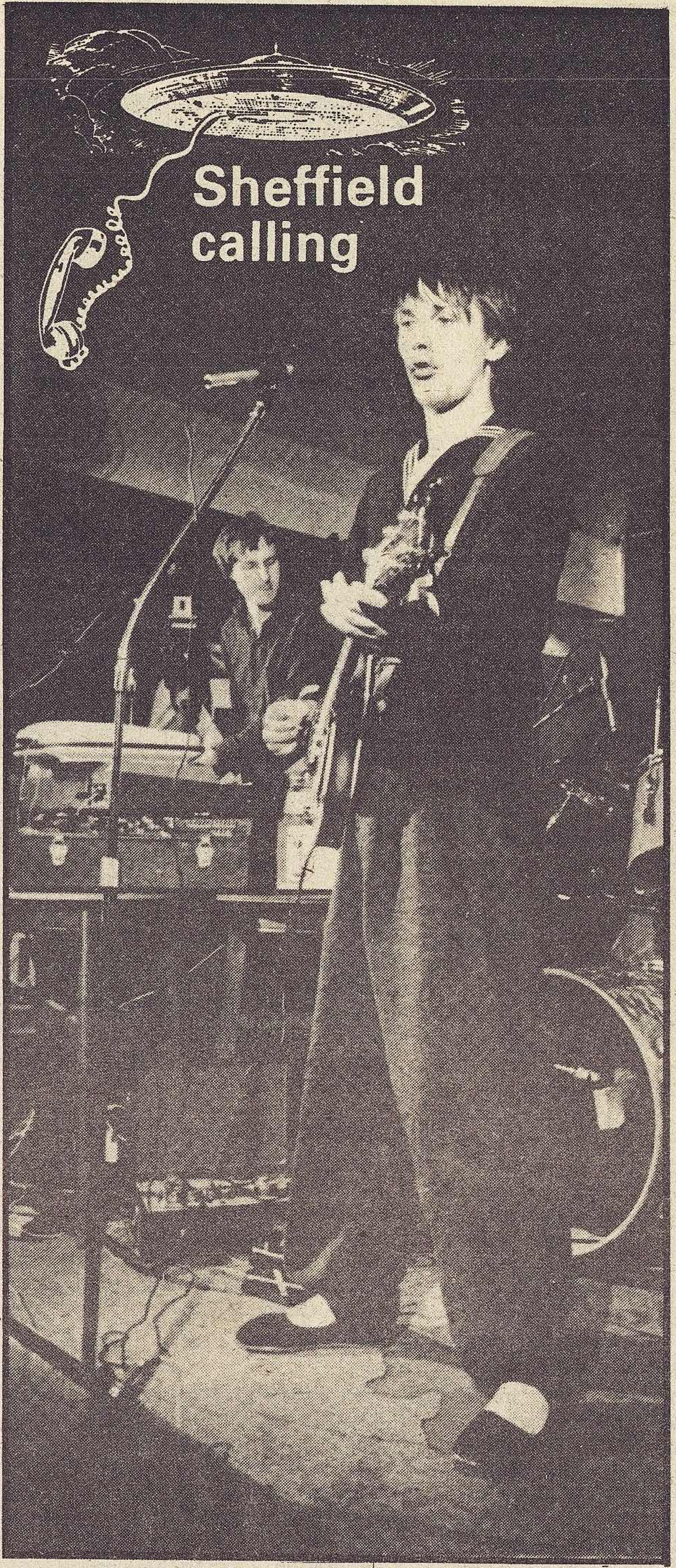
'Mix Up', like much of Pere Ubu's work, is modern "mood music". In none of the songs is it merely a question of finding any old tune for a bunch of lyrics (or vice-versa), but one of creating the correct emotional framework for the subject. In this respect, the Cabs display a hitherto unrevealed ability to slowly, inexorably increase tension; the subliminal turn of the screw operates to good effect throughout the album.

One of the things which struck me while listening to 'Mix Up' was that rather than seeming like chunks taken out of a longer continuum, with arbitrary beginnings and endings, the individual pieces are now *songs:* their internal structure now has strength and logic. Instead of the open-ended meanders and formless improvisations which they were prone to only a couple of years ago, the various elements are now disciplined, mobilised towards a common end.

This new-found unity is obviously the result of simple application of *rigour*, harnessing those techniques and skills developed during their indulgent apprenticeship and applying them with a deeper motivation. In other words, they've refined their product to an acceptable "professional" standard, whilst retaining the integrity and spirit of amateurs.

And that, after all, is the way it should be. Isn't it?

Andy Gill



Mal of CV prepares for mega-stardom. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

LINDISFARNE
The News *(Mercury)*
CHICAGO
Street Player *(CBS)*

WELCOME to redundancy corner. For two factions such oceans apart, Lindisfarne and Chicago have much in common. Both rocketed to widespread (and in retrospect, unaccountable) fame with their first two albums ('69/'70). Both divebombed almost as rapidly with a subsequent stream of slowly degenerating retreads of their initial trademark. Both have since concocted ways of staying 'modern': Chicago cream off all the current dance rhythms; Lindisfarne souse themselves in Alan Hull's ever-acute 'topical' cynicism.

God knows why they bother.

'The News' does no more than confirm Hull's talent at writing absurdly self-conscious outmoded folk/rock hymns with frivolous tunes designed to seduce brains long-addled by real ale.

Ten years back, at least Lindisfarne had confidence. The dawn of the '80s finds them empty, melancholic and so fiercely defensive that they're writing songs like 'Dedicated Hound' about the merciless payola-warped bigots who masquerade as rock critics. Doubtless my days are numbered.

Ten years back, Chicago made a splash with derivative white soul/urban rock-jazz topped off with a then revolutionary raucous brass trio. Since then they've slithered so far into the mire of slicked-up FM street funk shuffle that it's hard to imagine they can get any worse.

They can: here's the evidence. Cover shots abound of this eight-strong crew in stylish mock-gangster threads, wideboy hats, halfmast ties, and shirts split to the navel to reveal the regulation nine-carat neck-nugget. It's the perfect picture of hip, starchy, megaplatinum affluence for which the album makes the perfect soundtrack. The main ingredients are stupefying lyrics plastered over triple-thick disco with iron-on harmonies, lightly windswept hit single-styled ballads, and noxious souped up soul, all treated with the kind of sassy Tijuana tone that recalls those 'Southend Symphonia Play Lennon/McCartney' records you always find playing in the Co-Op.

It's horseshit, believe me.

Mark Ellen

SEX, DRUGS, ROCK & ROLL AND CHAOS

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mfp
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AT YOUR RECORD STORE NOW. CASSETTE £2.25.

Rock Myths We Don't Need No 642

Romantic outlaws up chic creek

LEE CLAYTON
Naked Child *(Capitol)*
GARLAND JEFFREYS
American Boy And Girl *(A&M)*

ON display here are the systems of romance, the ubiquity of the myth: the tough and tender hombre in the city and the country. *High Noon* meets *West Side Story* — the ideology of popular culture made threadbare and hilarious by its earnest assertion that is the fruits of individual experience.

Lee Clayton believes 'truth' is something you find at the end of the highway. And he rides *alone*, for 20 years even. As if isolation were an achievement rather than a hurt. Garland Jeffreys is into *streets* more than highways, and finding his 'real' self which apparently lurks within him, a mysterious essence as intangible as unbroken wind. But they both have the same blight, the romantic individualism that lies at the dead heart of bourgeois culture.

Clayton is a cult figure (he wrote 'Ladies Love Outlaws') who embarrasses his fans with an occasional outburst like *"I am but a naked child composed of pure white light"*. His last album was an unusual version of C&W infused with a residue of cosmic consciousness and an ear for over-the-top schlock imagery which left you wondering if the whole affair wasn't a gorgeous parody *a la* 'Rider In The Rain'.

'Naked Child' moves closer to a hard rock context — there's less pedal steel, more sinuous electric lead — but the attitudes are much the same. The sensitive outlaw, buffeted by unkind fate and fickle women, rides on in search of true love and the meaning of life.

Clayton is like Lenny Bruce's Lone Ranger and he's often very funny — though it's unintentional. '10,000 Years/Sexual Moon' elevates a simple case of desire into a full-blown apocalyptic melodrama with a guest appearance by the Whore of Babylon; 'I Ride Alone' — his "theme" song — is stuffed with cliches about midnight highways, renegade kings and the romance of 20 years' inability to relate to people.

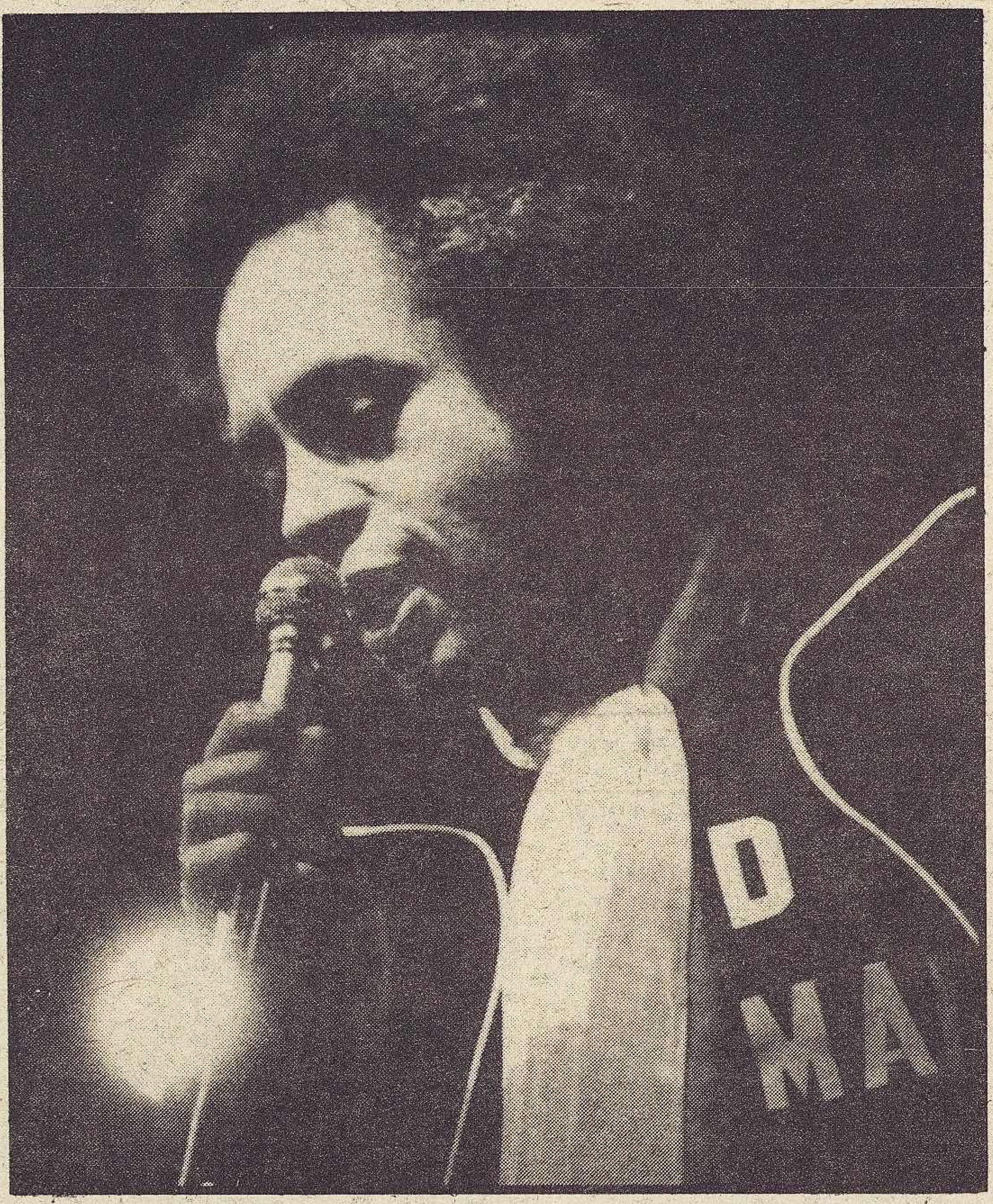
Well, I guess a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. But why's he gotta record it?

Garland Jeffreys plies a thoroughly mediocre urban variant on the myth: a kind of poor man's Bruce Springsteen without the directness or detail or passion which elevates Springsteen's work above the mere recitation of old romantic lies.

The music is the same mixture of muddy soggy hard rock and muddy soggy reggae which characterised his previous albums. Though unlike his acclaimed 'Ghost Writer' there are no decent tunes nor even a spark of originality. The lyrics are full of drugs'n'crime'n'good advice — about being yourself and being strong and gosh, isn't love sweet even though it hurts sometimes.

The only funny moment is the sleeve note which lists "inspirations" and includes Dana, Bertrand Russell, Uncle Nat, Little Milton and *Paradise Lost*. After hearing lines like *"See one thousand violins/Golden trumpets soar on high/Waves and waves of joyful hymns/Silver sonnets reach the sky"*, I'd say Barbara Cartland deserves a namecheck too.

Graham Lock



Garland Jeffreys — dragging it off in the street

RITA COOLIDGE
Satisfied *(A&M)*

THE glittering mosaic orb spins on its axis and La Rita nestles glamorously beside the Steinway. Suspended above the plushly-orchestrated yawn-rock safety-net of the backing musicians, one may discern the silken-throated Ms Coolidge, whining soft and sweet like a badly adjusted air conditioning unit. Her treatment of this insipid collection of Eurovision pop ballads is the picture of nonchalance. More conviction might be noticed in a Sunsilk commercial.

If you're shopping for a new stereo, you could be hearing a lot of this album in the future — it's the kind of music that well-meaning hi-fi salesmen play in order to demonstrate how sensitive their equipment is. Produced by David Anderle and Booker T. Jones, hair by Harry King, and 24 carat gold clothes supplied by Calvin Klein.

Rick Joseph

IMPORTS

OKAY, WE'RE into a new era of sound recordings and from here on in our discs are — bad pressings apart — likely to sound more hi on the fi, thanks to the discovery of digital recording and the rediscovery of direct cut methods. Fine eh, Chomondley? But what's to be done about the comparitively lower sound quality of past favourites, those less technically perfect goodies which we've been bashing on the old Victoria in recent years?

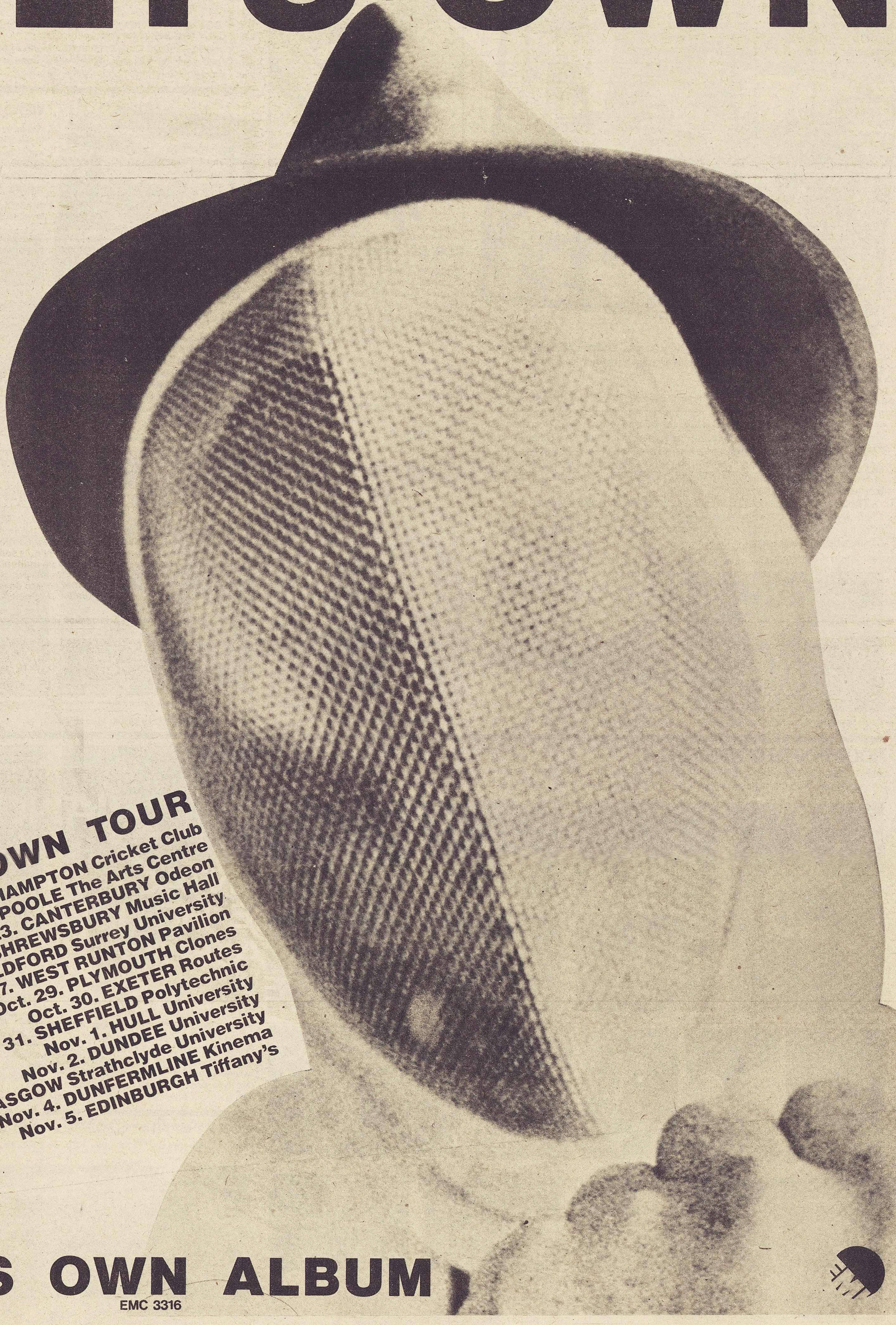
It now seems that this problem has been partially solved by a film called Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab, who take the original stereo tapes to such recordings as **Emmylou Harris'** 'Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town', **George Benson's** 'Breezin'', **Little Feat's** 'Waiting For Columbus' and **Grateful Dead's** 'American Beauty' and cut new master's at half-speed, thus allowing a more faithful reproduction of heavily modulated passages and an extension of frequency range. The resulting masters are then plated in one country and shipped to another, where they're pressed on special high-definition vinyl and placed in static-free inner bags before being returned to the States. The only problem is that such inter-continental quality-control has made such releases extremely expensive — most of the single albums processed by MFSL are priced at £15 or £16 — though A&M are now marketing a similarly manufactured Audiophile series (containing such titles as **Supertramp's** 'Breakfast In America' and 'Even In The Quietest Moments') which are priced at just under nine pounds.

Time was when WEA would rush-release every **Aretha Franklin** album. Nowadays there's no such hurry, for the Rev. C.L. Franklin's little girl hasn't notched a British hit of any kind since 1974, while her last top 20 item was way back in 1971. On the evidence of 'La Diva' (Atlantic), one of the last albums to be produced by the late Van McCoy, things are unlikely to improve in the future. For though Aretha still occasionally stokes that gospel fire and stretches out that four-octave voice in a way that should shake off all possible rivals, her material has all the appeal of a Barbra Streisand Home For Reject Songs, while her arrangements are more workmanlike than wonderful. On a song titled 'Only Star' she emotes about being the only star at the disco, though later, on 'The Feeling', she muses: *"I've got to decide where I'm going"*. Maybe if she thought less about the former and really got to grips with the latter it's possible that she wouldn't be wasting both a great voice and a mess of precious vinyl. In the meantime, I suggest we say a little prayer!

Among those who apparently do know where they're going are **Pleasure**, whose 'Future Now' (Fantasy) finds our jazz-funk heroes heading spacewards to chant *"Space must be the place"* before proceeding to bore the astro-pants off one and all via a side on the mini-suite. It's a pity really, for Pleasure are basically an excellent unit and when Michael Hepburn and Sherman Davis opt for flights of vocal inter-weaving — as they do on the vaguely Wonder-like 'Thoughts Of Old Flames' — then t'aint nothing wrong and a good deal's right. But overall, the band's somewhat elaborate conception of party-down malfunctions on take-off every time and only proves that space just ain't the place for funkathons. Maybe it's all something to do with those anti-gravity boots. I must remember to ask Arthur C. Clarke sometime . . .

Fred Dellar

FLYS OWN



FLYS OWN TOUR

Oct. 20. NORTHAMPTON Cricket Club
Oct. 21. POOLE The Arts Centre
Oct. 23. CANTERBURY Odeon
Oct. 24. SHREWSBURY Music Hall
Oct. 26. GUILDFORD Surrey University
Oct. 27. WEST RUNTON Pavilion
Oct. 29. PLYMOUTH Clones
Oct. 30. EXETER Routes
Oct. 31. SHEFFIELD Polytechnic
Nov. 1. HULL University
Nov. 2. DUNDEE University
Nov. 3. GLASGOW Strathclyde University
Nov. 4. DUNFERMLINE Kinema
Nov. 5. EDINBURGH Tiffany's

FLYS OWN ALBUM

EMC 3316

BIG O EXPLORES PLANET EARTH

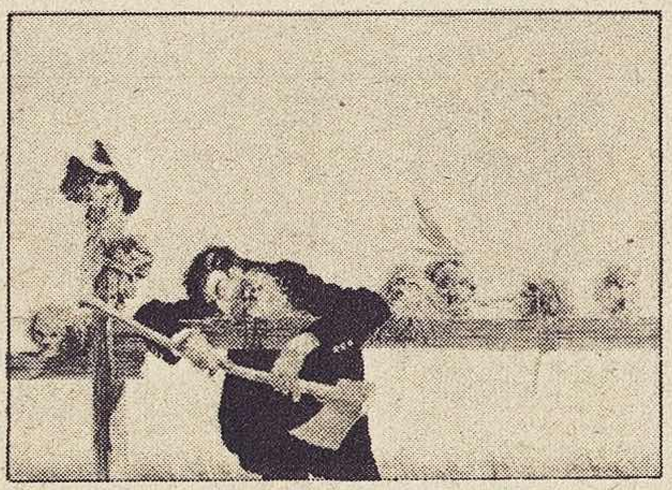
The paintings, posters and prints of **Jeffrey Jones, William Michael Kaluta, Barry Windsor-Smith and Berni Wrightson** go together to make
THE STUDIO

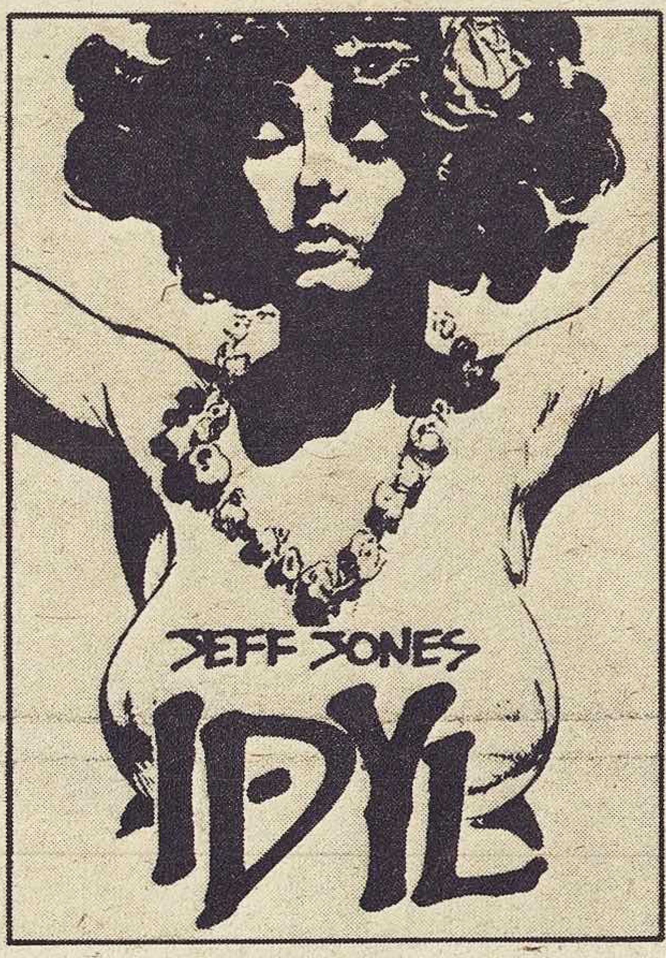
In 1975 these four young artists were among the handful of best-known, top-ranked and innovative narrative artists in America. Jeffrey Jones had been teasing logic and sensuality with his acclaimed story strip **Idyl**, the adventures of a naked, permanently pregnant woman, in a landscape populated by vegetation and animals. Michael William Kaluta had created a sharp-angled, zoom lens, art deco version of the detective comic strip. Barry Windsor-Smith had, in work for Marvel Comics, produced muscular drawings of Barbarians, Amazons and Wizards. And Berni Wrightson had produced a biochemical remake of Beauty and the Beast.

The Studio is a testament to the effect of this subtle combination of divergent talents which came together three years ago. Whatever appreciation is had of their work, it is clear that they totally reject the lethal mundanity of air-conditioned, lowest common denominator reality.

THE STUDIO 160 pages full-colour 12 x 12 ins £5.95

DD23 **Samothrace** (Smith) 33 x 23 £1.80


DD13 **Mementoes** (Wrightson) 33 x 23 £1.80



IDYL Jeff Jones

In **Idyl**, Jeff Jones (one of the four **Studio** artists) has created a comic-strip world of reasoning fish, talkative butterflies, contemplative leopards, turtles and birds – and a clam who relates the evolutionary history of his species. Through the whole has been scattered many doubts about our vision of the world.

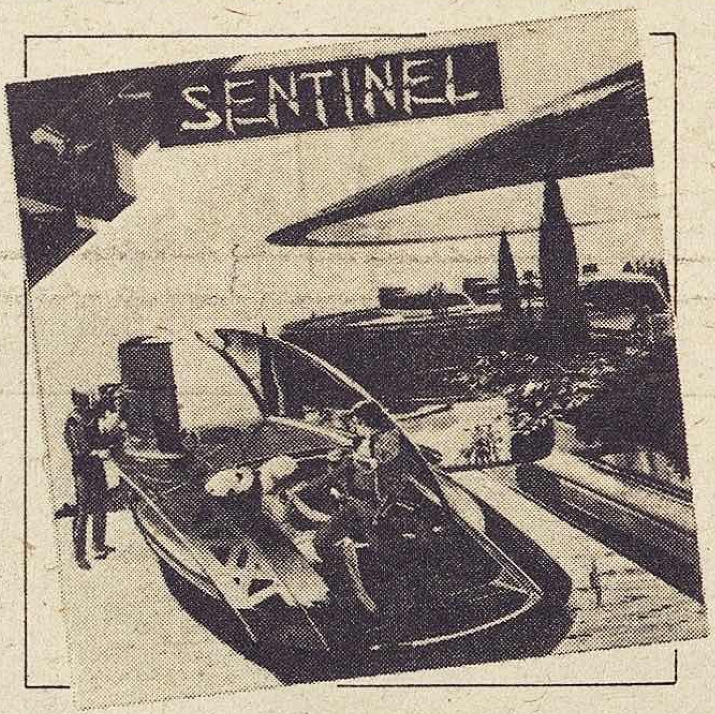
IDYL 64 pages 8 x 11 ins £3.25

Big O has produced a beautiful collection of posters from the four **Studio** artists. Ask to see the full range shown on our **Studio** catalogue.

DD3 **White Bird** (Jones) 33 x 23 £1.80

Big O, the folks who brought you such delights as **Roger Dean's Views, Harry Harrison's Mechanismo** and **Planet Story, H. R. Giger's Necronomicon** and **Rodney Matthews' Wizardry & Wild Romance,** have got together a whole stack of new goodies for you. They'll be in your local book or record shop – and in those extra special places whose owners are nuts enough to believe it's our kind of stuff you want to see rather than 'Vets at the Disco'.

We've also managed to pack some of the artists into the back of a truck so they can get out and meet you . . . check out the tour list to see where you can blow your wad – and get a famous thumbprint at the same time.



SENTINEL Syd Mead

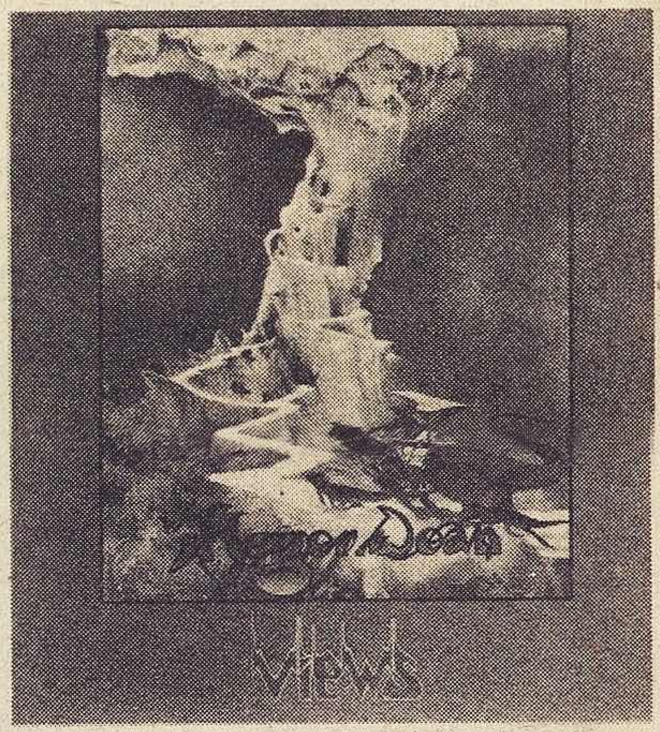
Syd Mead takes the year 2000 as his time and space reference and designs cluster-pod housing, computer guided automobiles, megastructures, 3D laserамas, space stations – even space fashion shows. This is not a book of fantasy but a visual encyclopaedia of tomorrow's world – Mead ensures all his blue prints are working drawings.

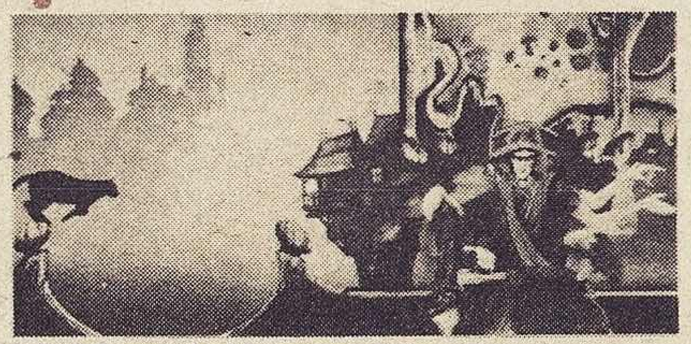
SENTINEL 160 pages full-colour 12 x 12 ins £5.95

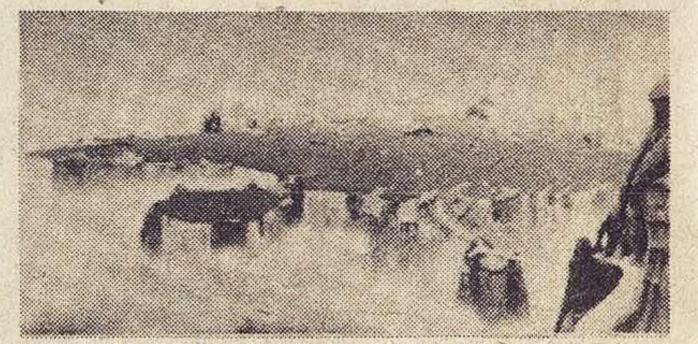
VIEWS Roger Dean

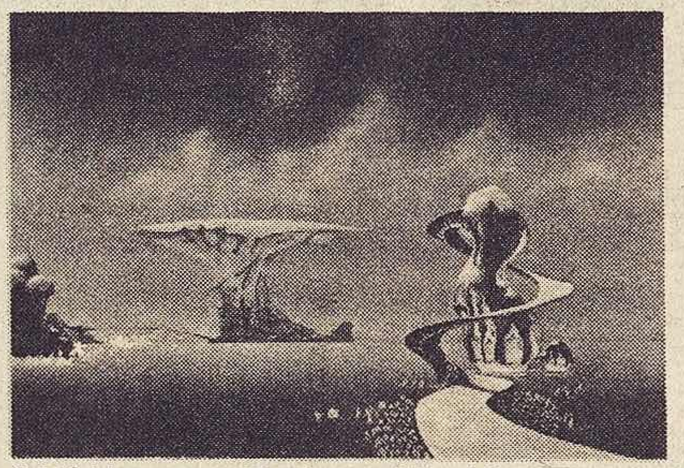
Well on its way to having sold half a million, **Views** is the definitive collection of Dean's work. Known throughout the world for his posters and record covers, this book shows there's far more than just illustration at his fingertips.

VIEWS 160 pages full-colour
Paperback £5.50 Hardback £9.95




GA16 **Bedside Manners** 20 x 40


GA19 **Close to the Edge** 20 x 40


GA10 **Yessongs Pathway** 27 x 40

GA12 **Topographic Oceans** 27 x 40

All the above **Roger Dean** posters are £1.80 each

ROCK POSTERS FROM BIG O

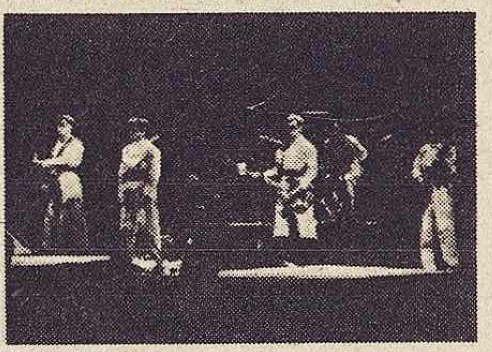
We've a reputation for producing the best rock posters around . . . new wave, old wave, no wave, blow wave. All in full-colour on glossy paper and over 33 x 23 inches. Some of them can be seen here and there's a list below of others available. **Only £1.35 each.**

B299 **Blondie**

B295 **Ron Wood/Keith Richards**

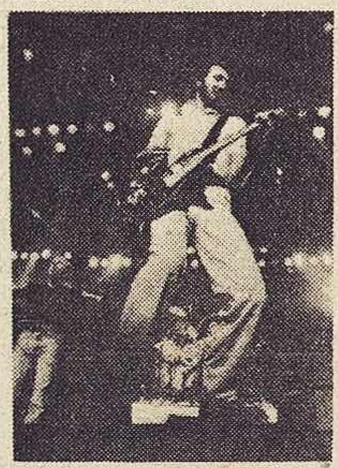
B294 **Jimmy Page**

B296 **Police**


B263 **Devo**

B232 **Bob Dylan**

B256 **Status Quo**


B293 **Who**

B289 **Van Halen**

B288 **Cheap Trick**

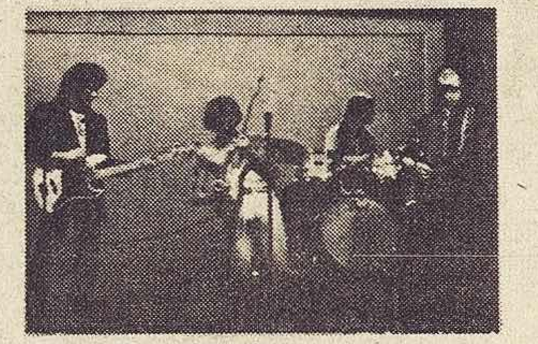
B283 **Peter Tosh**

B298 **Sex Pistols**

B291 **Led Zeppelin**

B268 **Rolling Stones**

B284 **Clash**

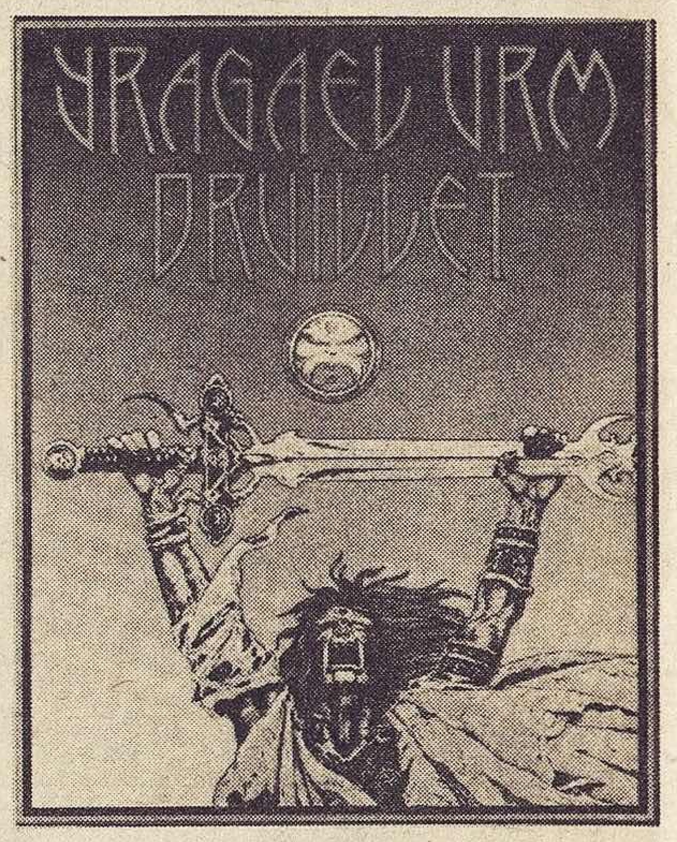

B287 **Dire Straits**

Also: B297 **Scorpions**; B285 **Stranglers**; B280 **Ian Dury**; B279 **Costello**; B277 **Marley**; B271 **Springsteen**; B269 **Supertramp**; B262 **Talking Heads**; B261 **Cars**; B252 **Siouxsie**; B244 **Pursey**; B260 **Judas Priest**; B286 **Graham Parker**; B281 **Bob Geldof**

LONE SLOANE Druillet

Druillet, one of Europe's most prominent artists in the fields of illustrated fantasy and SF, takes us through time and space with his galactic hero **Lone Sloane** to dying civilisations and the decaying planet Delirius where infinite varieties of vice and gambling are the source of revenue for emperor Shaan.

LONE SLOANE 144 pages full-colour 8 x 11 ins £3.95



YRAGAEL URM Druillet

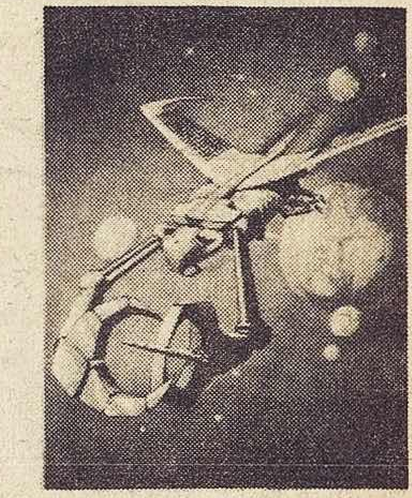
More from Druillet whose images burst from the page with energetic, fiery colours and powerful, yet sophisticated design. Here we're told the tale of the ruler of Cemeroon and his banished son – an apocalyptic fantasy of creation and destruction.

YRAGAEL URM 144 pages full-colour 8 x 11 ins £4.25

RODNEY MATTHEWS POSTERS

Big O have a large range of posters by Rodney Matthews (two of the ones from the calendar are shown). Ask for a catalogue

GA122 **No Mean City** 20 x 40 £1.80

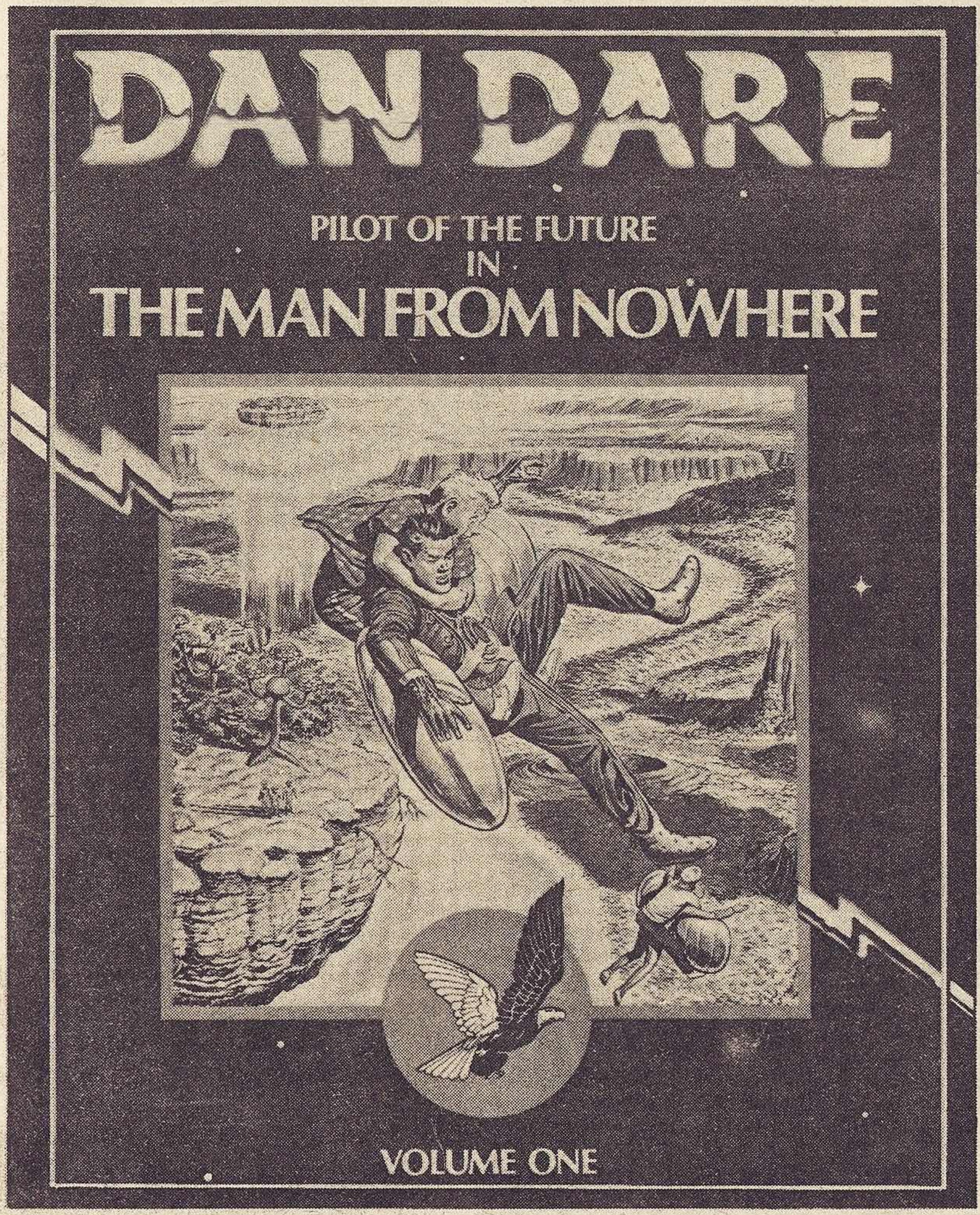

GA62 **Space Hijack** 33 x 23 £1.80

& DISCOVERS DAN DARE IN LEAGUE WITH THE ALIEN

Dan Dare, ace Space Warden, stumbles on a battered dust-cart illegally parked on some downtown planet. With uncaring haste he finds himself in love with the driver – little realising the Alien is not collecting trash but real live people.

Will Dan Dare return to his first love, Digby? And will H. R. Giger reveal more of his devastating creature? Watch out for more exciting developments!

Of course, anything can happen in space (no one can see you dream). Down here on Earth things are a little more certain. **Big O** is bringing you a couple of very special books: **Dan Dare – The Man from Nowhere** created by Eagle stalwart Frank Hampson, and **H. R. Giger's Alien.**



DAN DARE: THE PILOT OF THE FUTURE in MAN FROM NOWHERE Vol. 1 Frank Hampson

In the fifties **Eagle** was the most successful boys' magazine ever. Much of its success can be attributed to Dan Dare whose breathtaking exploits occupied the first two pages of every issue. **The Man from Nowhere** is the first book in a series from the archives.

Thrill again (or for the first time babes) to our hero's action-packed adventures. The story begins at the Venusian Embassy, near Spacefleet HQ. A great party is in progress to celebrate the return of peace to the universe. Many good friends and old comrades are present including guests of honour Colonel Dan Dare, Flamer Spry, Steve Valiant, Albert Fitzwilliam Digby and old Groupie whose recent exploit in defeating the ruthless Mekon is still very much front page news. Now read on . . .

DAN DARE 112 pages full-colour 8 x 11 ins. £4.25

A NEW CALENDAR FOR 1980 by RODNEY MATTHEWS
Terrestrial Voyages

After **Wizardry & Wild Romance** in '78 and **Another Time Another Place** in '79 comes probably the best yet: **Terrestrial Voyages 1980.** The fantastic worlds depicted by Rodney Matthews for each month are superbly printed on high quality art-paper in full-colour with a 13th page for daily notes and jottings. Don't miss out, the stockpile quickly diminishes.

TERRESTRIAL VOYAGES Spiralbound 16 x 16 ins £4.95

GIGER'S ALIEN

NME has already done a feature on **Alien,** 20th Century Fox's blockbuster movie. Meanwhile the queues are snaking round the block. Much of the credit must go to H. R. Giger whose set designs and work on costumes supplied all the requisite atmospheric elements to conjure up the terrible series of events that transformed a peaceful space freighter, moving slowly across the galaxy, into a horror factory of death and contamination. This beautiful book provides a complete record of the months and months of work that resulted in the component parts for 2 hours of cine-wonder: sketches, paintings, photos of scenery under construction, scenes from the film. Even details of how the alien's teeth actually managed to bite! All linked by Swiss artist Giger's diary at the time. Not many can capture both horrible and beautiful in one image – Giger is one of the gifted few.

At this very moment **Giger's Alien** is speeding from the printing presses. Take this opportunity of reserving your own personal copy now for despatch in late November.

GIGER'S ALIEN 72 pages full-colour 12 x 12 ins £6.95

GIGER'S NECRONOMICON

Giger's first major collection of his work and the book that introduced **Alien's** director Ridley Scott to his work. The first printing has sold out. Make sure you don't miss out on the next printing by reserving a copy now.

NECRONOMICON 84 pages full-colour 11 x 16 ins £8.50

JEWEL IN THE SKULL
Adapted by James Cawthorn

Cawthorn's best ever illustrations combine to provide a complete visual panorama based on the first story in Moorcock's **Dorian Hawkmoon** series. The inhuman armies of the Dark Empire spread evil and corruption across a mystical Europe of the future – until . . .

JEWEL IN THE SKULL 80 pages 9 x 13 ins £2.95

COME & MEET THE ARTISTS

Big O, in association with **Dragon's Dream**, have put together a whole truckload of artists who'll be zapping round the country. Come and meet them and get 'em to sign a copy of their books at the same time...

ROGER DEAN
will be signing copies of
VIEWS

DRUILLET
will be signing copies of
LONE SLOANE & YRAGAEL URM

BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH
MICHAEL KALUTA
JEFF JONES &
BERNI WRIGHTSON
will be signing copies of
THE STUDIO

Saturday 20 October
Lunchtime
SCIENCE FICTION BOOKSHOP
40 West Cross Causeway
EDINBURGH

Monday 22 October
Lunchtime
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14 New Market Street
LEEDS

5pm onwards
BOOKCHAIN
18 Peter Street
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Tuesday 23 October
5.30pm onwards
ANDROMEDA BOOK CO
57 Summer Row
BIRMINGHAM 3

Wednesday 24 October
Lunchtime onwards
PAPERBACK SHOP
23/25 Broad Street
OXFORD

Thursday 25 October
Lunchtime onwards
FOREVER PEOPLE
59 Park Street
BRISTOL

Saturday 27 October
10.30am onwards
FORBIDDEN PLANET
23 Denmark Street
LONDON WC2

It's not certain at the time of going to press whether Roger Dean or Druillet will be present on 27 October.

If you can't get any of these goodies, or just can't face the hordes of Christmas shoppers stocking up on crackers, snip out the coupon and we'll do our best to speed your desires to you.

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20 Steve Harley
21 Billy Jo Spears
21 Leo Kottke
22 Serge Lane
23/24 Darts
24 Gillan
25/27 Gladys Knight
26 Joy Division
27 Inmates + Lew Lewis Reformer
27 Southside Johnny
28 White Snake
30 Undertones

NOVEMBER
1 Stranglers
1/4 AC/DC
2 Skids
2 Revillos
4 Penetration
4 Moody Blues
4 Four Tops
5/6 Boomtown Rats
5/8 Blue Oyster Cult
6 Lene Lovich
9 Squeeze
9/10 Buzzcocks
10 Hot Chocolate
12 John McLaughlin
13 Robert Palmer
13/15 Shirley Bassey
13/18 Manhattan Transfer
16 Gallagher & Lyle
17 Steve Hillage
25 Specials
26/27 Motorhead
29/30/Dec 1 Andy Williams

DECEMBER
2 Hawkwind
2/4 The Jam
4/5 L. Cohen
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OR by postal application from MCP Cooper House, Brockhurst Crescent, Walsall.

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INGLISTON, EDINBURGH
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Impulse Records, Cornwall Way, East Kilbride.
Newcastle City Hall, Northumberland Rd, Newcastle.
Postal applications also to the above Box Offices.
Cheques, postal orders, etc should be made payable to respective box office.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

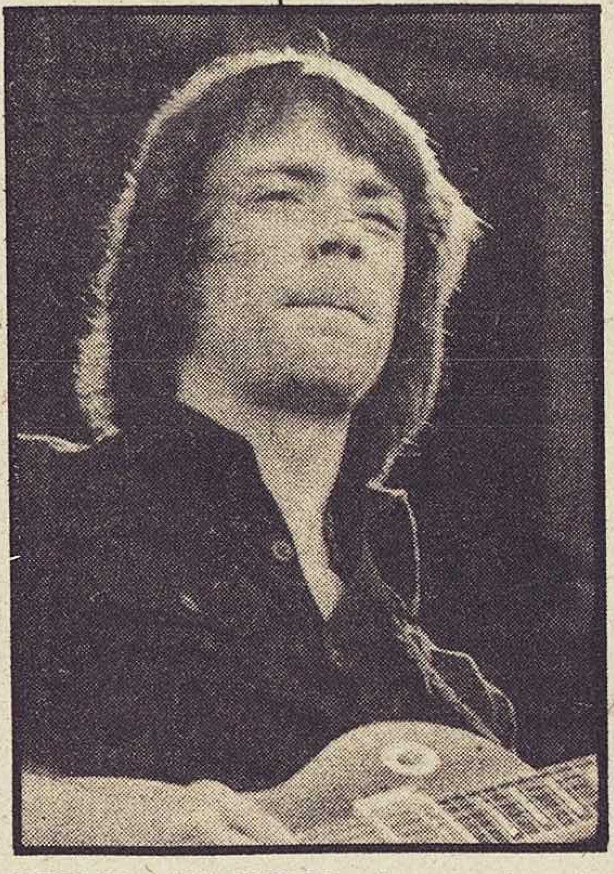
650 DATES THIS WEEK

. . . which accounts for the dearth of pictures on the Gig Guide pages this week. After all, the gigs themselves take priority, and the next seven days represent something of a record in terms of sheer quantity.

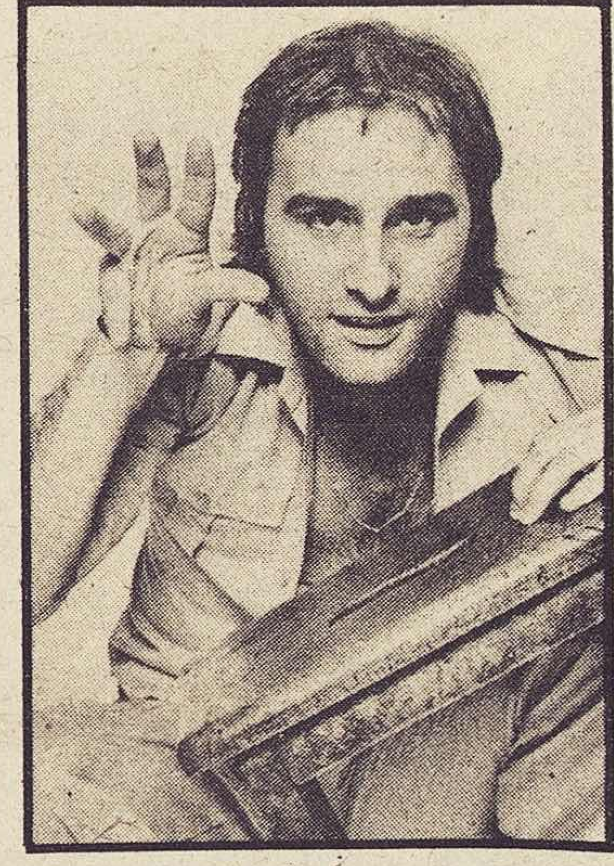
But we would like to point out that, in addition to the special events highlighted below and overleaf, this week's other major happenings include a one-off by LEO KOTTKE in London on Sunday; and the return to Britain, following European dates, of SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & The Asbury Jukes who open at Glasgow (Tuesday) and Leeds (Wednesday).

Additionally, for C&W devotees, BILLIE JO SPEARS is on the road at Taunton (Thursday), Eastbourne (Saturday), London Hammersmith (Sunday) and Peterborough (Wednesday), supported by Bobby Bare. And there are tours starting by RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON and CHET ATKINS — see the day-by-day listings for details.

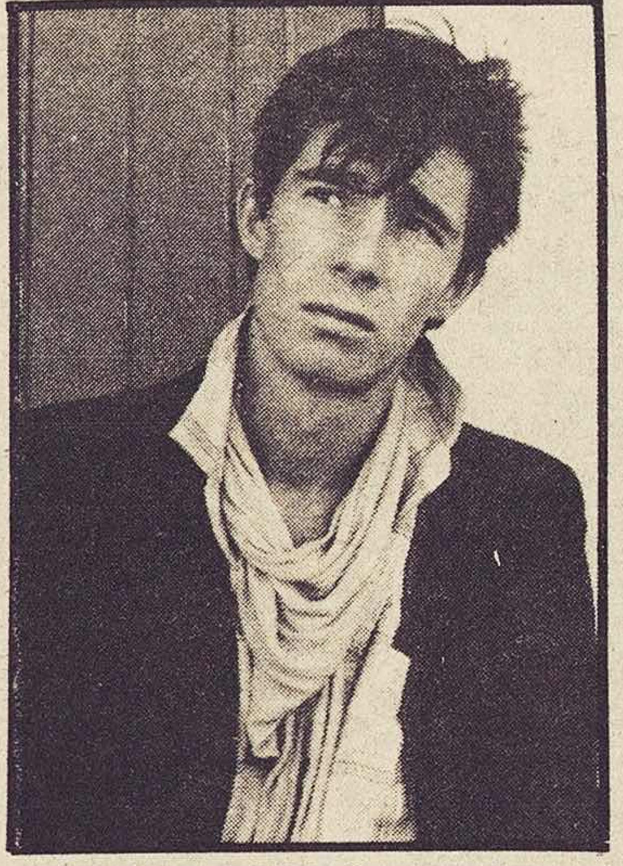
DEREK JOHNSON



STEVE HACKETT has already undertaken one tour this year, but it was so successful that he's going on the road again, kicking off in Aberdeen (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). His act has now been revamped to incorporate material from his recent hit album 'Spectral Mornings'.



STEVE HARLEY makes his first UK concert appearance for three years on Saturday, when he plays London Hammersmith Odeon, backed by a band billed as Cockney Rebel, whose line-up includes several of the original members. It's in aid of his new album 'The Candidate', but more gigs are expected to be announced shortly.



JIMMY PURSEY has re-formed Sham 69 after a lengthy disbandment, lasting all of six weeks, and they're back in harness again for a short series of concerts. The Hersham Boys are in action at Birmingham (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Manchester (Monday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Bath (Wednesday).

Thursday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Gillan / Randy California**
Aylesbury Friars: **Camel / Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Bangor University: **The Buzzcocks**
Basildon Double Six: **Praying Mantis**
Basingstoke Magnums: **Scissor Fits**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **Sham 69**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackpool Mardi Gras: **Zanzibar**
Blackpool Norbreck: **The Merton Parkas**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Stress / John Dowie / Alien Tint**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Lambrettas**
Brighton Sherrys Showbar: **The Love Machine**
Brighton The Hungry Years: **Airport**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Headlines**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Venom**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Mekons**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **The Skids**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Executives / Reluctant Snowmen**
Coventry Locarno: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Coventry Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Judie Tzuke**
Derby Assembly Hall: **The Undertones / Killermeters**
Edinburgh Astoria: **After The Fire / The Solos**
Gosport John Peel: **The Lillettes**
Halifax Civic Centre: **Joe Brown**
Hayes (Middlesex) Adam & Eve: **Trimmer & Jenkins / Ack-Ack**
Hull Phoenix Club: **Chuck Fowler Band**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Adverts**
Isle of Sheppey New Hotel: **Flying Saucers**
Keighley Temperance Hall: **The Scene / Exits**
Kirkcaldy Birksgate Hotel: **Not Quite Red Fox**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **Le Argo**
Liverpool Eric's: **Sore Throat / The Inmates**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Destroy All Monsters**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Poison Girls / Crass**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Never Never Band**
London Charing Cross Rd, Astoria Theatre: **"Beatlemania!" (for a season)**
London Chelsea Wedgies: **Duffo**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bobby Henry**
London Ealing Technical College: **London Zoo**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Johnny G**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bumpers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Young Ones/ The Pretty British**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Lou Reed**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs / The Decoys**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Bogey Boys**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Sinceros / The Decoys**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **UK Subs**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Rest**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Talisman**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet**
London Southall White Swan: **The Injections**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Strand Kings College: **Pressure Shocks**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Sky**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Sutherlands**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Oscar Peterson / Alex Welsh Band / Tony Lee Trio**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bombshell / Black Superstition Mountain**
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **Heathcliffe**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Second Nature / The Molesters**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Manyana**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Manchester UMIST: **The Tourists**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Chas & Dave**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Darts**
Newcastle City Hall: **Whitesnake / Marseille**
Newcastle The Playground: **Central Line**
Norwich Blackfriars Hall: **Aklowa**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Porthcawl Stoneleigh Club: **Nolan Sisters**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Penetration**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Smirks**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Jags**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Galadrial / Stan Ellison**
Prestwick Town Hall: **Another Pretty Face / Fred The Enemy / The Numbers / Soviet Tractors**
Reading Three Tuns: **El Seven**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **George Gritzbach**
Royton Assembly Hall: **The Roaring 80's**
Sheffield City Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Revillos**
Sheffield The Penguin: **RIP**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Stranglers**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Lip Moves**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: **Rosie Hardman**
Taunton Odeon: **Billie Jo Spears / Bobby Bare**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
York University: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **After The Fire**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Rockhouse**
Basingstoke Magnums: **Adam West & His Gotham City Rockers**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Birmingham Aston University: **Quartz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham New Inn: **Dangerous Girls**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats / Protex**
Birmingham Underworld: **The Chords**
Birmingham Whitesmore Youth Centre: **Armpit Jug Band**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Devils Hole Gang**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Nutz / The Governors**
Bridlington Spa Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Devil's Dykes**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Flying Saucers**
Brighton Sherrys Showbar: **Mirage**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Gangsters / The Sods / The Rabbits**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Specials / Madness / Selecter**
Bristol Castle Green: **The Injections**
Bristol Hope Chapel: **Private Dicks / Sneak Preview / Stingrays**
Bristol University: **Judie Tzuke**
Burgess Hill Martlles Hall: **Heathcliffe**
Camberley Ragamuffins: **The Bumpers**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Penetration**
Cambridge Gt. Shelford Hall: **Matchbox**
Canterbury Technical College: **Capital Letters**
Cardiff University: **The Adverts**
Chelmsford City Tavern: **The Pack / Dr. Mix & The Remix**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Jags**
Croydon Fairfield Halls: **The Sutherlands**
Dundee Art College: **Gang Of Four**
Dundee University: **The Merton Parkas**
Durham University: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre: **Sweet Substitute**
Edingburgh University: **Gillan / Randy California**
Fife St. Andrew's Folk Festival (for three days): **Bob Fox & Stu Luckley / Silly Wizard / Mathews Brothers / Pegleg Ferret / Dave Walters, etc.**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Sham 69**
Gloucester Jamaica Sports & Social Club: **Squire**
Gosport John Peel: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Grantham Coles Social Club: **Houndog**
Guildford Surrey University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders / Metro Gliders**
Harlow Folksdunmow Club: **Shades**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Undertones/ Killermeters**
Immingham County Hotel: **The Vye**
Ipswich Corn Exchange: **Rosie Hardman**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Camel**
Keighley Downtown Club: **The Scene**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirkcaldy Birksgate Hotel: **The Squibs**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Sore Throat**
Lancaster Dukes Playhouse: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Leeds University Union: **The Mekons / Agony Column / Delta 5 / Statix**
Leicester TUL Club: **Let The Good Times Roll**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Original Mirrors**
Liverpool Mountford Hall: **The Skids**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Starjets**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Balls Pond Rd. Sugawn Club: **The Innocent Bystanders**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bombshell / Black Superstition Mountain**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Ruts / The Pack**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London City Polytechnic: **Mike Absalom**
London City University: **Dotty Crotchet**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Breakfast / The Method**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blues Band**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Small Hours**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Roy Apps & Dave Morrison**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sussex**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Lou Reed**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Angelic Upstarts / The Wall**
London Marquee Club: **Iron Maiden / Praying Mantis**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury**
London Putney Half Moon: **The O'Ts Blues Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Stranglers**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **London Zoo**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **First Aid**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pete Allen Band**
London Strand Kings College: **White Magic**
London Tottenham White Hart: **CSA**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Sky**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Hi**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Ohio Players**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **The V.I.P's**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers / Pharaoh Sanders Quartet / Semuta**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Maldon Labour Hall: **The Urge / Dusk**
Manchester Mayflower: **Slaughter & The Dogs / Poison Girls / Crass**
Manchester The Funhouse: **Crass / Poison Girls / Abdominal Pains**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Light Of The World**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Inmates**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Hot Choco;ate**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Tourists**
Newcastle University: **Chas & Dave**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Stan Arnold Combo**
Newport The Village: **Saxon**
Northampton The Paddocks: **The Selections / Dolly Mixture / Back To Zero**
Norwich Cromwells: **George McCrae**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Lene Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Romantix**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Writz**
Paisley College of Technology: **The Solos**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **Bunk Dogger / The Dogs**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Smirks**
Porthcawl Stoneleigh Club: **Nolan Sisters**
Port Talbot Nine Volts: **The Kidda Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Revillos**
Rochdale College: **Stress / John Dowie / Alien Tint**
Rowley Regis Technical College: **Denizens**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Slough Langley College: **The Negatives / Corvette / Ground Attack / Burnz / Mystery Girls / The Chaps**
Southend Top Alex: **Grinder**
Southport New Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Pirates / The Young Ones**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Bleak House**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Orphan**
Stratford-on-Avon South Warwicks College: **Security Risk**
Stockport Technical College: **The Accelerators**
Sutton-in-Ashfield Husthwaite Victoria Club: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Enid**
Weymouth College: **Lip Moves**
Whitehill Royal Oak: **Chinatown**
Wolverhampton Merry Hill Folk Club: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Racing Cars**
Worcester Grandstand: **Matchbox**
York University: **Swell Maps / Essential Logic**

Saturday

Aberystwyth University: **The Undertones**
Aylesbury Friars: **Penetration**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Basildon Double Six: **The Dials**
Bedford Civic Theatre: **Pressure Shocks**
Bedford Nite Spot: **Joe Brown**
Bicester Nowhere Club: Romantix
Birmingham Bogarts: **The Out**
Birmingham Hare & Hounds: **June Tabor**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham Underworld: **Dangerous Girls**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Take-Away**
Blackpool Opera House: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Bradford University: **Chas & Dave**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **Matchbox**
Brighton Art College: **Prag-Vec/Au Pairs-/Devil's Dykes/The Chefs**
Brighton Sherrys Showbar: **Mirage**
Bristol Mayors Arms: **The Injections**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Power Exchange**
Bristol University: **Rosie Hardman**
Buckland Memorial Hall: **Spredthick**
Canterbury Kent University: **Squire**
Cardiff Grassroots: **GBH/Mad Dog**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Let The Good Times Roll**
Colchester Essex University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Metro Gliders**
Corby Town Supporters Club: **Strange Days**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Executives**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Tours**
Derby Bishop Lonsdale College: **Sore Throat**
Dublin Stadium: **Dean Friedman**
Dundee Technical College: **After The Fire**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare**
Eastbourne King's Country Club: **Johnnie Ray**
East Grinstead King George Hall: **Caroline Roadshow**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **World Service**
Featherstone Rovers Social Club: **Flying Saucers**
Glasgow University: **Gillan/Randy California**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Zorro**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel: **The Love Machine**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Teenbeats**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Side Effect**
Leeds Jubilee Hotel: **Mike Absalom**
Leeds University: **Darts**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Pirates/The Young Ones**
Liverpool Erics: **Red Crayola/Spizz Energi/Swell Maps**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Boyce Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Live Wire/The Physicals**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Purple Hearts/The Teenbeats/ Squire/Dolly Mixture**
London Camden Music Machine: **Slade/ En Route**
London Chelsea College: **Little Bob Story**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals /The Commuters**
London Covent Garden Blitz: **Duffo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bogey Boys**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Roger Bunn Quintet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **La Debonaires**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Patrik Fitzgerald (matinee)/Excel (evening)**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Martin Chambers' Big Stick**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Spider**
London Marquee Club: **Back To Zero**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Zilch**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Cimarons/Brown Sugar/Cygnus**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Juliette Greco**
London School of Economics: **Fischer-Z**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Smith & Hefty Jazz**
London Southall White Swan: **The Small Hours**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Sky**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Hi**
London Victoria The Venue: **No Dice**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Gerry Mulligan Big Band/Louis Bellson Big Band/National Youth Jazz Orchestra/Humphrey Lyttelton Band/Ronnie Scott Quartet**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **London Zoo**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Dave Shepherd Quintet**
London W.9 The Factory: **City Twilight Steel Band**
Loughborough University: **The Buzzcocks**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Armed Force/La Mortgage**
Manchester The Funhouse: **Gloria Mundi**
Manchester University: **The Inmates**
Martletwy Cross Hands Inn: **Speed Limit**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Light Of The World**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **UK Subs**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Newport I.o.W. Medina Theatre: **Sweet Substitute**
Northampton Cricket Club: **The Ruts/The Flys**
North Greenford F.C.: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Lonestar/Angelstreet**
Nottingham Peebles College: **The Tourists**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Borich**
Nottingham University: **Matumbi**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Oxford Lincoln College: **The Stereotypes**
Poole Brewers Arms: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Poole Jolly Sailor: **Scissor Fits**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Writz**
Preston Haslington Public Hall: **Liam O'Flynn & Paddy Glackin**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (free lunchtime): **Spredthick**
Reading University: **The Sutherlands**
Redditch College: **The Mekons**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Jags**
Ross-on-Wye Harvey's: **The Starjets**
Sheffield Hurlfield Arts Campus: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Sheffield University: **Mud**
Slough Centre: **Central Line**
Southend Minerva: **Yakety Yak/ Rockhouse/Johnny & The Jailbirds / The Jets**
St. Albans City Hall: **Whitesnake/ Marseille**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Skids**
Stirling University: **The Revillos**
Stirling West End Bar (lunchtime): **FK9**
Stour Subscription Rooms: **The Smirks**
Swindon Greyhound: **The Pack/Dr. Mix & The Remix**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **The Specials/ Madness/Selecter**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **The Kidda Band**
Troon Town Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Wetherby High School: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Weymouth Pavilion: **Shades/Sunstroke**
Wisham Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Judie Tzuke**

Sunday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Arbroath Condor Club: **After The Fire**
Bicester White Lion: **Midas**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (lunchtime): **Tracks**
Boston Spa Youth Club: **Mike Absalom**
Bournemouth Pinecliffe Hotel: **Scissor Fits**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **The Specials/Madness/Selecter**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Bradford College Students Union: **Boogie Chillun**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Sore Throat**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Fan Club**
Bristol Locarno: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Johnnie Ray (for a week)**
Canterbury Odeon: **Penetration**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Undertones**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Vardis**
Coventry Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Croydon Greyhound: **Coast To Coast**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Gillan/Randy California**
Dunstable Civic Hall: **Slade**
Exeter University: **The Fans**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Elkie Brooks**
Glasgow Paisley Union Club: **Matchbox**
Glasgow Pavilion: **The Revillos**
Harrogate Kings Hall: **Fivepenny Piece**
Hull Groucho's Place: **the Z men**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Whitesnake / Marseille**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Warehouse: **Central Line**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Camel**
Leicester Granby Hall: **The Stranglers**
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: **The Spinners**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **John Lee Hooker**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tour De Force/One Hand Clapping**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dry Rib/Oxy & The Morons**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decoys**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Chet Atkins**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Dan Russell**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Grosvenor House Hotel: **The Drifters**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Cuddly Toys**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Question Mark**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **One Eyed Jacks**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Spider**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Leo Kottke**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Vin Garbutt / Ying Tong John**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leake's Sweet And Sour**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Darts**
Manchester Royal Northern College of Music: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Mold Theatre Clwyd: **Rosie Hardman**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Borich**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Co-op Folk Club: **George Gritzbach**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Mary O'Hara**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **The Sutherlands**
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **June Tabor**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Andrew Frank/Mike Mann/Patrick Walker**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Four Tops (for a week)**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Romantix**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Judie Tzuke**
Rowley Regis The Britannia: **Ocean Boulevard**
Sheffield Firth Park Club: **Chuck Fowler Band**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Buzzcocks**
Southport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Boston**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Worksop Silverdale Club: **Strange Days**
Worthing Norfolk Hotel: **Second Nature**

Monday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Steve Hackett Band**
Ayr Pavilion: **Gillan/Randy California**
Birmingham Alexandra Theatre: **"The Rocky Horror Show" (for a week)**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Odeon: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Bristol Crockers: **The Brainiac Five (for three days)**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Writz**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Buzzcocks**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Exeter Routes: **Saxon**
Exeter University: **The Specials/Madness-/Selecter**
Glasgow Apollow Centre: **Camel**
Great Yarmouth Tiffany's: **The Skids**
Guernsey The Guernsey Hotel: **The Bumpers (for two weeks)**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**

GIG GUIDE — CONTINUED

SELECT A SPECIAL MADNESS GIG

We're not quite sure exactly what that heading means, but it's a contrived method of bringing to your attention one of the year's most intriguing package tours, which opens this weekend — featuring THE SPECIALS, MADNESS (pictured above) and THE SELECTER. And of course, it serves as a very useful showcase for the three main bands on The Specials' own 2 Tone label.

The first five dates are at Brighton (Friday), Swindon (Saturday), Bournemouth (Sunday), Exeter (Monday) and Plymouth (Tuesday). And if you're an avid reader of the NME News Desk (if not, why not?), you'll know that around 35 more gigs will take the itinerary through to the end of November. We're told that there's a £2.50 maximum admission at all venues, which ain't bad for three name outfits.

Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Rosie Hardman**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Liverpool Eric's: **Back To Zero/Sta-Prest**
Liverpool Everyman Theatre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Liverpool Mountford Hall: **The Undertones**
Liverpool Romeo & Juliet: **The Stranglers**
Liverpool Spinners Club: **The Spinners (for three days)**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **57 Men/Between Pictures**
London Camden Music Machine: **Quartz**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Gnasher**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dogwatch**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Isaac Guillory**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Borich**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Spring Offensive**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Quads/Dangerous Girls**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Spizz Energi/Dr. Mix & The Remix**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Tony Lee Duo**
London Marquee Club: **The Pretenders**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Gay & Terry Woods**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Louis Bellson Big Band (for a week)**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Serge Lama**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Small Hours**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sham 69**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Vye**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Chet Atkins**
Newcastle City Hall: **Boston**
Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: **Arthur 2-Stroke/The Noise Toys/The Sacred Bananas/The Builders/The Interns**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Injections**
Penzance Demelzas: **The Tourists**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Shades**
Shackleford Stagfolk: **June Tabor**
Sheffield City Hall: **Darts**
Sheffield Fiesta Club: **Mary Wilson (for a week)**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Slade/Def Leppard**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Stoke Jollees: **The Barron Knights (for a week)**
Sunderland Boilermakers Club: **Matchbox**
Wakefield Dolly Grays: **Shake Appeal**
Witney Folk Club: **George Norris**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles Club: **The Jags**
Aberystwyth University: **Richard and Linda Thompson**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **The Cruisers**
Bath Tiffany's: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave / Stuck On The Verge**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **UK Subs / Urge**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Undertones**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Thursday Club: **Mike Berry**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Geneva**
Blackburn St George's Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Sweet Substitute**
Bournemouth College: **The Tourists**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Gillan/Randy California**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Truss & Bucket**
Brighton Centre: **Hot Chocolate**
Brighton Sherrys Showbar: **Kandidate**
Coventry Theatre: **Sham 69**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Gerry Mulligan Big Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Camel**
Farnborough Tumbledown: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Gateshead Progressive Club: **Matchbox**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Steve Hackett Band**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Sore Throat**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Mary O'Hara**
Ipswich Running Buck: **One Eyed Jacks**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Inmates**
Liverpool Everyman Bistro: **Psycamesh**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Piranhas**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **John Martyn/John Stevens Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **London Zoo/Kay Russia**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sledgehammer**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **John Spencer's Alternative**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Limmos**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Darts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Excel**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Classix Nouveaux/Vitus Dance**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Adverts**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spider**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Shepherds Bush Hotel: **The Trendies**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Rosengarden Quintet**
London Victoria The Venue: **Judy Tzuke**
Malvern Nags Head: **Denizens**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Skids**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Rosie Hardman**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Norwich Cromwells: **Fischer-Z**
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **Penetration**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Stranglers**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Enid**
Reading University: **The Original Mirrors**
Scunthorpe Tiffany's: **The Pirates**
Sheffield City Hall: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
Sheffield Seaside Special Big Top: **Chet Atkins**
Southampton Guildhall: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
St Helens Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Fall**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Ashford Stour Centre: **Fischer-Z**
Bath Pavilion: **Sham 69**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Kandidate**
Birmingham Aston Arts Centre: **Rosie Hardman**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Quartz**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Buzzcocks**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Centre: **Borich**
Blackpool Tiffany's: **The Tourists**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Sweet Substitute**
Bradford College Students Union: **Goodnight Vienna**
Bradford University: **Judie Tzuke**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Same**
Brighton 1900 Club: **The Dials**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Deadly Toys**
Canterbury Kent University: **June Tabor**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Sunsets**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Oscar Peterson / National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Derby Romeo & Juliet: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Glasgow Technical College: **The Jags**
Grantham Harlaxton Manor: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Harrogate Royal Heritage: **Vardis**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Lancaster University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Leeds University: **Southside Johnny & The Asbury ukes**
Liverpool University: **Lene Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Ainley & The Misdemeanors**
London Camden Music Machine: **Sore Throat**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Ralph Toner / Kenny Shaw Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Cannon / Street Preacher**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gaffa / Artery**
London Ealing The Olde Hatte: **D-Notice**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Tony Allen**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tennis Shoes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Darts**
London Highgate Jackson Lane Community Centre: **Earl Okin**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lambrettas**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Gladys Knight & The Pips / Ramsey Lewis Trio**
London Marquee Club: **The Adverts**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Rest**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Gillan / Randy California**
London School of Economics: **Tours / The Original Mirrors**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M**
London Southall White Hart: **Houndog**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Merton Parkas / The Small Hours / The Crooks**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Hibiscus**
Loughborough University: **The Undertones**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Steve Hackett Band**
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: **Insizor**
Manchester University The Squat: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias in "Never Mind The Bullocks" (for an eight-day season)**
Middlesbrough Madison: **High Flames (for four days)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Camel**
Newport (Mon.) Stowaway: **UK Subs**
Norwich Arts Centre: **The Smirks**
Norwich Samson & Hercules: **Morrisey-Mullen Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham University: **Penetration**
Oxford New Theatre: **Whitesnake / Marseille**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears / Bobby Bare**
Plymouth Cones: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Enid**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Skids**
Shrewsbury The Cascade: **Squire**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **The Ruts / The Flys**
Southampton University: **Racing Cars**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Andy Caven**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Upminster New Windmill Hall: **Little Bo Bitch**
Walsall Bloxwich Memorial Hall: **Del Shannon**
Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: **Au Pairs**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Chinatown**
York Pop Club: **The Inmates**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (22): Spectrum — **Foreigner-/Charley;** Bottom Line — **Bobbie Hutcherson;** My Father's Place — **Dreamer.**

TUESDAY (23): Max's Kansas City — **The Fenders;** My Father's Place — **City Boy;** Bottom Line — **Marshall Chapman;** Resorts International — **Frank Sinatra;** The Club — **Roberta Davies;** Village Vanguard — **Elvin Jones** (six days).

WEDNESDAY (24): My Father's Place — **Gil Scott Heron;** Bottom Line — **David Werner;** Avery Fisher — **Kenny Loggins.**

THURSDAY (25): Max's Kansas City — **Neon Leon/The Normals;** Apollo Theatre — **Bob Marley & The Wailers** (four days); Other End — **Andy Pratt;** My Father's Place — **Shawn Phillips;** Nassau Coliseum - **Styx/The Good Rats** (two days).

FRIDAY (26): Carnegie Hall — **Lonnie Liston Smith & Herbie Mann;** Max's Kansas City — **Steel Tips/Cellmates;** My Father's Place — **NRBQ.**

SATURDAY (27): Capitol Theatre — **Peter Frampton/The Sinns Brothers;** Max's Kansas City — **The Voodoo Shoes/Flirt.**

SUNDAY (28): My Father's Place — **Tom Waits;** Metropolitan Opera House — **Frank Sinatra;** Avery Fisher — **Stan Getz;** Fearns — **Phil Woods;** Max's Kansas City — **Reggae Dance Night.**

LIVE PAGE

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Friday October 19th
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Saturday October 20th
ZILCH
Sunday October 21st
ANGEL STREET
Tuesday October 23rd
SPIDER

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Fri 19th — 50p Adm.
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Sat 20th — 50p Adm.
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LOWDOWN
Mon 22nd — Free
SPRING OFFENSIVE
Tues 23rd — Free
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OHIO PLAYERS 2 shows 8.30 & 11.15
Saturday 20th October — £3.00
NO DICE
Sunday 21st October — £3
PRINCE HAMMER & CREATION REBEL
Tuesday 23rd October — £4.00
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Wednesday 24th October — £3.00
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Thursday 25th October — £3.50
THE MOTELS
Friday October 26th — £3.50
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Saturday 27th October — £3.00
RANDY CALIFORNIA BAND
Sunday October 28th — £5
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Tuesday 30th
Wednesday 31st October — £3.25
R.E.O. SPEEDWAGON
Thursday 1st November — £3
JOHN HIATT
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Friday 2nd Saturday 3rd
Sunday 4th November — £4.25
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Saturday October 20th 60p **URCHIN**	Wednesday October 24th 50p **FAST EXIT**
Sunday October 21st 50p **TOUR DE FORCE** + One Hand Clapping	Thursday October 25th 50p **NEVER NEVER BAND** + Zorkie Twins

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LIVE!

PERFECT POP

I don't know why chords played in a certain sequence should cause one nerve-ending to nudge the next and connect in a chain that sends such a roaring, rushing signal to the brain.

Feargal beats the audience into submission. Pic Al Johnson.

The Undertones Ten Pole Tudor

Leicester

Let's dismiss Ten Pole Tudor as unrepresentative of the evening and just say that he bears rather more than a passing resemblance to Jimmy Pursey, rants and raves to no great avail and attempts to justify his slim claim to fame by singing 'Who Killed Bambi?'

Who cares.

With a line of almost impossibly ordinary youths in tatty T-shirts and too-short jeans gathered stage-front, The Undertones inspire an unforced friendship based on identification. There is no stage 'act' apart from Feargal Sharkey's natural naively-excited exhibitionism. He expects and gets almost total audience participation, berating those still seated in the balcony for not coming downstairs to dance.

The response he elicits is impressive, and it is an indication of the audience's esteem that when the group stop mid-set to tune their guitars the whole hall watches, stands still and waits without a murmur of impatience and then breaks into cheers when they start up again.

There is warmth within the group too: Feargal leaps off the stage to settle the solitary fight of the night, the others appear to peer anxiously over its edge until his wicked, crooked face reappears unscathed.

Sharkey's voice is now a raw, burning revelation; a sensitive instrument that shudders with the force of his concentrated passion. On stage, his skinny body is stark and scrawny; lank hair drips in his uneasy eyes as he jerks and judders in intense, determined desperation. When he falls on one knee and sings at the floor, the skin of his back as he crouches on the boards is, literally, steaming.

The new numbers interspersed amongst the album tracks ('Whizz Kids', 'Nine Times Out Of Ten', 'Girls That Don't Talk', 'The Way Girls Talk', 'My Perfect Cousin', 'Here Comes Norman', 'See That Girl') show that The Undertones have not lost the careless, enraptured ease that characterised their first output. Again lyrics are either ecstatic outbursts of exuberance or are concerned with the wistful mix of longing and love that embodies their attitude to 'girls'.

As the floor trembles beneath the onslaught of dancing, they finish first with 'Get Over You' but have to return for three encores, bemused, delighted and eager to oblige.

"Wait while we think of something," Feargal unnecessarily implores the audience at one point.

The extra half-hour includes 'Emergency Cases', 'Teenage Kicks', 'Girls Don't Like It', T.Rex's 'Get It On' and Gary Glitter's 'Rock And Roll Part 2', the last two entirely transformed by that naked, fervent voice.

It is the sheer happiness of the audience that is affecting, some of whom still wait while the equipment is disconnected before trickling out slowly, sweat-stained and stunned.

I don't know why chords played in a certain sequence should cause one nerve-ending to nudge the next and connect in a chain that sends such a roaring, rushing signal to the brain. The Undertones seem to have stumbled on the secret by a unique combination of unspoiled innocence and an intuitive understanding of the underlying structures that can make the effect of music so exhilarating.

Each song is an explosion of emotional energy that is simultaneously transitory and timeless in that small, large-looming anxieties and amours are captured without comment in direct, sincere musical statements.

Listening to their music is a physical experience that pumps through the veins and is impossible to regard effectively because it ignores the head and hits straight at the heart.

The Undertones are spontaneous, immediate and unerringly instinctive.

They are probably the closest we'll come to perfect pop.

Lynn Hanna

Chic

Hammersmith Odeon

Having been present at more disco live shows than any one mortal is entitled to or deserving of, I naturally feared the worst.

The Odeon was loaded to the rafters with a multitude of night clubbers in the Take 6 summer collection, weighed down with whistles and the overbearing need to have a night out. When the opening band Car Park took the stage the proceedings took on a dark shadow. This female fronted six piece screeched unmercifully through a set of sub-Rufus / Crusaders rubbish that scaled new heights in how to render brass unlistenable.

My companion and I retired to the hospitality area and consumed several beakers of firewater and considered how ugly this night may turn out to be. Chic are not only the shining jewel of dancefloor kick but without question one of the finest outfits available in any twisto sphere.

But all the signs were pointing to their collapse before our eyes tonight.

They had become the champions of many sections of the rock press for perhaps a little too long as hacks' 'fads' go, and as such were ripe for the banana skin; plus the taped music whilst the lights were up consisted of a loop 'Running On Empty' by Jackson Browne. Then, as the safety curtain lifted and the sun went down, some pimple stood at the mike jibbering the most wrinkled intro imaginable complete with individual call and response for each of the "Atlantic Recording Artistes" singles.

However, as he ran off the first music echoed from off the still empty stage. Then from out of the wings appeared guitarist Nile Rodgers, still running through the opening of 'Chic Cheer', quickly followed by the rest of the band, and *crack!* everybody came in on the snare and Chic never looked back.

They ran through a set of about 75 minutes, a breathtaking attack of confidence and gut-level rhythm. The most unnerving aspect of the performance was the ditching of all the trappings associated with both 'their' genre and the band themselves. There was no glitter, no stage act, no 'meaningful' raps, no same suits. Jesus, they only really stopped once and that was half-way to apologise for slowing the proceedings down with the night's only less than furious song. All the chic bullshit vanished. Off came the jackets and ties after about ten minutes and, most important, emotion flowed.

I've read elsewhere that they're supposed to be cold on the boards, clinical even, but that's from people who review from the pre-gig cabs.

The bass of Bernard Edwards was the only drawback, from the sixth row it sounded fuzzed-over and messily mixed. Rodgers, though, was way past caring. Trotting about the stage, his head back smiling, he eased the gears through 'I Want Your Love', 'Forbidden Lover' and the *year's* high-point, when the 12 people onstage fired out the hits they made for the doubtful Sister Sledge. When Chic hammered into 'He's The Greatest Dancer' there couldn't be a soul alive who'd begrudge them the applause. Magic music.

There were no fillers, no contrived build-up to 'The Big One'. Everybody present could have sat through the song line-up in reverse and still no cut would have surpassed the last. With rock 'n' roll fair spreadeagled and bickering, the Chic show highlighted a confident music in sharp focus of itself. Very few bands, very few *people* today are so bolshy with so much reason.

Chic — they proved it. The message is in their bottle.

Danny Baker

Alpha and Luci beat Nile and Bernard into ecstasy. Pic. Jill Furmanovsky.

Boston: The Glenn Millers Of The Denim Generation

The five-a-side champions. Pic George Bodnar.

Boston

Rainbow

GOAL!

That's what it felt like. After minutes of the obligatory build-up with random instrument tuning and roadies counting into mikes — all of which is hidden behind a daft pleated curtain — the lights dodgily dim and the theatre full of devotees screech as one man.

Now, not being as open armed as the assembled first-nighters, I felt a tad uncomfortable as all around bellowed hossanah to our as yet unseen guests from America. All around people were on their feet in a crescendo of wild greeting, leaving the more impartial of us feeling exactly like the visiting supporters when the home team go one up.

Goal! And you look around for a similar struggler at whom to grin uneasily, you run your tongue across your teeth and count the endless seconds till things get calm again and you can rub the neon Judas giveaway sign from your forehead. Without ever wanting to admit it, you begrudge these lunatics their euphoria and, wham, down comes your barrier and as a critic you pray for their heroes to fall on their arses. For the *NME* at a heavy metal megagig it's like playing at Anfield with only six men.

"Hey, London!" (GOAL! 1—0)

"Howy're doin'?" (GOAL! 2—0)

"Please welcome Boston!" (GOOAALLL! 5—0)

As the curtains rose to reveal the five rock musicians — already driving into the night's first favourite — the Rainbow Theatre went totally lulu. Nobody sat down from then onwards.

Boston had never played in this country before and were in London for five nights, all sold out. Though one of the countless platinum bands back home, they have yet to truly crack the UK charts — so where does everybody come from?

I had never heard a Boston record before in my life and there I was in row T, able to brush past the touts who whispered down the streets outside, past sets of jean twinsets who asked for "any spares", and into the theatre to confront the night's entertainment with all the enthusiasm of a dockworker during rag week.

All the cliches were in evidence — the hair, the hats, the denim embroidered with enough 'legends' to solve unemployment in the wool industry and more flairs than the Lifeboat Trust — but I decided that the headbanger angle had been overdone and I'd just get on with a group appraisal. But you can't. At these gigs, the crowd meet as much to reassure each other as to celebrate gods; it's the last night of the Proms on a fortnightly basis, a frightening show of solidarity in the face of their contemporaries' attempts to alienate and ridicule.

Sure they know all the tracks, but they know each other better — they need the rock but they need each other more. After all, we're all just yelling "My lifestyle — the right lifestyle" in rock'n'roll's silly competitions of style . . .

So Boston come on and between shaggy heads I can make out four of the least handsome faces you could imagine and a fifth behind some cymbals that might possibly be Ray Dorset with a beard. Though distinctly HM they immediately stamp a definite melodic rider on the riffs and pay attention to obviously well sound-checked vocals that fall on the Queen side of Crosby Stills and Nash. Only occasionally do they screech. They plough straight through the opening three numbers, all of them punchy and pretty but with just enough of the Ted Nugents to stop them popping out. I decided that this was probably the best type of heavy rock gig I could have chosen.

At the first stop for introductions, lead singer Brad Delp goes through the panto call and response regulations and the crowd score three more quick goals. Boston then play a song called 'Peace Of Mind' and everyone keeps jogging as the lights turn to red, green, reddy green, white and blue.

It was all strictly standard issue and blandly agreeable, the type of ritual that the palm trees in Finsbury Park have looked down on a thousand times. Another rock band giving another set of record consumers another dose of what they paid for.

The atmosphere stayed fever pitch and crazy — such a good time that I began to feel like the lead in a Jackie Collins movie entitled *The Shit* or somesuch. Meanwhile the band kept an extremely professional two hands on the reins and beamed at their followers, occasionally reaching out to slap some of the outstretched palms, and naturally telling them they were the best crowd on the tour so far. (GOOAALL!!).

To their credit, Boston never mess over into Rush territory. They are as strict in their tunes as they are in the length of cuts — everything, presumably, sticking close to the vinyl versions. They present no hammy stage movements or trash backdrops and effects, and manage to do so without

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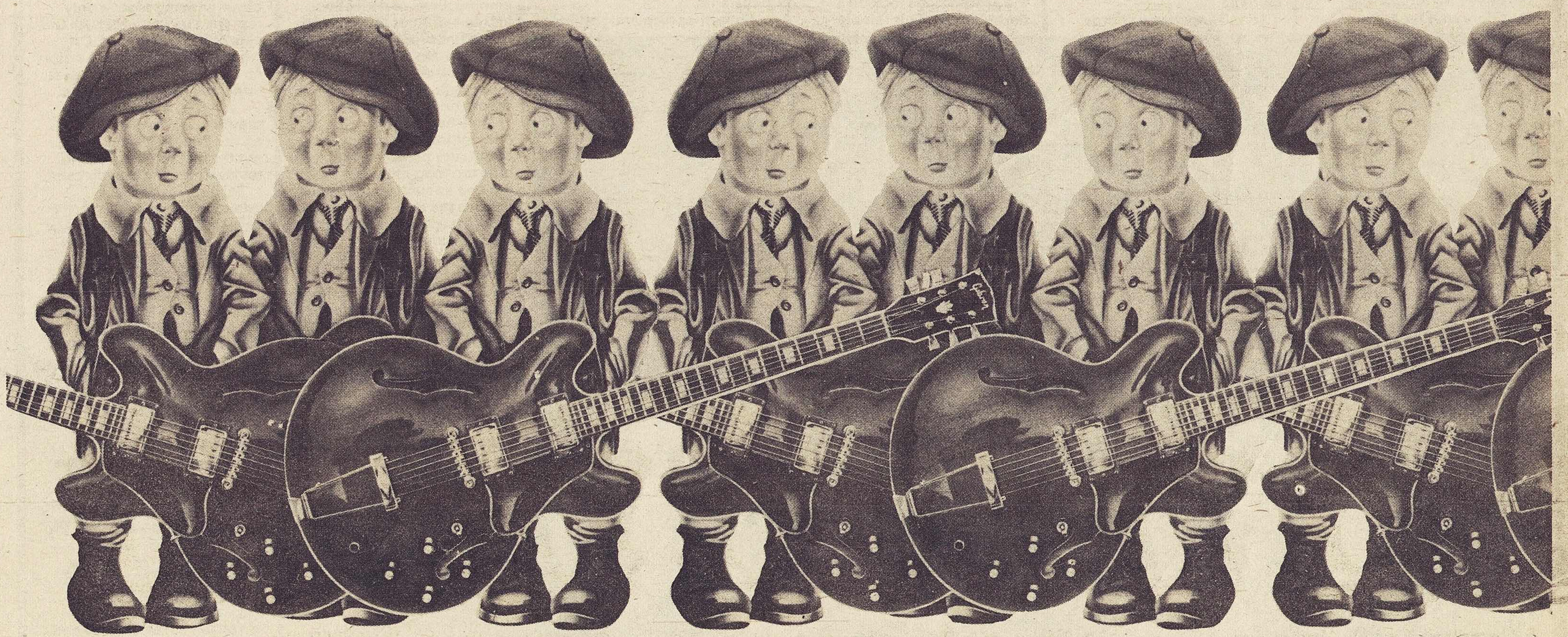

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becoming ragged or cheap. Plus they could have saved the much screamed for hitlet 'Don't Look Back' as an insurance policy to orgasm on, whereas they brought it in after five numbers with little fanfare.

Lyrically though they were dreadful. Most songs seemed to contain the words "r*** and r***" and they themselves repeatedly urged Lunden to party, get down, do it all night, etc.

I wrote down that it was a live advertisement for U.S. radio — clear sounding, nice, uncomplicated tunes with that overall heaviness to let you feel outlaw enough and remind you that this is 'youth beat' music. Without sitting each punter down and explaining in turn, The Clash are never going to get the upper hand on bands like Boston in the States. Because, superficially, Boston appear to give everything that Clash do, and American kids will take the guys who smile and invite you to parties every time.

Boston are the personification of a well-oiled all-ingredients rock'n'roll machine for all types of coffee table because they don't alienate either the Zeppelins or the Fleetwood Macs — the super markets. They are for heaps of people right now what Glenn Miller was for heaps of people back then. Anyone who claims to be baffled, upset or outraged by the scenes inside the Rainbow last Saturday is a closeted, naive fool.

I left well before the end and let a theatre full of rock punters have their cup of tea — it wasn't mine and I hadn't paid for it. I'm past the stage of whining because not everyone supports my team. In fact, I'm not sure who my team is these days. But whoever it is, they don't seem to be getting many results themselves . . .

Danny Baker

Stiff Little Fingers

Birmingham

This is 'Alternative Ulster': there's a surge and a roar from the floor and Stiff Little Fingers start with the song that achieved the best balance between their weighty words and rather orthodox rock.

The line-up looks good — a kind of Clash with less panache.

On my left Jake Burns wears black leather over a bare chest; on my right blue-shirted Henry Cluney plays concussing chords and, in front of Brian Faloon on drums, Ali McMordie with his flash black and white bass is clad in black shirt, white strides and one earring.

They are getting the poses off pat. They can do the blindly oblivious rock star lost in the pleasure of playing. They have learnt the stances and choose the right time to turn and stalk or skip. Their guitars are held out at the right angles or are beaten with apt and abandoned ferocity. They fall so easily into the appropriate attitudes that it looks *almost* spontaneous.

Stiff Little Fingers smile slightly; they are pleased with their progress so far and perhaps it's safe to feel a little self-satisfied.

This creeping complacency is in sharp contrast to the group who rose from the ashes of their environment and pulled out this scalding stream of bitter and brave songs, highlighting just about every aspect of oppression in Ireland. Now when they play those old raucous songs, they sound like standards and feel like fun.

Jake Burns introduces the songs with calm confidence but the nuances are lost in the mists of his melting accent. Apart from 'Straw Dogs' (a rabble-rouser with a gritty, irritating tune) the new numbers are more expansive and accessible and suggest they've cleared a space for musical manoeuvres. The songs are now tunes instead of tirades, and there is less hectoring, less haranguing, less hate. Jake Burns even manages to sing loudly instead of screech.

There's no sign of the organised violence that has disrupted recent Stiff Little Fingers' gigs. But past events have obviously taken their toll; standing to one side are several of the biggest, ugliest bouncers I've ever seen.

There is also the sort of dancing which derives its pleasure from maximum bodily contact with as many people as possible. This means that punters fly from all angles into a whirling vortex and then shoot out, bounce off each other and cannon into the backs of more static people. When someone strayed too close to one of those gruesome gorillas, a nonchalant pat from a huge hand hurls him halfway across the hall.

Towards the end of the set Burns' voice reverts to that thick primal scream with a texture as tender as sand paper. But, apart from that, the smashed, splintered sound has been smoothed, the danger removed and it's impossible to relate that original, intense, inflammable material to this pleasant, professional performance.

I was expecting passionate, political polemic, but instead I was entertained by an amusing evening of well above average rock 'n' roll.

It wasn't enough.

Lynn Hanna

The Fingers do the stalking. Pic Al Johnson.

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No More PENETRATION

Penetration

Birmingham

There is usually a pre-gig atmosphere because the punters are there for a reason — to see a band; and whether they feel excited, expectant, hostile, or merely curious, their mood is obvious, and the group have something to work on.

Not at this gig. This was more like a youth club or a jumble sale gathering, where the cleaners and caretakers, scuttling backwards and forwards across the bright, clean hall, in their blue bri-nylon uniforms looked as much in place as the groups of leather-jacketed kids, mostly male, who stood in loose knots chatting and tapping their feet to the 'Lust For Life' album, played at a respectable volume in the background.

Support band Local Operator came and went, and did little to alter the situation. Their tight, if unappetising standard R'n'B rock received polite but unenthusiastic acknowledgement bar one abusive outcry.

Thing didn't look good for Penetration; but things haven't looked good for Penetration for a long time.

They bowled headlong through number after number, unrelenting to the point where Pauline Murray was gasping for breath and consequently missing her cues in some of the intros, being thrown totally out of time and out of tune on more than one occasion. She said she was losing her voice and it sounded like it. But to her credit she still put everything into her performance, and her frantic onstage dramatics affected at least some.

She leapt and crouched and spat and screamed, snapping at her audience with peevish sharpness and begging them to react. A small contingent, jostled and bounced between the two main amps and, bullied by Pauline, began to pogo, yell and spit back. By the end of the evening they were wildly demanding encores which the band were flattered to perform.

But these enthusiasts were in the minority and behind them the rest of the half-empty hall remained cut off, cold and bored.

Pauline's energetic show was too desperate, too forced, and therefore unconvicing. She wasn't really totally enveloped in the music; she was just running scared because the band were so obviously out of touch.

In 'Lovers Of Outrage', one of their better numbers, she was spotlighted and caught in an expression of anguish, her face reflecting an excess of seriousness and intensity (which the music itself suffers from) that said she was trying too hard. It just wasn't worth it.

She may no longer be content to wallow in the self-indulgent mire that Penetration have gradually been sinking deeper and deeper into, but the rest of the band are. They left her flailing on the muddy surface while they continued to indulge themselves in a cacophony of HM-esque riffs, convoluted chords and tangled arrangements.

For the sake of the audience Pauline feigned involvement, but like them she was shut out and left dancing between a selfish band and a disillusioned audience.

The rift grew, apart from the frenzied few at the front who Pauline had stoked up to such a pitch that they were running off excess fuel. They alone remained unaffected by the steadily mounting choked feedback and echo which nearly caused Pauline to give up in despair. She couldn't hear herself, she complained, which was just as well. On 'Danger Signs' bassist Robert Blamire joined her on vocals and he obviously couldn't hear anything either. Their voices grated and clashed in a rising, wailing crescendo — perfectly complementing the set's overall sound.

They ploughed on though with the single 'Into The Open' — unremarkable and in keeping with the confessed meanderings of most of their material — and 'Free Money', off the first album 'Moving Targets'. Unfortunately they saved their best number 'Don't Dictate' till last when the distortion level had reached its peak and the bass was non-existence.

Pauline looked as if she was going to burst into tears. She had reason to, believe me.

Deanne Pearson

Pauline struggling against audience apathy and band anarchy. Pic. Pennie Smith.

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THE KINKS

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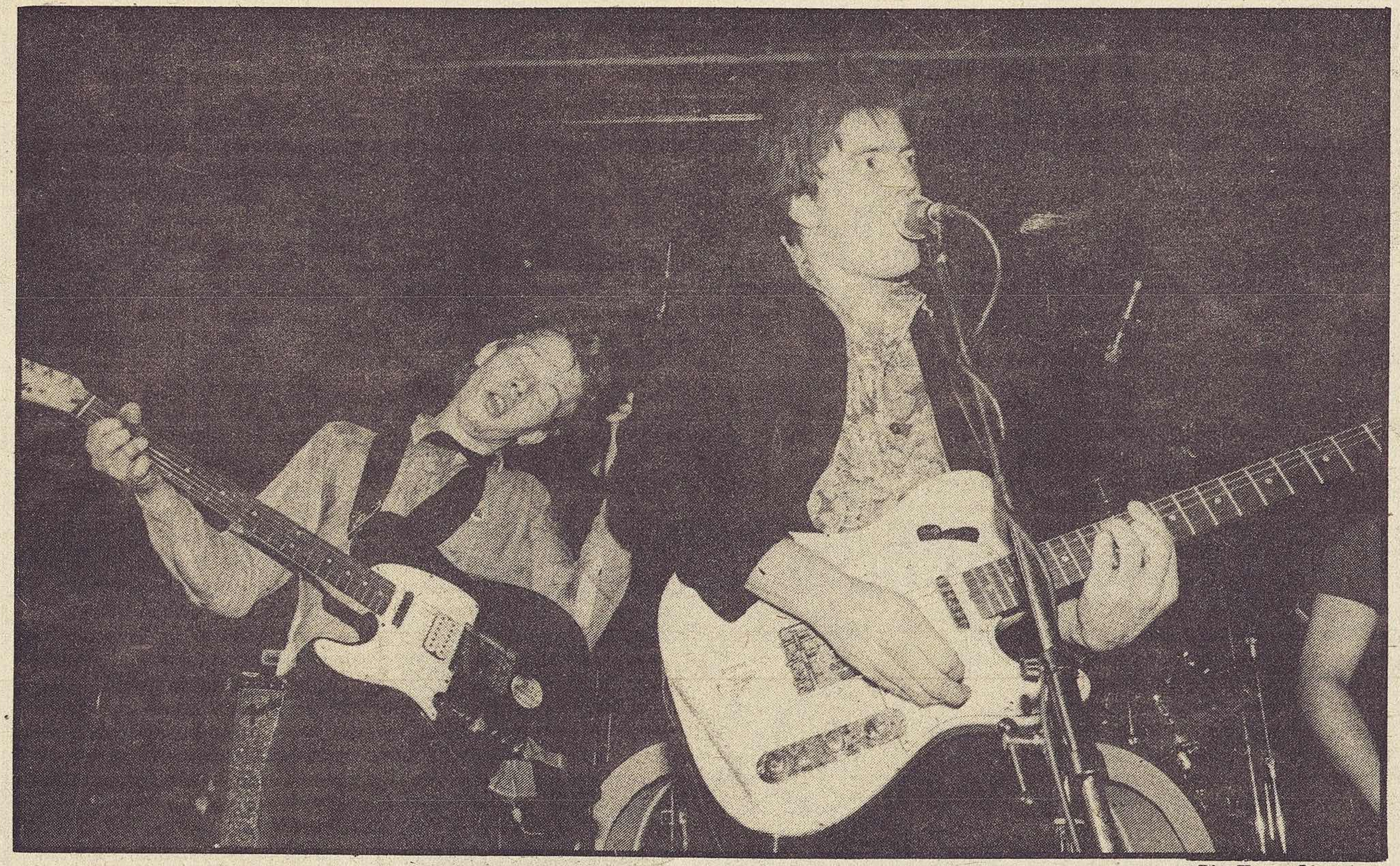
"Tonight, The Kinks haul themselves out of the rock history books and elbow their way to the centre of 1979's rock and roll stage."
"The years of concept albums and fake nostalgia and retreats into alcoholic evocations of a mythical past have fallen from about his shoulders. Ray Davies is Born Again, and for the first time in too many years The Kinks are a group who can be loved for their latest work rather than for their greatest hits of the '60s."
Charles Shaar Murray,
N.M.E.
6.10.79.

THE KINKS LOW BUDGET

ON ALBUM:
"The barely subliminal message may be about the lowering of standards, but my impression is that The Kinks have perceptibly raised theirs."
Mark Williams,
Melody Maker.
29.9.79.
"Ray Davies is writing great songs again."
"'Low Budget' is actually worth spending money on, even in these El Skinto times. A miracle, yet."
Charles Shaar Murray,
N.M.E.
8.9.79.

The Kinks' Current Single is MOVING PICTURES. ARIST 300.
The Current Album is LOW BUDGET SPART 1099.

ARISTA



Pic Tom Sheehan

Look out Mike Yarwood here come The Jags

The Jags

Nashville

Although you might never have heard The Jags you're probably under the impression that they're grinning from between Elvis Costello's legs. That much is known. They even claim to be embarrassed because their single is clawing its way up the charts and they might be KO'd by categorisation.

Live they're out to prove that they're *not* just another convenient package on the conveyor belt.

But that single 'Back Of My Hand' is representative of their careful, strictly swinging and manicured pop with a brightness that dazzles but wouldn't spike the caviar of a fashion show. Their songs limber languidly in love lost-and-found, but their confidence runs rings round indecision.

The Jags pull their punches tirelessly and directly, but their forged, sweated perfection lacks daring for all its sure footing.

Their scheming is calculated and structured painstakingly so that their songs are instantly fully-fleshed. In aiming for a bullet-proof, idealistic music they're ensnared by blind ambition.

Nick Watkinson chews, mangles and processes his vocals until they're a glossy collage of The State Of The Art '79 — everything you wanted to know about rock vocals but couldn't stand. Costello sits benignly on top of that list.

Watkinson stands hunched over the mike with guitar slung over shoulder, and his steadfastly compelling presence brings to mind the other Elvis without the gyrations and paunch. John Alder is the cuddly guitarist, miming Watkinson's vocals and in apparent pain, as if his guitar strap is straddling him in acute bondage. He bumps good-naturedly into Watkinson, copying the Mick 'n' Keef school of true grit, while Steve Prudence plays the bassist whose inscrutability suggests that his guitar does the talking.

Touches of mod-ish psychedelia colour 'Last Picture Show' while Watkinson and Alder's immaculate harmonies pull down the blinds. 'Little Boy Lost', however, is overburdened with walls of harmony that tilt The Jags off course. It washes too clean.

It's this inability to cut free from their strict confines that closes in and cramps The Jags.

Their songs are closeted by forced discipline and they reflect influences so concretely that their misery becomes overbearing. They fade, lose identity and metamorphose into a spluttering, tangled ball of cut-short directions. They stand still, despite their apparent ease of performance.

Nevertheless, their streamlined presentation should ensure enough hits to keep them smouldering. America should swallow, without fear of indigestion, their precocious, regressive '60s techniques because they are sung in surefire '70s dialects. But the '70s are running out. In future there will be no revolution.

The Jags are star-struck Anglophiles, but they're not American.

Pete Archer

Dolly Mixtures

Rock Garden

1980 may well be the year of the female group. While The Slits continue to develop into one of the most important bands of the decade and there are others doing great things on the small gig circuit, there is still plenty of room for innovation and new style.

But discounting Page Three birds and their kind, there has been no band willing or capable of taking on the mantle of the '60s girl groups; no rock progeny born of The Ronettes, The Shangri-Las or Reparta And The Delrons.

Until The Dolly Mixtures that is.

Conceived in Cambridge, this was their sixth London gig and although stage nerves were apparent, they still played their way into the hearts of all present. But that wasn't surprising because The Dolly Mixtures are totally wonderful.

A positive riot of pastels, they possess the classic cartoon presence of The Ramones, though there the comparison ends. The DMs are all about boyfriends, kissing, pink, fanzines and cleaning your teeth after cigarettes.

Debsey's the tall one with the black bob and the bass which she sometimes remembers to play; Rachel sports a red crop and guitar and takes care of the lead vocals, grinning chubbily when she misses a note; Hester generally puts the drumsticks to good use, more particularly on the firecracker opening of 'Rock And Roll', their second encore.

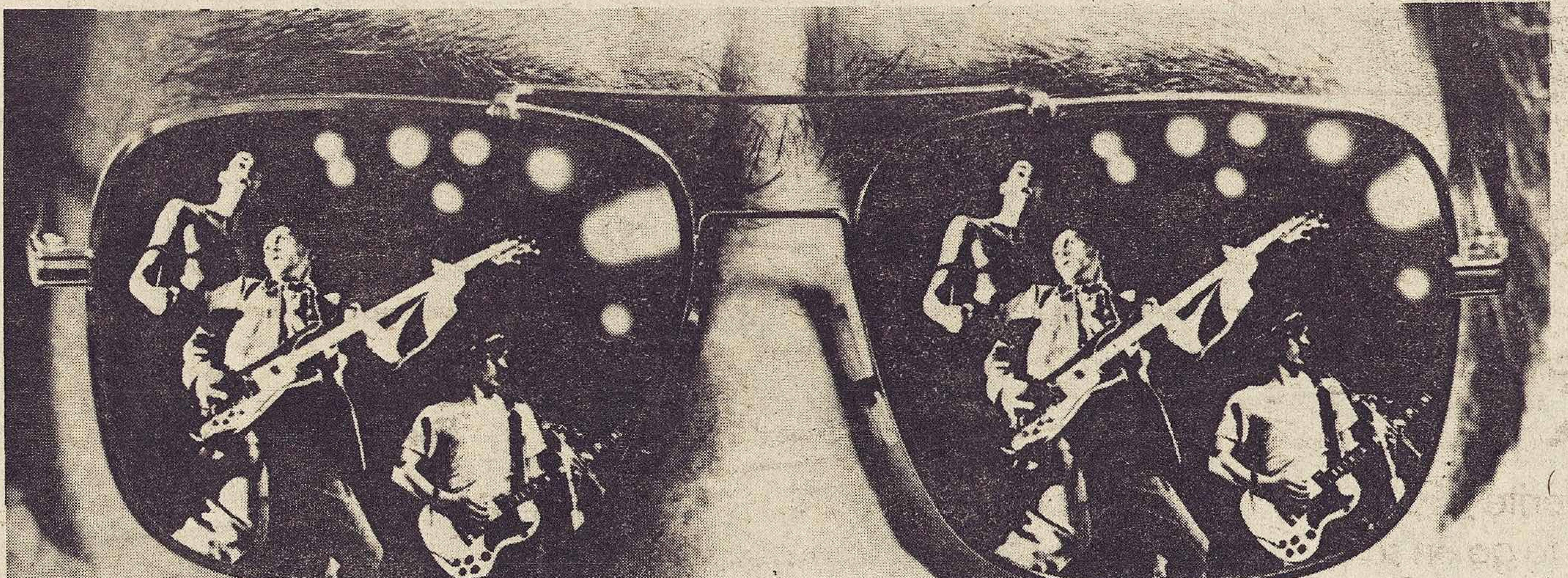
Their own songs combine unobtrusively with some well-chosen classics including 'Locomotion', 'The Happening' and 'Da Doo Ron Ron'. Once they've got past writing things such as 'Living In A Pink Bubble' and produce more stuff like 'Will He Kiss Me Tonight', fame and fortune can only be a review or two away. If I hadn't been convinced by the time Rachel said, "This is a sad song, it's called 'Femme Fatale'," then by golly I was sugar 'n' spice for them after that: it was the best version I've heard since Nico and The Velvets.

When the flashbulbs pop they squeal and giggle: "Two, Three Four!" shouts Rachel and Debsey jumps and turns on the intro, her big bass practically slipping from her hands. There are no breaks between numbers, just a long enough gap for Debsey to dip and check the song list at her feet.

Whatever it is they've got, it's innocent and it's transitory but I hope it lasts as long as possible.

Neil Norman

Take a good look... at the newspaper exclusively for musicians.



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But, as with many new publications you may find it difficult to get hold of a copy. So make sure you place an order with your newsagent now!

*This week's Studio Monitor: London's Berwick Street Studios. Road test on: Washburn Falcon solid electric, Aria 'Paul Brett' 12 string acoustic and the Multivox synthesiser.

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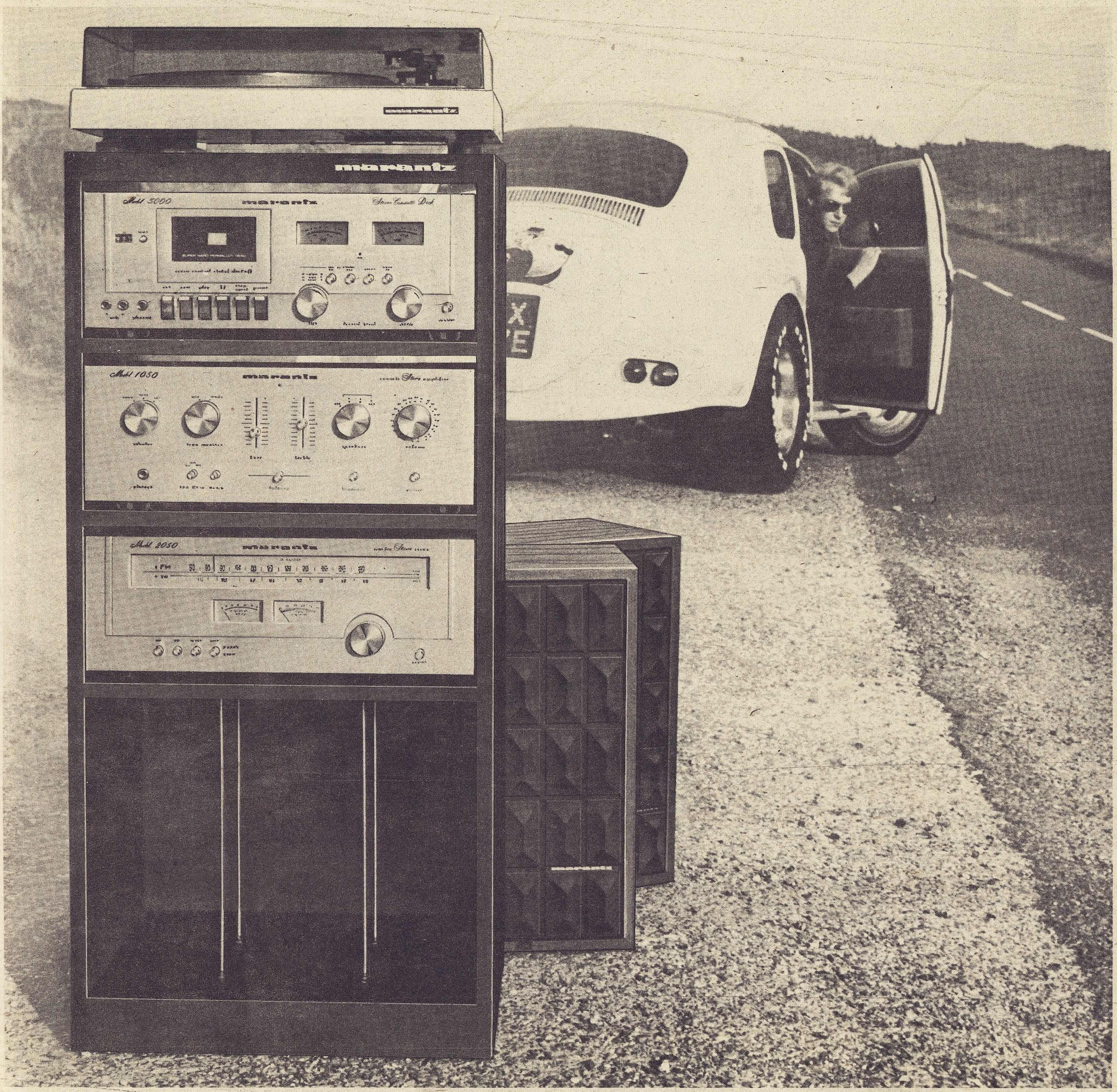

ROCK GROUP FOR SALE

Leading exponents of 'sound-verité', Marantz –today announced that they are to go on sale in aid of charity.

The asking price of *£369.50 including VAT for the entire group is expected to cause a tidal wave of eager buyers, so the sale will be conducted on a first come first served basis in conjunction with Comet electrical discount stores.

Individual group members can be bought separately. Silver clad group leader Ampli Fier for example can be bought for £79.90.

The charity involved is the Distressed Sound Freaks' Benevolent Society which exists to help victims of silent homes, who lack the means to equip themselves with decent sound systems.

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The Pirates

Glasgow

Walking The Bored

To my left a podgy teenager bounces in guitar hero mime. Jaw thrust forward, teeth ajar, his eyes gleam dully in spontaneous monomania, drift slightly into focus, then snap clean into contact with matching eyes belonging to an even wilder exhibitionist flailing to my right.

A beer can explodes. Both dancers pause briefly to laugh with the dozen or so others drenched by the spray, then it's back to serious fun. They crouch, prowl and stalk; exchange moves and swap imaginary runs, the sound implied facially, eyes locked together in some private world, like Indian braves in combat, leaping over flames with tomahawks.

At the end of the song the second protagonist advances, hand outstretched. They clasp hands hippie-style: hands inverted, thumbs hooked together in brotherhood to sanctify the shared experience.

Or perhaps they were just being melodramatic. Surely drunken HM fans aren't really tuned in to some primal pulsebeat music of the spheres?

Earlier The Stilettoes, a local band wary of Rezillo comparisons due to identical line-up and various visual similarities, minimised their greatest assets and capacities. Collete Smith avoids mini-skirts and is restricted to backing vocals and harmonies in favour of the rather ordinary Kretin. Her voice slices through the sound with a purity and power more comparable with Penetration's Pauline than Fay Fife.

With even a fraction of The Rez/villos wit or panache, The Stilettoes could be fun and still try to be ambitious. I suggest drama courses for stage confidence, isometrics for sustained dancing, and worrying about things later.

The Pirates intro music is wonderful — stirring, adventurous, like the *Captain Blood* soundtrack with visions of Errol Flynn and Victor Mature attacking Cadiz armed only with a cutlass. Cannonfire with the music too — perfect. Then the legendary 'Yo Ho Ho And A Bottle Of Rum', sung by the tortured souls of keelhauled, barnacle-rent, corsair scum — brief memories of The Pirates in their Captain Pugwash outfits, before the real thing strolls onstage.

The striped trousers are gone now, The Pirates finally realising they don't have to dress for *Thank Your Lucky Stars* anymore. They churn through a selection of old favourites, new songs, rock 'n' roll and pop from the new album (unfortunately titled 'Happy Birthday Rock 'n' Roll', inviting comments that it's showing its age).

Around two years ago The Pirates were a big thing: critics were ecstatic; guitarists could stand beside Mick Green watching intently and still not know how he played his famous simultaneous lead and rhythm technique — beside him they couldn't outplay George Formby. Reports filtered through of audiences wandering in a euphoric daze for six weeks after seeing The Pirates.

Just goes to show how boring everything else must have been then.

The Pirates have just resumed live work after more than a year. Can they last till next time dullness is rampant?

Meanwhile they're still a fine band, with a fab guitarist and adequate songs (sometimes). They're branching out a little on the new album — nothing innovative, but at least a change from Mick Green's 143rd song on the wonders of rock 'n' roll. And I'm sure the Quo audience will go for stuff like imitating trains and falling over.

The falling over was by Mick Green at the beginning of 'Golden Oldies'. Two roadies helped him up. The train impersonation was around the third encore. We heard that one from the street, still loud six floors down.

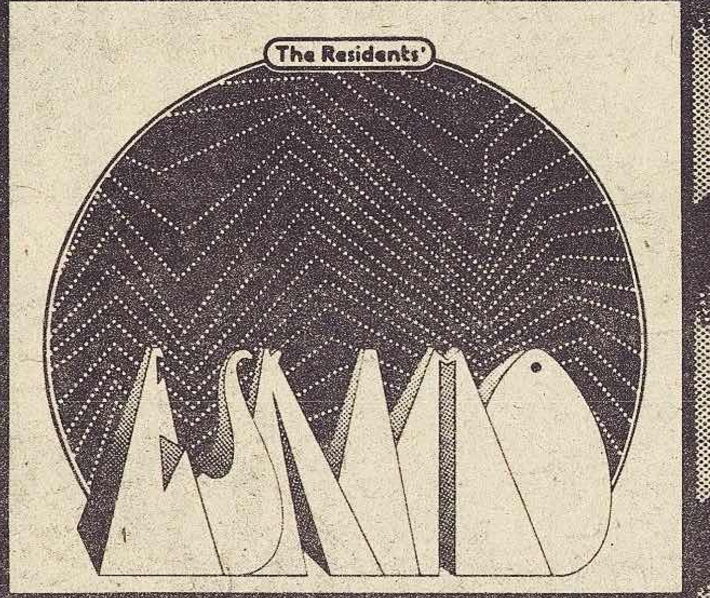
Glenn Gibson

Pic Simon Fowler

ESKIMO, The Residents sixth LP represents their most challenging musical concepts to date. The album evokes an ageless Eskimo culture primitively struggling to exsist in a cold and unforgiving reality. The various tracks on the disc are in the form of stories since spoken legends and adventures are a basic element of Eskimo life. The tales are told by the sounds of the Eskimos, their music, and their environment. There is no narration, although the narratives are printed on the jacket to encourage the listener to project himself into this cold barren world of whiteness.

Ignoring the stories, the album is a moody piece of highly abstract music punctuated by primitive rhythms and vocals. Without doubt, **ESKIMO** is one of the strangest, most original concepts available on record today.

The Residents' ESKIMO



For FREE catalog of the Residents records, write to: RALPH RECORDS, 444 Grove St., San Francisco 94102.

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Strangler Hugh Cornwall (in tasteful T-shirt) reveals that he has the skinniest tongue in the world. Pic: Elaine Bryant.

IN THE *NME* of September 1, you assisted the new Social Secretary at Dundee College of Education, who was seeking help and advice with running entertainments events for his students. I should like to briefly outline what the NUS can offer in this respect. NUS organises two Social Secretaries Conferences per year. The first, in the Spring, is a Training Conference, where several hundred Social Secretaries spend a weekend being trained in all aspects of their jobs, including programming, planning, publicity and promotion, right through to the nitty gritty of specific event organisation and how to cope with things on the night of the gig. The second conference, in the Autumn, is the Business/Policy Conference. Again this is a weekend event, and on the Saturday a business exhibition is staged where representatives from the entertainments industry take stands and display the various goods and services they have on offer. Several up and coming bands are showcased in the evening.

At the forthcoming conference in November, NUS is launching a College Entertainments Yearbook which will contain an exhaustive listing of entertainment industry companies related to the college market. NUS also publish a College Entertainment Handbook, which could be described as the 'text book' for student entertainment officers. At the NUS Head Office, 3 Endsleigh Street, London WC1H 0DU, an Entertainments Office exists specifically to help and advise Social Secretaries on a variety of problems. The Ents officer Dick Tee, who was responsible for advising the BBC on the locations they used for the *Rock Goes To College* series, is available on 01-387 1277 to help with any troubles that Social Secs may encounter.

Dick also works closely with NUS Marketing, our merchandising company, which offers many services to students, one of which is the 'Great Stuff Records' mail order scheme.

LINDA MILLER,
NUS Executive Officer,
London.

● **Marketing? Mail Order Schemes? Business/Policy Conferences? Cor, College gigs ain't 'arf changed since the days when Mickey Rooney used those hot-shot swing bands in order to get the Dean and those biased fuddy-duddies jitterbugging just before the end-titles went up. Sounds helpful though.**

WHY don't you con your readers with a fictitious letter, like most of the other papers do, so that you can tell them about the free copies of *Sailor's Delight* and *Bam Balam* that arrived in the post?

DERF RALLED,
***NME*, Carnaby St., London.**

● **A subtle ploy this (our rivals do it so much better) to provide the low-down on *Sailor's Delight*, an absolutely loony but great blues mag, which comes filled with articles, discographies, record auctions and suchlike involving discs by Farts Domino, Suddy Waters, Uke Tuner, Dr Feelpart and The Inturds and other deliberate mis-prints. Among the saner contents of the current issue — which can be obtained from Sailor Vernon, 19 Brockenhurst Gardens, Mill Hill, London NW7, price 50p, is a full Blue Horizon discography. And before I nick the Doors' discography out of *Bam Balam No. 9* for publication in a future *Info City*, I guess it's only fair to mention that this kilted fanzine, available from Brian Hogg, Fat 1, Castellau, Dunbar, East Lothian, Scotland (UK subscription £1.80 for four issues including postage), contains complete rundowns on The Turtles, The Mamas and Papas, P. F. Sloan and several others. Finally, a place of honour for Terry Hounsome and Tim Chambers' *Rock Record* — even though I had to wack out the obligatory three quid for a copy. The book is well worth the outlay though for it contains about 400 pages and features the most comprehensive listing of rock albums yet published. There are faults, and lots of 'em. Which isn't surprising in view of the task undertaken. But the book — which is the result of three years research and catalogues discs by 3308 rock acts — is still an essential and relatively inexpensive purchase for any self-respecting rock freak. The address you need is 'Rock Record', 13 Stanton Road, Regent's Park, Southampton, Hants. (phone Southampton 771639).**

WHO first recorded 'Louie, Louie'? Personally, I believe it was Richard Berry. But who covered it and on what labels?

PAUL GEDDY,
London NW4

● **According to our clockwork computer, Richard Berry *was* the first to explore the intricacies of 'Louie, Louie', writing and recording the song for the Flip label in 1957. But the folk who really cashed in on the ditty were The Kingsmen, who cut it for Wand (Pye here) in 1963, gaining a million-seller. Later, in 1966, The Sandpipers went Top 30 in the States with their version on A&M and since then everybody in the world has recorded the song except my Uncle 'Erbert and he would have done had he not pegged out on his way to the demo session. Perm any three from four from The Kinks (Pye), Wilbert Harrison (London), Motorhead (Bronze), The Beach Boys (Capitol), The Maytals (Trojan), The Troggs (Fontana), Paul Revere And The Raiders (CBS) and the scores of others who latched onto Berry's masterpiece.**

COULD you tell me the type of guitar and amp used by Hugh Cornwall on The Stranglers' 'Walk On By'?

ALAN STIRMER,
Peacehaven, Sussex.

● **Seems that all the lad had was a Fender Telecaster and a Vox AC 30 amp. "That was before he had any money," explains a spokesperson very close to both Cornwall and the goddess Kali.**

WHEN your esteemed Ed. Neil (Jah) Spencer appeared on Radio One's *Talkabout*, he requested 'Janie Jones' by The Clash. Could you now pop into his office and ask him what LP or B-side this song is on? I really didn't think that *NME* editors had such good taste — pity he made an arse of himself. Still, he's the best Ed you've had since Nick Logan!

KATE O'GASM,
No fixed knickers.

● **How dare you suggest that our beloved leader is given to performing like a posterior! We all know him to be a hard-working, clean-living, level-headed bastion of progessive journalism who hasn't been stoned for the last half hour. And his taste is immaculate — as every writer who's been signed on after a Spencer interview will testify. In fact we're all so niffed at your remarks that I shan't even bother to tell you that 'Janie Jones' is the opening cut on The Clash's first album. So there!**

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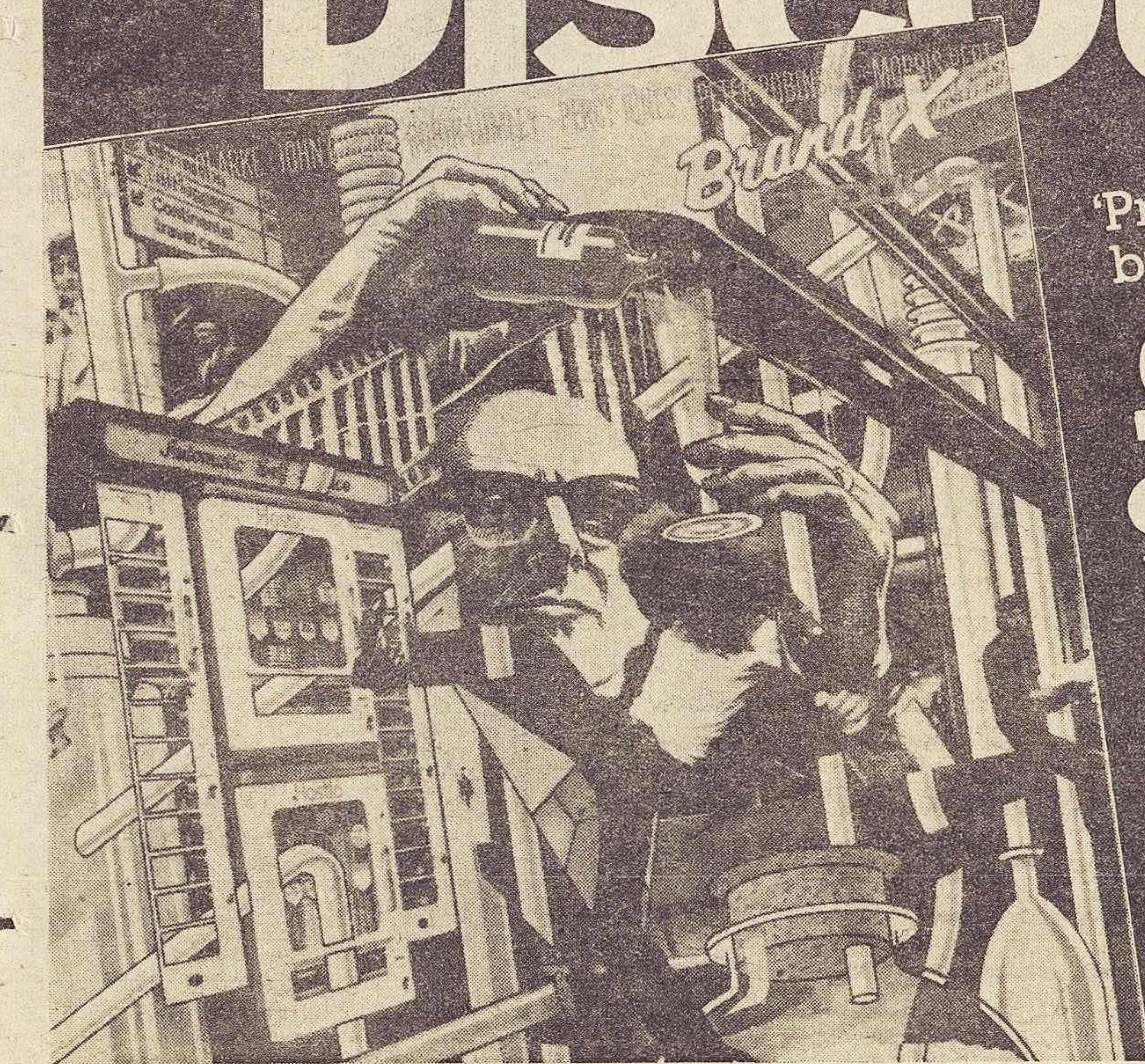

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Strange Brood

Herman Brood And His Wild Romance

Lyceum

Pic George Bodnar.

Make no mistake, Brood's a teen pop idol. He files among the Essex/Rod Stewart ranks rather than with the truegrit rock elite — Springsteen, Parker, et al — whose act he clearly plagiarises.

In Holland, word has it that Brood's Very Big News. His past reads like a layman's crack at a low-budget rock'n'roll filmscore — jail sentence for acid, a flirtation with porn (Rob Halford, on yer bike), junkie turned ex-junkie (and self-righteous with it), and lately a shotgun *wild* romance with Deutsch firecracker Nina Hagen that's garnered some of the most tepid press since Mick 'n'Bianca.

That Brood can romanticise this tiresome career, bastardise the current rock machine, and gloss it all up into a slick, efficient, wholesome 'rock entertainment' and still shift 50,000 albums in a week is a token that the Dutch craving for teen idols is as insatiable as it is undiscerning.

His credibility is pretty thin on the ground, admitting as he does that his fans have "got him all wrong". They desperately want him to conform to an image of the Kossoff/William Burroughs school of hi-rolling drug-abuse — a persona, he claims, he's long been trying to shake off.

Sure enough, as the Lyceum's sizeable Dutch contingent chirp along sweetly to his dope-laden lyrics, Brood sees fit to enforce his awesome 'message'. "In my spare time," confides Herman, "I found out that dope sucks, *really*. Stop messing around with psychedelic drugs."

The Dutch go ape, but the Brits aren't buying it. They either wouldn't recognise a psychedelic drug if it was tapping them on the shoulder, or else they knocked them on the head about five years back.

Inevitably, for all his flagrantly customised myth-making (and ego to match), Brood is a very safe, marketable, innocuous package. Under a splash of synthetic colour — like a range of boiled sweets — he looks like he's strolled straight out of the centrefold of *Fab 208*. He's stocky, muscly, surprisingly clean-cut figure in suede winkle-pickers with his satin-clad arse jutting out beneath the hem of a neat, modish jacket. He's backed by an admittedly tasty guitarist, stodgy drummer and an aspiring glamrock headbanger on bass.

The soundtrack's as glossy as the wrapping and even less arresting. Brood and gang are content to raid your record collection — Parker, Springsteen, a touch of Costello, a shade of Mink DeVille snakewalk shuffle, rock standards, slow blues and even a hint of Quo — and then flog 'em all back as cut-price, speeded-up, bodiless, soulless Euro-fusion 'street' rock'n'roll, bulging over with indulgent vocals that have a habit of drifting into slabs of hep American Jive-talk. The titles say it all: 'Dope Sucks', 'Rock'n'Roll Junkie', 'Hit', 'Doin' It' . . .

The gruesomely dubbed Wild Romance tackle this tedium with conventional flair. They strike 'expressive' postures and bulldoze through the set, ironing out each song texture with suitably feisty rhythm overlay, clip in the odd crisp solo, and invariably muff the endings. The world 'turgid' leaps to mind.

The Dutch go ape, the Brits go home, the Brood goes out to lunch.

Mark Ellen

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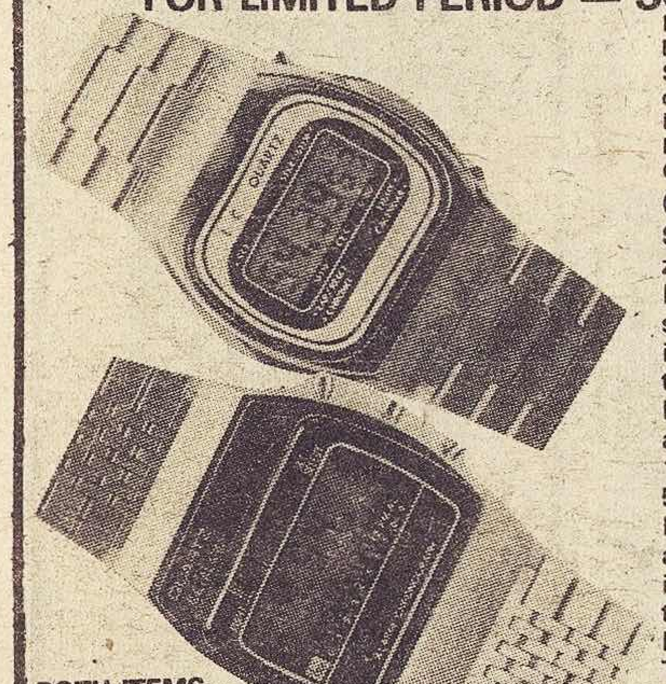
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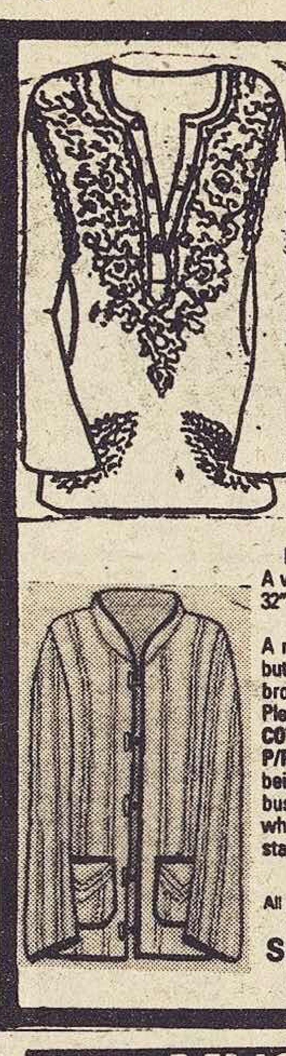

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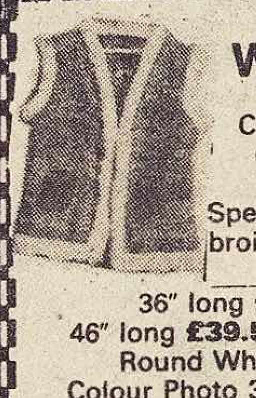

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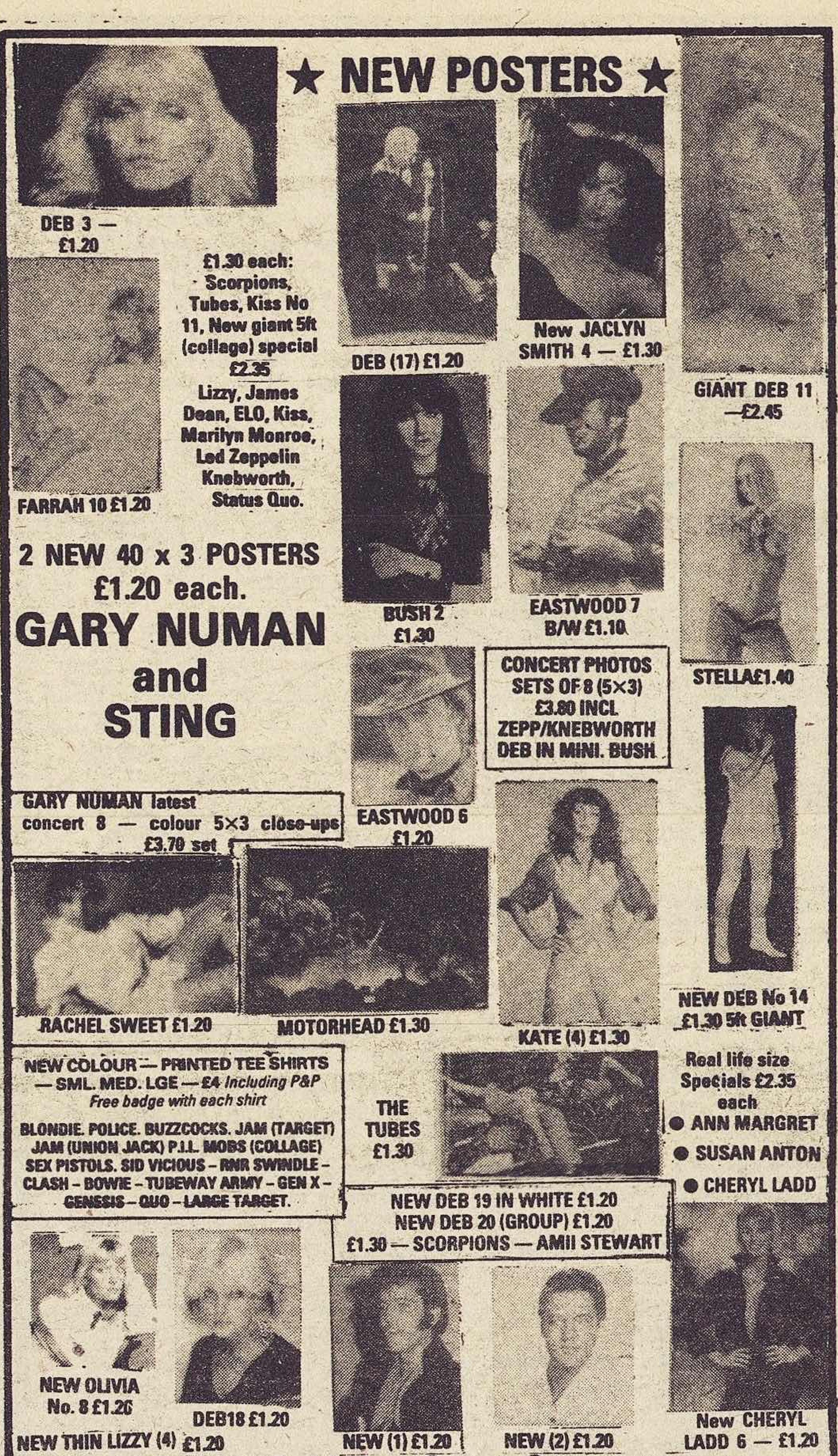

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12	(13)	Merton Parkas	(logo)
13	(6)	Lambrettas	(logo)
14	(19)	Madness	(logo)
15	(15)	Teenbeats	(logo)
16	(14)	Little Roosters	(logo)
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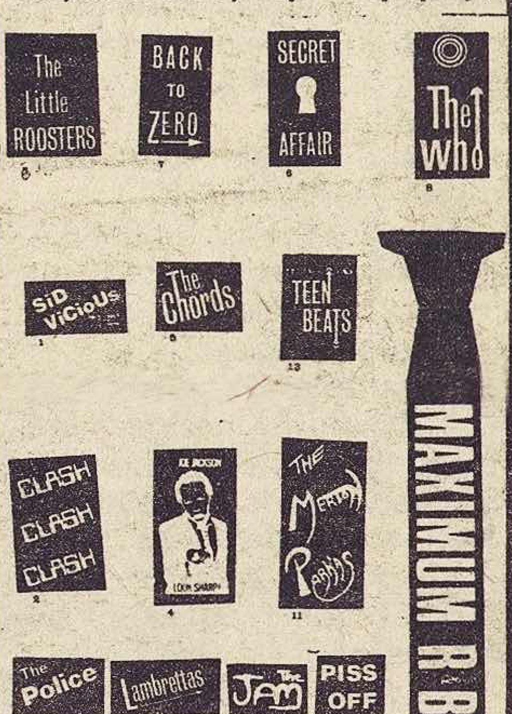

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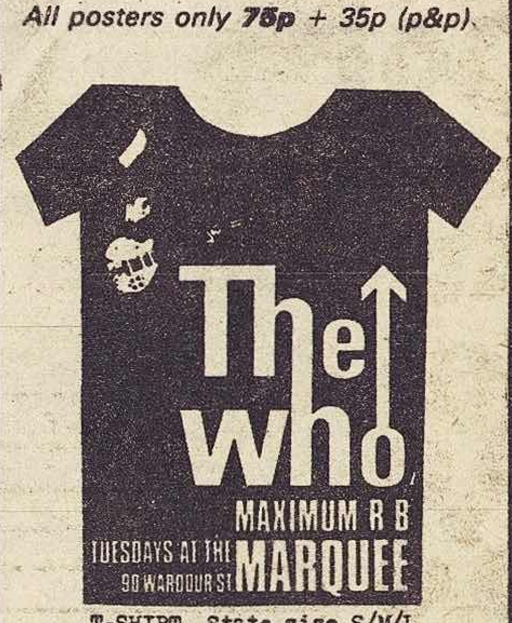

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MAKING PLANS FOR XTC

■ From page 8

code thing I'm describing. I've been doing it simply because I'm too shy to say what I really feel. And it's going to be complete commerical suicide if and when I actually do choose to write just what I want to say!"

Why?

"Because if I have something important to say, then why should I use music as a backdrop? It only detracts from the issue, or dilutes the essence."

But Dylan, say, was successful at mating both forms...

"Yeah, 'cos he used just an acoustic guitar. He's the only one, though. Like, The Clash and Tom Robinson are really so self-effacing — if, in fact, they really do have a message — by using load guitars and drums. That just camouflages the issue."

So what is *your* message?

"Something probably so personal, it's incredibly boring. I... just want to strip everything down to hardly anything. I've got to do something anyway because I've reached a point where it's all weighing so heavily on me, I'm totally unable to communicate."

This trauma has in fact caused Partridge to suffer a recent song-writing drought. As a means of fending off the misery of temporary creative impotence, he has become fascinated with Charlie Parker's playing and pulls out a set of three abstract stream-of-consciousness poems inspired by tracks from the 'Ornithology' album. The word "slacks" tends to appear a lot. Meanwhile, Partridge is due to enter the studio to create a dub version of 'Drums And Wires' a la the dub of 'Go 2'.

Describing his ego as "large and vunerable — it dents easily", he can still declare wrath-like denouncements on some incompetent at Virgin who credited one of his songs 'Complicated Game' to Colin Moulding by mistake. Also one gets the impression that he's ever so slightly piqued that Moulding's songs came in for such praise on 'Drums And Wires'. Even as he states that "Colin really came into his own composing-wise on the album", he'll slyly state that Moulding's early work "was all directly influenced by me" whilst also slyly, demonstrating a number of riffs — from the Stax-like motif of 'Life Begins At The Hop' to the guitar interplay on 'Making Plans For Nigel' — making sure he gets due credit for the construction work to "Moulding's masterpieces."

ANDY PARTRIDGE and Colin Moulding make for an interesting study in contrasts. While Partridge is consistently loquacious, Moulding is shy, but obviously aware beneath his timorous exterior that his time has come as a force to be reckoned with in the XTC camp.

Visually too, he is the virtual antithesis of Partridge. Easily the handsomest member of XTC, Moulding's face is blessed with an incredibly gaunt pair of cheekbones and the kind of lean Don Juan looks that would make him a ringer for Heathcliffe in some Swindonian thespian's production of *Wuthering Heights*. His soft-spoken manner — virtually a whisper at times — is marked with a candid streak of self-confidence.

He verifies the rumours of the band almost splitting around the time of Barry Andrew's exit — "We came very close to calling it a day" and claims responsibility for choosing a guitarist as replacement for Andrews' fizzy keyboard sound.

"Parts (Moulding's nickname for Partridge) wanted another keyboard player at first, but I thought that would be ridiculous, 'cos Barry's style was so distinctive in the first place that anyone takin' his place would constantly be having to be compared to him. So I said, 'Let's go back to the two-guitar format'. Because the band — Chambers, Parts and me — were always more of a two guitar, bass and drums unit from the outset anyway."

As regards composing, I quote Andy Partridge's statement that Moulding's early works such as 'I'll Set Myself On Fire' were "totally influenced by me". Moulding brusquely agrees. "I was very self-conscious about my songs in the beginning. Certainly Andy was a large influence — often to a point when I wondered whether it was worth bothering."

Moulding agrees that it was on 'Drums And Wires' that he finally found his songwriting wings.

"It just seemed to fall into place. I'd gained this inner confidence. I finally *knew* that my songs were good and that they weren't hiding in the shadows of Andy's work."

Of 'Making Plans For Nigel', Moulding remarks that "the song is semi-autobiographical" — only Moulding's parents were priming their son for university as opposed to a future in British Steel.

Finally Moulding's self-confidence burst forth in the quiet but very adamant statement that "I'm really surprised we're not much bigger than we are. As far as I'm concerned, we're the best group in the country. There's no one to touch us."

The only bizarre note is struck when Moulding, with a certain measure of bemused disdain, claims that XTC are not liked in Swindon. "We're not liked here at all, though we're planning on doing a gig around Christmas time in Swindon to test out whether the climate going for us has changed in any way."

FINALLY a taxi-cab drives us over to the home of drummer Terry Chambers. Chambers is the most down-to-earth "working class kiddie" (his favourite term), still living with his mum and dad. As we arrive, the Chambers family are seated in the living room watching *Top Of The Pops* — ironically an edition which could well have featured XTC but instead plumped for another Virgin act, the appalling Skids, whose Thunderbird puppet movements and quiffed hair make them look (and sound like) a down-market Gary Numan clone-collective. Chambers takes it all philosophically however, as he appears to take everything in life.

Piling into his car, we drive down his favourite haunt, the Rodbourne Arms, whilst the drummer rabbits away amusingly, emphasizing all the Swindonian and XTC traits. The band, for example, always refer to each other by their surnames — a situation Chambers takes to such extremes that he even refers to his girlfriend as "Fowler" (her surname, natch). Chambers is still a totally likeable character — so basic in his outlook that he totally undermines XTC's art-school clever-cleverness.

"I fuckin' don' know. One minute we're the artsy-fartsy art-school smart-arses kiddies, the next we're the Sausage City pillocks. Fuckin' gets on my tits, it does."

Once in the pub, Chambers, obviously a popular regular, gets talking with a rough-hewn type who professes to like punk music. "Course I don't like all that prancin' with safety-pins an' all. But the music's got a good beat goin' for it. By the way, Chambers, any chance of a free copy of your record? My missus really likes it."

Walking back to the parking-lot, Chambers reminisces. "Y'know that kiddie I were talkin' to in there? Used to go to school with 'im, I did. 'E was a right arsehole too. 'Is game was gettin' the young 'uns, stickin' their heads down the lav and pullin' flush. Did it to me fuckin' loads o' times. Now 'e wants one of me albums. Fuck knows why!"

This day in Swindon has been a Thursday. A somewhat depressing day, in fact, as the single 'Making Plans For Nigel' is lodged in the limbo of the lower regions of the charts. The following day the band are due to travel up to London to talk with Simon Draper about 'future plans'.

"I dunno," chimes Chambers, philosophical as ever. "We've just gotta keep workin' at it, I s'pose."

THE FOLLOWING day, Draper and the band decide to remix two tracks from 'Drums' — 'Reel To Real' and the excessively nagging "Difficulty", both Partridge songs — for future singles projects. Five days later, 'Nigel', backed by fairly solid airplay, has jumped ten places, lodging at 42 and warranting a *Top Of The Pops* slot. This week, it's 37. Next week, the culminative effect of all this exposure will be truly felt and thus gauged.

"People at Virgin are already running around saying 'It'll be Top 5 for sure,'" claims Al Clark, a trifle taken aback. "That's very silly. But if it does, then I can imagine having a sentimental little weep at the glad tidings."

And me, I'll just be glad that one of our finest bands has finally broken through, thus separating wheat from chaff again. Because, simply put, XTC — along with Wire and precious few others — are actually doing something great, something ingenious for rock in a precinct where far too many dilettantes are peddling their shoddy wares. I mean, how can one honestly get excited about the new wave take-over when it's the likes of Gary Numan, The Stranglers and The Boomtown Rats who are the new bosses? Just like the old bosses. Inventiveness and originality are still highly prized possessions and when delivered, all too easily scorned.

Whatever the strategem, however lengthy the breakthrough, XTC *will* break through. Partridge's mercurial talents, Moulding's perfect creative counterpoint, Gregory's optimism and perspective and Chambers' philosophical anchorman role make for a remarkable granite-hard human chemistry.

As Andy Partridge remarked earlier: "One clever's fine but two clevers... aaaagh!" He then blithely stated that he "always wanted to be in a group-group."

Well, one group's fine — but XTC are better than *just* fine. Much, better.

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I'm upset.
I.R.R. Ational.
And confused too, by the sound of it. — P.R.

So Paul Rambali finds The Undertones pathetic; peurile adolescent punk-pop. I could understand someone finding them derivative maybe, or repetitive (though I'd disagree) but only someone too busy thinking about how he should react to actually listen to the music could find them pathetic. By his absurd over-reaction, Rambali lets the cat out of the bag — what we have here isn't a review of The Undertones album at all, but a little piece about Paul Rambali with the clear message that he's a very serious, intelligent, but above all mature young man. Such arrogance, apart from showing a complete lack of understanding of what makes good music, seriously betrays his task as a critic which should be to provide at least an attempt at reviewing the music objectively. Any regular reader of *NME* would no doubt find such a view laughably naive. Why not give Ian Penman a break and forget all this pretence about being music critics?
Mick Hartley, London N4.
Just because I loathe The Undertones doesn't mean I'm necessarily a mature person. And if it's objectivity you want try reading record catalogues. — P.R.

Stop trying to start the Undertones backlash.
Jim E. Jimmy, London.

At one of the Rush concerts at Stafford there were two journalists sitting in the same seat. For convenience I will label them Alpha and Omega. I should explain at the outset that both journalists wrote the same article for the same rock weekly.

Journalist Alpha cannot look at a group of long-haired heavy rock musicians without cringing in disgust at their sexist faces, half-obscured by hair. This person doesn't realise that the show was an intense experience of body and mind since the amplifiers are quite powerful and the lights are for looking at. Also journalist Alpha doesn't realise that the instruments on stage actually have to be used to get the desired musical sound and that the group can play rather well otherwise they wouldn't be there. Also the audience, it seems, like the group otherwise they wouldn't be there either.

Journalist Omega is so into being hip and concerned about a capitalist take-over of the western world that this person cannot restrain their reactionary tendencies towards what they think is an anti-left-wing lyric, while once again scraping from the bottom of the barrel the last fragments of the case against 'The Trees' — and floundering in the attempt, as those of us with common sense laugh.

While journalist Alpha may be a bigoted but sincere music lover, journalist Omega has provoked, by mass misconstruing (deliberate perhaps) of a lyric, the fear of the sound of jackboots (and I can think of a more immediate cause for that fear).

By some strange coincidence not only Lynn Hanna, but almost all of the journalists in *NME* consist of various percentages of each stereotype.
J.A.H., St. Davids, Dyfed.
Fascinating . . .—P.R.

Edited by Paul Rambali

Danny Baker's predictably aggressive interview with Steve Harley was one of the poorest pieces of music journalism I've seen in a long while. Not only were his snide remarks childish, but the way in which he presented himself as the seemingly learned champion of the new music, casually wringing the last death rattle from the throat of a supposedly spent force, was a transparent piece of self-righteous bigotry. In truth, Baker is as big a bigot as he claims Harley is. "If you bought a Cockney Rebel album," he claims, "it was the LSO or something and, well, I certainly couldn't make head or tail of your lyrics. There was no spark of hope in the product of those times." Well Danny-Boy, since the vacuous PIL are your rave of the moment / hope of the future, I'll answer you on these grounds: I can't make head or tail of the *music* of stuff like PIL's 'Cowboy Song' or 'Death Disco,' and the music ("the unspoilled truthful roar of rock and roll") is what it's all about, right? How could you imply that their buzz-distorted dirges that pass for pop (or otherwise) songs hold a spark of hope beats me when they are without even a spark of life and animation.

I'd just like to say that if we're talking about new waves such as those of the early '60s and of the present time, remember that Harley was a wave in himself, and indeed a contribution to the feel of the present one. And I don't mean Geldof. I mean old JR himself of 'Anarchy . . .' fame. Remember the final mindblowing exhortation of *'destroy'?* Well, Harley was doing that six years ago. Just listen to the track 'Psychomodo' and you'll see what I mean, Daniel. But then again, you won't do either will you?

Take it, Steve!
Simon Morton, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex

The last time my words graced these hallowed pages, it was in an attempt to prove false a series of lies written by Tony Stewart and regarding a stunning gig by Cockney Rebel circa 1975. Yet again it's concerning one Steve Harley. Only this time it's to vent my disbelief at the man's comments re: the new wave in general and his vitriolic attack on one 'Joy Division' in particular.

I would expect such comments as: "I can't remember what they (Joy Division) did or looked like, but I remember the impression. I thought what the fucking hell is *that* doing on the telly?"

From the likes of Molly ("Elvis Costello? That stuff's all just so much garbage") Hachett perhaps, but not from someone I've grown to respect as much as Harley. So, you can't/won't identify with the new wave; don't degrade yourself by openly displaying your ignorance of it. Joy Division are only trying to do what you were attempting six years ago — to provide the music scene with a much-needed kick up the arse by producing new and innovative musical / lyrical ideas. Along with the Psychedelic Furs / Magazine etc they are a vital and integral part of today's music scene and we'd be all the poorer without them.

Steve, please try and get hold of a copy of 'Unknown Pleasures' and listen close and long. If you feel the same after, fair enough. I somehow doubt it.
Phil (A Harley/Joy Division fanatic), Essex.
Why should Steve Harley make any attempt to come to terms with the present? It's not exactly making a big effort to accommodate him. — P.R.

An open letter to Steve Severin of Siouxsie and The Banshees:

Granted your affairs might be very mixed up at the moment but was it really necessary to snarl "Shut up, you're lucky to get anything at all" to an applauding crowd shouting requests between numbers at your recent Southampton gig?

I was under the, obviously misconceived, impression that we were paying you to play to us, rather than being granted that favour by the great god 'Rock Star' — seemingly your view of the situation as you turned off your amp and walked off stage part-way through the 'Lord's Prayer', leaving your colleagues to pick up the pieces and finish the set prematurely. And this from the man who was talking of "those prima donnas Morris and McKay" just a week earlier! A shame it had to end like that since the capable Robert Smith, the excellent Budgie and magnificent Siouxsie were playing a blinder. Mistreat your public, however, and expect the consequences, they put you there after all.
Donkey, Southampton, Hants.
Hasn't anyone ever told you that artistic purity is a harsh mistress? — P.R.

To Andy Gill: 'Eskimo' is rather super, but have you heard of the symphonic poem? The fact that the concept of "Aural stimulus for the imagination" existed a century ago makes the political implications which you derived from it about as revolutionary as a different kind of icing. I'm not saying that The Residents aren't covering new ground, but that the path was started long ago in our own culture. And anyway, are The Residents really going to be even *heard* by the people whose "basic cultural assumptions" most need to be undermined?
Till Eulenspiegel (which isn't a pseudonym for Ian MacDonald), Chorley, Lancs.
You polymusicologists sure know how to cut a man to the quick —P.R.

So that's what it's all about. Pebble Mill, BBC 1, 1 pm Monday October 8, '79. An old duffer is explaining that "A *mod* is really a spontaneous Jam session" and after pondering the question of what effect the mod will have on the Outer-Hebridean Island of Stornaway, he introduces a bunch of young people "doing what the mod does best". Lo and behold, there they were with their neat hair cuts, small collared white shirts, ties and kilts (just like Adam) singing a Gaelic berry-picking song. While I realise that music has to change to keep up with new trends, I can't help but think this new mod music is too far ahead of its time to be fully appreciated. But then again maybe I'm square.
Herman The Observant, South Wales.
No Herman, just sensible — P.R.

I didn't know what a Tiller Boy was until I read about it, but I am without doubt a classic of the genre. I like the Buzzcocks and Nick Drake, I've tried being arrogant to girls, ignoring them, boring them etc. but they always see me as the wet I really am. I am so exactly middle class that it's like a political extreme. I tell everyone the truth, with my last girlfriend — I told her she was beautiful. Well she was! And then she left me. Tiller Boys tend to be cowards; I'm scared already.
Etiene, Clapham.

My stupid friend wouldn't let me see his stupid letter that he is sending to you about Tiller Boys, so you'd better print it so I can read it. Also he says girls can't be Tiller Girls because they're orrible and I disagree 'cos I'm a Tiller Girl. My heart's so fragile it has to have a police escort everywhere it goes.
Mary Lou, Clapham.

Dear Paul Morley, doesn't it seem absurd to fly hundreds of miles, stay in sterile and unfriendly hotels, ask irrelevant questions and wait around for those swift if sweet 45 minutes on the cramped Buzzcocks stage in front of three hundred people, and do this again and again?
Gurt Lunders, Belgium.
Not if you're getting paid for it — P.R.

Good to see a reference to old Anton Webern in MS's letter reply. At last, someone else who rates Rock 'n' Roll *and* serialism.

I am not alone!
The Great Ricardo, Falmer, Brighton.
You're never alone with Monty Smith — P.R.

Contrary to much of the recent *Gasbag* correspondence, I think Ian Penman is one of the best specious bullshiters you've got.
A miserable fat empirical romanticist.
To the solitary confined insular hiding himself under a Stingy name; if "les bouches du Rhone" were over here, then you're Napoleon's son.
A miserable fat Belgian bastard.
Not another one — P.R.

I have followed with interest your ongoing joke about my brother Dino. It may interest you to know that he has a namesake. Dino Ferrari was the son of Enzo Ferrari, the famous racing car designer. Dino died in 1956, at a tragically early age, after an illness. He was a racing driver, but a mediocre one. Enzo Ferrari actually named a car after him. It was originally called the Dino 246 and had a 1500cc engine, of a design suggested by Dino himself. It was later increased to 2417cc and renamed the Dino 256.

This car competed in Formula One racing until 1960, when it was outclassed by the rear-engined Cooper Climaxes. The engine was a V6 with overhead camshafts, cubic capacity was 2417cc with six cylinders of 85cm bore and 71cm stroke, compression ratio was 9:1 and carburation was 3 Weber carbs.
Dino's brother Nino, Norwich.
Fascinating . . . — James Hunt.

Gracie Fields is Innocent.
Hip Crap Ltd.

The Music Industry recently published details of their sales figures. Album sales have slumped, but sales of blank tapes are rising!

Does this mean more people are listening to blank tapes?
Mod M Oliver, Dagenham, Essex.
Precisely — P.R.

Don't know about this new improved Ray Davies — the jacket he was wearing on your cover was the same one that he wore in April '77!
Someone, Eltham.
He didn't call his latest album 'Low Budget' for nothing — P.R.

Will one of you please ask John Lennon if he thinks Pope John Paul II is now more popular than The Beatles?

He's certainly doing more touring than John at present.
Ian (I'm not a Pope fan myself), Tooting Bec, London SW17.

Did Lord Mountbatten write 'Smoke On The Water'.
Murphy O'Shea, Devon.
More to the point, did he inspire 'In The Navy'? — P.R.

I think you should run a competition to find the best anagram of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark.

My entry is 'Dalek Charms In Overtures On Earth'.

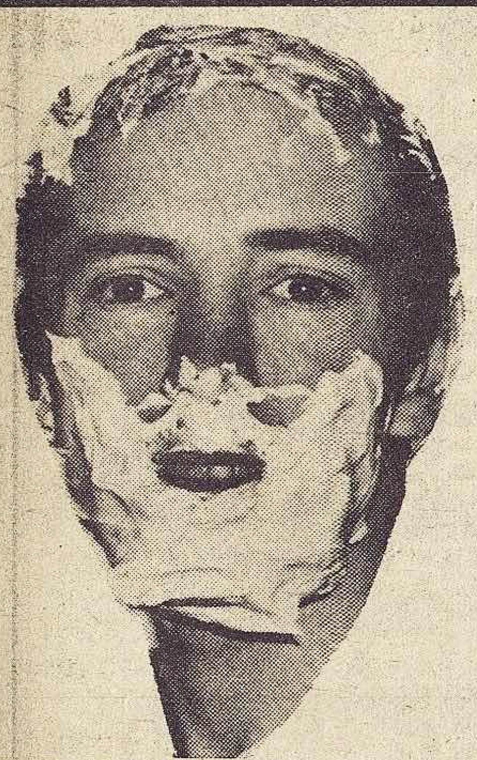
If that's not a winner I'll eat my Bodhran.
Mike Oldfield, A Box on Hergest Ridge.

While floating down the Thames on a raft recently, the Portsmouth Sinfonia were swallowed by a large man-eating fish. However, they kept on playing, and have now formed a new group called 'Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Shark'.
Sue Lyons, Quebec, Co. Durham.
Hah-bloody-hah. — A member of The Barracudas.

The Times has gone; Cornflakes have gone; and ITV has gone. Now why don't **YOU** piss off?
Mick Mercer, Nottingham.

*"Hey, man, you owe me a banana — they **did** print our letter . . ."*

T-ZERS has a close shave



HEY, howy're doin', crazy alley cats? Well, it's about that time of year again when the shadows get longer and *T-Zers* intros get shorter . . .

Another dodgy tale of Brits in America. On the wildly successful **Members** US tour our intrepid band of unsettlers were called back for no less than four encores during the Buffalo gig. Even more, a maniac leapt from the audience and dragged them back for a fifth! Afterwards, the said looney (and don't you just know it's gonna turn out to be someone famous) kept telling the band that "you're the greatest British group I ever saw, man". A clue: It was **Bruce Springsteen** . . .

And speaking of those who've conquered Uncle Sam, prey list to a sad tale of **The Gang Of Four** and some damaged goods. Drummer **Hugo Burnham** was injured in a bizarre train accident last week when a carriage door swung open, was struck by a passing locomotive, and came hurtling down the corridor scattering glass in all directions. Burnham had to get several stitches in his head but still was fit to trot out for the Southall Defence Fund gig at ULU last Saturday. The imps continued to plague however as **Dave Allen** and **Jon King** collided heavily on stage and left the latter with a busted hand and Allen with a smashed bass. **Brian Rix** is 91 . . .

On the first of **Camel**'s two night stint at London's Hammersmith Odeon, you may note that there was enough wide open spaces in which to hunt bear . . .

Well, well, waauugghhh! Well known suer and bringer of writs **John Lennon** has just given £500 to The New York Police Dept for their fund to get cash for bullet proof vests. Mr Lennon enclosed a note saying how much he admired the flat-foot Murpheys of the Big Apple. This *T-Zer* needs no supplementary gag . . .

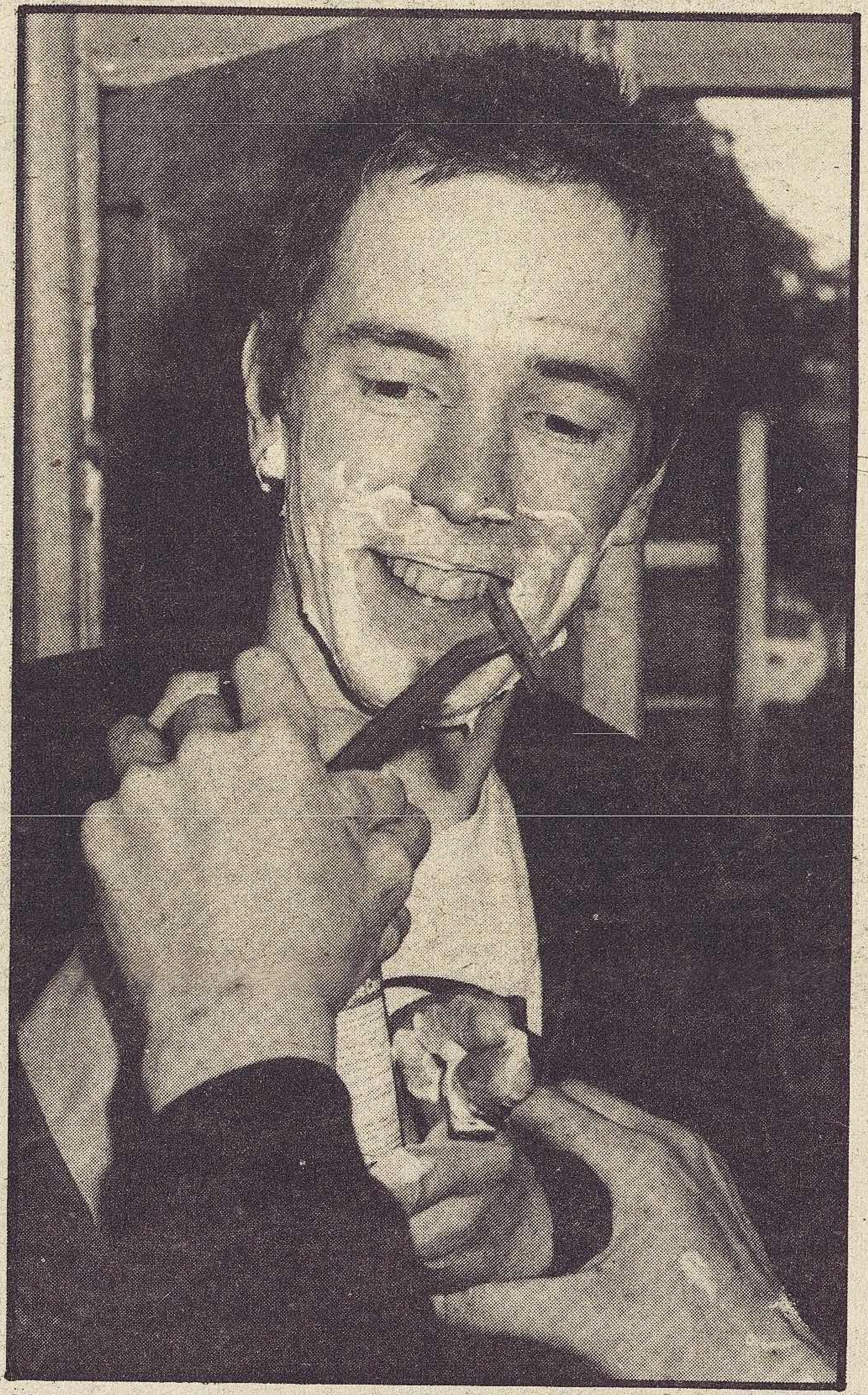
Our gremlins correspondent writes from the nearest Fremlins: The pic of **Prince Hammer** in *Thrills* last week was, of course, taken by **Vernon St Hilaire** and not by who we said it was. More to the point, is Vernon any relation to Crystal Palace's exciting number eight shirt, **Vince** . . . ?

In a chillingly Kafkaesque situation, a man described as an ex-**Beatle** this week revealed why he stepped in to bail out the **M. Python** movie *Life Of Brian* when the original backers pulled out because of the fear of censorship. "Watching *Monty Python* helped me through the Beatles break up," sobbed Mr **Hari Georgeson**. "So when they needed money I put up my mortgages and publishing rights as security." The resultant £37 was apparently enough to get the film completed, and it is now raking it in across the pond. Python's **Graham Chapman** foresees trouble for *Brian* when it opens over here on November 8. "We think conservative England will be quite rough on us," says Graham, well-known for his completely unfunny walk and tremendous ability to dress up as women. "We fully expect to be taken to court." Well, if you will dress up as women. **Mrs Whitehouse** is 74 . . .

Staying with Hollywood, sort of, superstar **Cher Bono Allman Superstar** revealed the secret of her extraordinary staying power at the top: she's had a titties'n'tush job. Inches have been lopped off her bosoms and bum because "My breasts got really big after each of my children and I couldn't stand the idea of wearing a bra." Cher is 33-24-33 . . .

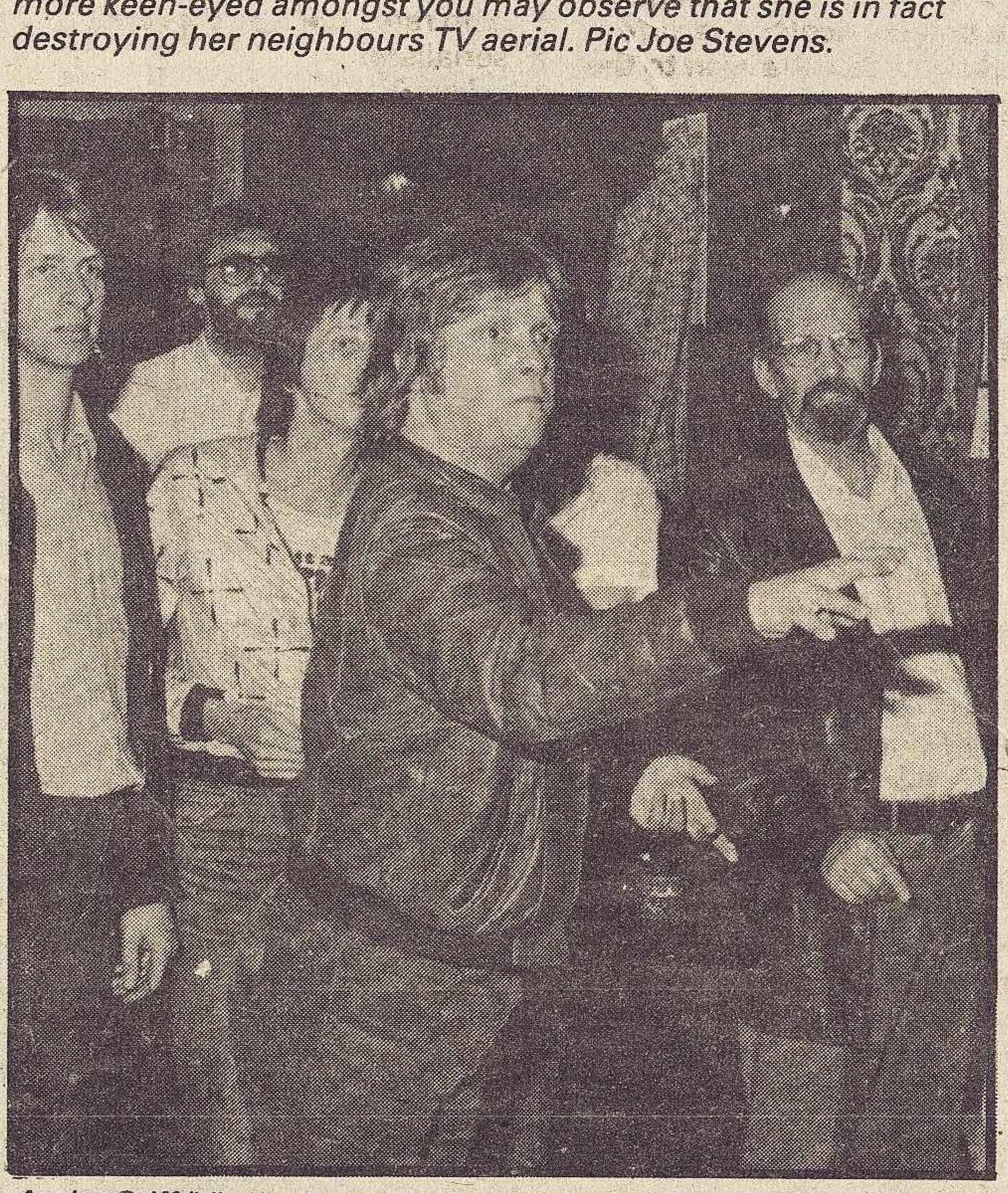
One person not too upset to hear of the broken engagement of the perfectly formed ITV newscaster **Anna Ford** and **Jon Snow** (who fast bowled this maiden over) is **Wavis O'Shave**, whose LP 'Anna Ford's Bum' is in a soon come situation. Wavis — see *Thrills* two weeks back for full details — has professed undying love for the Doe-Eyed One and according to player manager **Arthur 2 Stroke** has been casting "white magic spells" to ensure her disengagement: "He really thinks he's in with a chance," Arthur told *T-Zers*. Silly names these people have (whoever'd spell John without an 'h'?) and can we believe Arthur that Wavis' real name is **Rod Stewart?** Frankly, not quite . . .

Talking of Rod Stewart, famous foreign film star **Sophia Loren** is in a 'just very good friends' situation with the fabulous French pop idol **Serge Lama**. **Carlo Ponti** is 67, but who cares . . . ?



Mr Lydon proudly previews the concept packaging for the next Public Image single. Contained inside an aerosol it will be called "Why Gillette Me Get Away With This?" Pic Joe Stevens.

Ms Harry does the gardening. In a fit of pique darling Deb tries to get this pesky weed uprooted once and for all. The more keen-eyed amongst you may observe that she is in fact destroying her neighbours TV aerial. Pic Joe Stevens.



At the Stiff/Virgin darts trophy, Rockpile's Billy Bremner drinks double scotch and aims double top. Nick Lowe (extreme right) points out that he's just thrown his cigarette at the board and trod his dart into the carpet. Pic. Kel Edge.

Back in the real world, China has extended a warm invitation to those 'wild men of pop' (© *Daily Mail*) **The Rolling Stones.** Arseholes etc. Incidentally, the 'wild men' will shortly be seen in the **Meatloaf** movie *Travis Redfish,* but only in a brief in-concert sequence. Don't forget — shoot the projectionist . . .

Fact: EMI's contract used to include a phrase requiring their groups to provide tapes that were of sufficient quality to be released. This was changed to a requirement that tapes be sufficiently commercial to be released after those hilarious pranksters **Dr Hook** had met contractual obligations by handing over a tape of perfectly recorded snoring . . .

And not a lot of people know this: **Elton John** — pop star, football chairman and wicker-bottom chair-repairer — has bought The Bulgarian Embassy to use as a business HQ. Whispers that the rugged rug-head has actually bought Bulgaria as a jogging track have yet to find substance . . .

Quite A Few People Know This Dept: At a recent **Angelic Upstairs** gig in Carlisle there was uproar in some quarters as a couple, to use the vernacular, 'started having it away' in the back of the hall. A large crowd gathered but by the time the authorities arrived the couple had finished. Now moves are being made by councillors to get concerts banned at the venue. Ah, that's entertainment alright . . .

Gary Numan now is head of his own merchandising company marketing T-shirts, badges, posters and programmes . . .

Title of the new **Burning Spear** album is 'Hail' and was recorded at **Marley's** Tuff Gong studio. It features a group called **The Wailers** and will be released on the Spear label through EMI in January. Dread on EMI? That's Irish reggae darling . . .

What you were spared! Our **Geldof** feature this week almost got title 'Opened In Eire' or had we a nude shot, 'I Don't Like Undies' . . .

Tom Wolfe was in Londres last week promoting his wonderful new book *The Right Stuff*, an insight into what makes an astronaut tick . . .

Even more names: Legendary cowboy **Jack 'Black Hat' Palance** stars in *The Cocaine Cowboys,* a rock'n'roll film with a difference (sniff). Also appearing in the film will be the loathsome posing prat albino **Andy Warthog,** who once said that everyone can boil five eggs in fifteen minutes or something . . .

The Sex Beatles played their debut gig at London's Acklam Hall last week. In the audience was alias **Cook** and **Jones.** The ubiquitious couple hope to wed by spring . . .

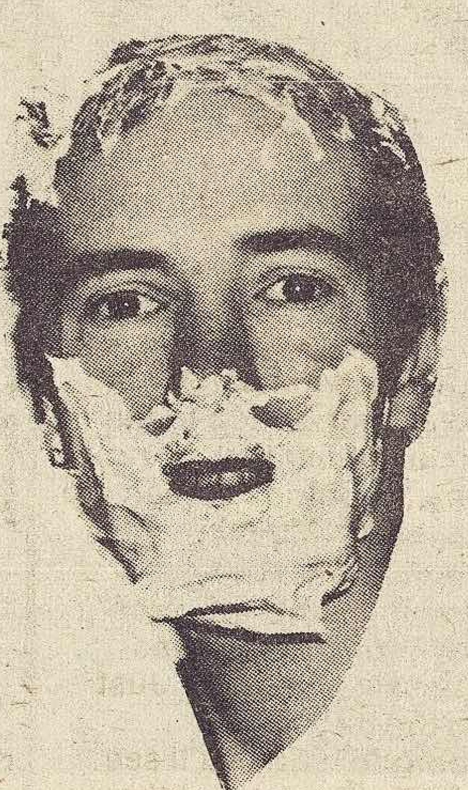
The sacked guitarist from **Souxsie and the Vanshees John McKay** used to have a personal guitar roadie to keep his geetar in toon. Seems that the band wasn't too enamoured of young John's playing long before they parted ways . . .

Public Appeal: Will the reader who supplied **Danny Baker** with his **Jackie Moore** album please ring the *NME* . . .

Over in New York again, and you can snap up **Sid Vicious** T-Shirts at half price. Ah, **Lady Fame's** a fickle bitch, ain't she? . . .

After the **Selecter** gig at London's Electric Ballroom a couple of things happened. Here's one: departing audience may have been shocked to see a young chap in strict two tone threads (ditto gear) having his head bashed against a wire fence by another chap. Closer observation (as the two sergeants from Camden Town Nick discovered) revealed that there was something afoot. In the hands of a nearby onlooker was a 35 M1 camera. Yes, honchos, it was yet another promo film in the making. This time for **The Specials,** for prospective *TOTP* airing. Filming was resumed when John Law departed . . .

And as the sun sinks in the west, Carnaby Street is filled with the passing strains of Hare Krishnas and Rama Ramas. *T-Zers* knew the world had indeed come full circle . . .



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